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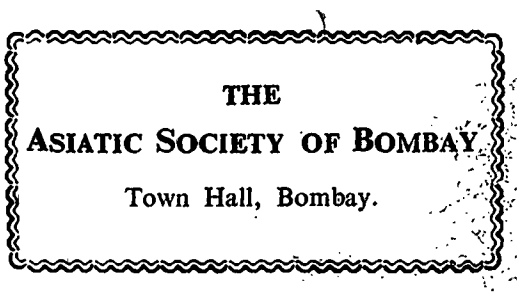

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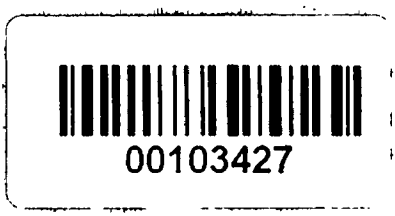


CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

SECOND MISSION TO PERSIA.

[1810.]

PAGE.

Voyage to Bushire—Malcolm's Literary Pursuits—Lindsay Bethune—Advance to Shiraz—Reception there—Murder of Captain Grant—Malcolm's Sorrow—March to the Royal Camp—Sir Harford Jones—Malcolm's Reception by the King—Drilling the Persian Army—Departure of the Mission—Incidents at Baghdad—Return to Bombay . . 1

CHAPTER II.

AN INTERVAL OF REST.

[1811—1816.]

Residence at Bombay—Adjustment of Accounts—Literary Labors—Mackintosh, Elphinstone, and Martyn—The Madras Controversy—Return to England—Visit to the North—Burnfoot and Abbotsford—Parliamentary Examination—Personal Objects—Correspondence with Wellington 54

CHAPTER III.

AFTER WATERLOO.

[1815.]

Arrival at Ostend—Journey to Paris—Reception by the Duke of Wellington—Conversations with the Duke—Sight-seeing and Savans—The Prussian Army—Destruction of Works of Art—Humboldt—Walter Scott—Journey to Châlons—Review of the Russian Army—Its Character and Constitution—Return to Paris—To England—Last Year at Home—Preparations for Departure to India 97

CHAPTER IV.

THE CIRCUIT OF THE RESIDENCIES.

[1817.]

PAGE

Voyage to Madras—Reception there—Correspondence with Lord Hastings—Visit to Calcutta—Political and Military Employment—Visits to Mysore, Hyderabad, Poonah, and Nagpoor—Malcolm joins the Army of the Deccan 144

CHAPTER V.

MEHIDPOOR.

[1817.]

Objects of the War—Extent of our Operations—Uneasiness at the Mahratta Courts—Conduct of the Peishwah and the Bhoonsla—Proceedings in Holkar's Camp—Advance of Sir John Malcolm's Division—Negotiations with Holkar's Wakeels—The Battle of Mehidpoor—Defeat and Pursuit of Holkar 18

CHAPTER VI.

(THE SURRENDER OF THE PEISHWAH.)

[1818.]

The Treaty with Holkar—Settlement of the Country—Approach of Badjee Rao—Overtures—Negotiations with the Peishwah—Terms Offered—Vacillation of Badjee Rao—His Surrender—Discussions with the Supreme Government—The Terms considered 225

CHAPTER VII.

ASSEERGHÚR.

[1818.]

Dispersion of the Peishwah's Followers—Mutiny of the Arabs—Suppressed by Malcolm—Departure of Badjee Rao for Hindostan—Improvement of the Country—The Assye Festival—Malcolm's Character as an Administrator—Appa-Sahib and Cheetoo—The Siege of Asseerghur—Its Surrender 267

CHAPTER VIII.

CENTRAL INDIA.

[1819—1821.]

PAGE

The Bombay Government—Malcolm's Disappointment—Correspondence on the Subject—Solicited to Remain in Central India—His System of Administration—The Madras Government—The Malwah Report—Contemplated Return to England 299

CHAPTER IX.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[1817—1821.]

Correspondence on Various Subjects—Treatment of Native Princes—Progress of Russia in the East—Christianity in India—Management of the Natives—Maintenance of the Native States—The Sovereignty of Oude—Uses of the Court of Directors—Et cætera . . . 353

CHAPTER X.

OVERLAND TO ENGLAND.

[1821—1822.]

Departure from Bombay—Voyage to Egypt—Journey to Cairo—Interview with Mehemet Ali—Incidents in the Mediterranean—Naples and Rome—Switzerland and France—Post-haste to England . . . 397

CHAPTER XI.

HYDE HALL.

[1822—1827.]

Reasons for Settling in the Country—Hyde Hall—Malcolm's Hospitalities—Hare, Whewell, and Sedgwick—Thoughts of fresh Service—Literary Pursuits—Visits to Ireland, France, and Scotland—Persia and Russia—Personal Anecdotes 415

CHAPTER XII.

PREFERMENT.

[1824—1827.]

Promptings of Ambition—Resignation of Sir T. Munro—Contest for the Madras Government—Appointment of Mr. Lushington—Malcolm's Pension—Thoughts of the Direction—Appointment to the Bombay Government—The Farewell Dinner 458

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BOMBAY GOVERNMENT.

[1827—1830.]

PAGE

The Voyage Out—Reception at Bombay—Duties of the Government—Economical Reform—Encroachments of the Supreme Court—Collision with the Judges—Provincial Tours—Administrative Measures—Nuzzurana—Resignation of the Government 495

CHAPTER XIV.

THE END.

[1831—1833.]

Departure from India—Journey through Egypt—Meeting with Lord Clare—Mehemet Ali—England—Parliament—The Reform Bill—Canvass for Dumfries-shire—Meeting with Cobbett—The India Charter—The Last Days of Sir John Malcolm—Death 554

APPENDIX 623

THE

LIFE OF SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

CHAPTER I.

SECOND MISSION TO PERSIA.

[1810.]

VOYAGE TO BUSHIRE—MALCOLM'S LITERARY PURSUITS—LINDSAY BETHUNE—ADVANCE TO SHIRAZ—RECEPTION THERE—MURDER OF CAPTAIN GRANT—MALCOLM'S SORROW—MARCH TO THE ROYAL CAMP—SIR HARFORD JONES—MALCOLM'S RECEPTION BY THE KING—DRILLING THE PERSIAN ARMY—DEPARTURE OF THE MISSION—INCIDENTS AT BAGHDAD—RETURN TO BOMBAY.

On the 10th of January, the *Psyche*, accompanied by the *James Sibbald* and other vessels, put out to sea; and Malcolm was again thrown back upon his public spirit for relief under the depressing circumstances of domestic separation.* The first day on board ship was a sad one; but he soon recovered the healthy tone of his mind; shook off all vain regrets and repinings; and plunged deeply into literary work. He had set himself a

* He always said that he had become a better public servant since his marriage. "I will not allow," he wrote in his first day's journal, "that bachelors are better public servants than married men. They may be on ordinary, but not on great occasions; for they must be strangers to the purest and noblest motive that can fill the breast of a man—that of leaving a good and great name to his children, as a rich and proud inheritance."

task, and he now applied himself to it with all his might. His Political History of India was to be the growth of this voyage to the Gulf. "I am resolved," he wrote, "to allow no circumstances to prevent my finishing a work which may, at a moment like the present, prove of much public utility."

But although at certain hours of the day he threw himself earnestly and vigorously into his appointed work, he by no means buried himself in his cabin, or shunned the society of the ship. There were few merrier men than Captain Edgecumbe; and many were the hearty laughs which he and Malcolm enjoyed together. The wind was for some time very languid; so the passengers of the *Sibbald* were enabled often to go on board the *Psyche;* and there were many pleasant social gatherings, at which songs were sung, and stories were told, and jokes passed about; and every one did his best to contribute something to the general stock of amusement. Malcolm lived very temperately at this time, took regular exercise, and enjoyed excellent health. Every morning saw him at work before breakfast at the club-exercise, walking the deck, and playing at single-stick; and he wrote with exultation that his figure had decreased in girth, and the muscles of his arms expanded. The ship made little progress; but he said that his History made more;* so he did not complain of the delay.

On the 26th, the little fleet was off Muscat, where Malcolm received letters which it did him good to read. A packet from Bussorah brought "accounts of a glorious victory gained by Sir Arthur Wellesley by land, and

* Writing at this time in his journal with reference to his literary pursuits, Malcolm says: "I contemplate in my leisure hours in England a book of Memoirs, which will be full of characteristic anecdotes, and give all I know of Indian Cottages and Courts." It is greatly to be regretted that this book was never written. It would have been even more interesting than the *Sketches of Persia.*

another by Lord Collingwood at sea." Letters were also received from Captain Pasley, conveying intelligence that the account of Malcolm's approach was "received as he could wish at Teheran." "I have no doubt of my reception at Court," he wrote in his journal, "but I expect, while on the road to Teheran, to hear of Sir Harford's confirmation, and of Mr. Morier's return with a letter from King George to his Majesty of Persia, and then my embarrassment will be complete."

Leaving Mr. Hanky Smith to transact some necessary business with the Imaum of Muscat, Malcolm, taking advantage of a favorable breeze, sailed into the Gulf. But baffling winds soon set in, and the progress of the *Psyche* was very tedious. Meanwhile, however, the *Political History* was hastening towards a conclusion. "We have still a contrary wind," he wrote on the 10th of February to his wife. "Nothing can be more vexatious. I have one more consolation beside that of this wind blowing my packet to you, which is, that my political sketch gets on apace. Five chapters are finished and corrected; and the sixth and last is commenced this morning. I begin now to look forward with great delight to that enchanting word *Finis*. The moment I write it, I will have a jubilee. I mean to dance, hunt, shoot, and play myself, and let who will write histories, memoirs, and sketches."*

At last, on the 13th of February, the *Psyche* entered the roadstead of Bushire. On the following day, attended by all the chief people of the place, Malcolm landed. After paying a visit to the Governor, he proceeded to the house of Mr. Bruce, some three miles off

* He sent his MS. from Bushire to Sir James Mackintosh, "whose masterly pen," he wrote, "will correct the faults with which they abound. I have expressed my hope that he will not be sparing—that he will anticipate approbation to everything that he does, and that he will make no references."

in the country. "Our cavalcade was very numerous," he wrote in his journal, "and the uncommon attention paid to me appeared as if that joy at my return which was written on all their faces was heartfelt and sincere. When we were at the Governor's, old Hadjee Ismael, a respectable merchant of eighty-two years of age, took the lead in the conversation. He expressed, in the name of all, their joy at my revisiting Persia. The King, he said, had given a proof of true greatness in anxiously requiring the presence of a man who had told him the honest truth with a bluntness which kings were not in the habit of hearing."

All through the months of February and March, and up to the middle of April, Malcolm and his suite remained encamped at Bushire. He had despatched the letter to the King of which he was the bearer, and was waiting his Majesty's order to advance. He appears to have spent his time between literature and the chase. He was working hard at the completion of his Political History; but he was delighted to find himself on horseback again, and he knew that, in Persia, the equestrian exercises, in which he excelled, were not matters only of private delight.* On the 6th of March, he was able to write in his journal, "I have written the word *Finis* to my Sketch, and am as joyful as I can be in absence. I will write no more to-day, but go and make up parties to hunt, and shoot, and ride, and revel in all the delights

* The Persians hold good horsemanship in such estimation, that they would have thought little of an ambassador who was not at home in the saddle. A curious illustration of this occurred when Malcolm was at Bushire. The purser of one of the ships, Mr. W——, went on shore to see Mr. Smith, and was put on the back of a capering Arab, only to be thrown about very uncomfortably in the saddle. The bad horsemanship of the sailor provoked some merriment on shore; but on the following day a Persian trader, who knew a little English, happening to go on board the ship, said to Mr. W——, when the subject was referred to, "You need not be under any uneasiness. I told the people that you ride very well, but that you were very drunk."

of idleness." There were a number of active, high-spirited youths with him, who rejoiced to serve under a master as fond of sport as themselves. It was his pleasure, as he felt it was his duty, to train them for Oriental travel; and when any of them made an excursion into the interior for purposes either of business or pleasure, he sent them forth slenderly equipped, and especially exhorted them against the use of knives and forks. All such emblems of Western civilisation were to be denied to men who were in training for Eastern heroes. There were some noble specimens of manhood among them. Among others was an artillery officer, little more than eighteen years of age, whose gigantic stature was the wonder and the admiration of the Persians.* The fame of young Lindsay's proportions reached far into the interior. When the bearer of Malcolm's letters to the King and the Prince-Regent reached Shiraz, the latter was eager in his inquiries about the "tall man." The messenger, after satisfying the Prince's inquiries, told his Royal Highness, that the greatest wonder of all was, that although seven feet high, he was only a lad of eighteen, and might grow another cubit. One morning, as Malcolm was sitting in his tent, he was delighted by hearing a Persian call out to one of Lindsay's servants, "Is your *date-tree* asleep or awake?" We may be sure that there was no want of laughter in camp at this figure of speech, and need not question that the Envoy laughed the loudest of the party.

On the 15th of March, Malcolm received intelligence to the effect that his Mehmendar, or entertainer, had been appointed in the person of a nobleman of rank, who was then

* Lindsay—afterwards Sir Henry Lindsay Bethune—with better fortune than some of his comrades, lived to a ripe old age. The greater part of his life was spent with the Persian army. He distinguished himself by many acts of heroic gallantry, which caused him to be regarded by the Persians as a veritable Roostum—not in stature alone.

on his way down to Bushire. Two days afterwards he made his appearance, and was received in a distinguished manner by the English Envoy. But Malcolm would not commence his march to Teheran until he had received an answer to the letters which he had forwarded to the King. He was greatly pleased with his new friend—a young man of prepossessing appearance and polished manners; and there was every chance of continued harmony between them. He was assured, too, that the King was delighted at his approach, and would welcome his old friend with demonstrations of the sincerest affection and respect. The Prince-Regent, too, who ten years before, by asserting unjustifiable pretensions, had compelled Malcolm to contend manfully for the support of his ambassadorial dignity, now mindful of the past, addressed him a letter in the style of an equal.* The preparations for the march, therefore, were commenced with good heart† in spite of the embarrassing intelligence of Jones's movements, which came in from time to time to perplex and annoy Malcolm; and when at last, on the 8th of April, the firman of the King of Kings was received, with becoming pomp—the "tall man" firing a royal salute, the escort drawn up as a guard of honor, and Malcolm pressing the letter to his forehead and his lips —much did not remain to be done to complete the equipment of the Mission. A week afterwards they commenced their march for the Persian capital.

* That is a *Moorasaleh*, not a *Firman*. See *ante*, vol. i., page 113.

† Whilst Malcolm was busying himself with these preparations, intelligence of the victory of Talavera was received at Bushire. On many accounts it was extremely gratifying to him. "I have just read," he wrote in the journal kept for his wife, "that my noble friend, Sir Arthur Wellesley, is made a peer. He deserves a dukedom. I also see with joy that your father is to be rewarded by being made a baronet for the eminent gallantry and good conduct he displayed on the glorious field of Talavera. How fortunate your father has been in having such an opportunity of distinguishing himself. How different is my lot."

Travelling often more than twenty miles in the day, they approached Shiraz on the 27th of April. The Chief Minister of the province went out to greet the English Envoy, and to conduct him to the presence of the Prince-Regent. Malcolm entered the city in great state. The cavalcade was an imposing one. Lindsay, with his galloper-guns, and the escort of European dragoons, excited the boundless admiration of the Persians, and contrasted not unfavorably with the more Oriental components of the show. All the principal civil and military officers of the Government, with a large body of troops and an immense concourse of people, met the British Mission as it advanced. About a mile from the city, Malcolm's camp had been pitched on an eminence near the gardens of the vice-regal palace. There he and his suite dismounted, embraced the Persian officers, led them to a tent, and regaled them after the usual fashion with pipes and coffee. All seemed rejoiced to see him, and many welcomed him as an old friend.

On the following day the Prince-Regent received him with graceful courtesy and kindness. When ten years before they had met at Shiraz, the Prince was a mere boy, and therefore only an instrument in the hands of the chief officers of his Court. He had now grown into a man of a lovely person and engaging manners, polished, and yet frank; and altogether of a bearing and demeanour such as inspire confidence and affection. He deplored what he called the necessities of state, which had compelled him two years before to discourage Malcolm's advance into the Persian territory; declared that both he and his father had been pained by the sudden retirement of their old friend, and were now as much rejoiced at his presence as they were before grieved at his departure. And these good words he supported by continual acts of courtesy and kindness. The Mission

was received with all honor. The Prince and his Minister* invited Malcolm and his associates to imposing reviews by day and sumptuous entertainments by night; and for some little time there was nothing but gaiety and merriment and common joy.

But a shadow, and a dark one, soon passed over Malcolm's happiness. On the 6th of May he received intelligence that two of the officers of his suite had been barbarously murdered on the Turkish frontier. Soon after the arrival of the Mission at Bushire, Malcolm had despatched two officers in advance to Baghdad and two to Bussorah, with instructions to join him on the road to Teheran. To the former place, Captain Grant and Lieutenant Fotheringham had been sent; to the latter, Captain Macdonald and Lieutenant Monteith. They went in search of information relative to the countries through which they travelled. Our want of geographical information relative to the frontier-lands of Persia and Turkey had been seriously felt in all our considerations of the means of defence against the advance of an European enemy; and Malcolm determined, that if he accomplished nothing else, he would add something to our available stores of knowledge. He was accompanied by men eager to venture upon untrodden fields of enterprise and inquiry; and he boasted that he was turning his young friends into expert travellers. When, therefore, intelligence reached him that Captain Grant and Lieutenant Fotheringham had been murdered on their way from Baghdad, the grievous tidings smote him to the heart.

From the account which Malcolm received, it appeared that the ill-fated gentlemen, on leaving Baghdad about

* The minister was Mahomed Nebbee Khan, brother-in-law of Hadjee Khalil Khan, who was killed at Bombay. Nebbee Khan had afterwards been sent to India on a friendly mission (which he used as a pretext for advancing certain pecuniary claims of his own), but had been coldly received by Sir George Barlow. He was little better than a sordid adventurer.

the end of March, determined to proceed by a different route from that which Malcolm had indicated. In vain did Mr. Rich* represent that the road lay through a defile infested by a robber-gang, under the command of a notorious chief. Captain Grant laughed to scorn all idea of danger; he sought no advice, and he would take none. He had accompanied Malcolm ten years before on his first mission to Persia, and had penetrated into unexplored parts of the country. This had given him confidence in himself; and he said that one who had travelled through Mekran had nothing to fear in the countries which he was then about to explore. He had taken with him, too, contrary to the system which Malcolm took so much pains to enforce upon his assistants, a large amount of baggage, including "a showy tent," and a numerous retinue of people. Against this also Mr. Rich remonstrated in vain. Grant and his party started; and so little pains did he take to secure the safety of himself and his followers, that he left the Resident in a state of uncertainty respecting the route which he intended to take.† The consequences of this imprudence might be foreseen. On reaching the defile, he was met by the robber-chief and a party of horsemen. They professed friendly intentions, and persuaded Grant and his friends to alight and refresh themselves. Then they fell upon the travellers. Grant was shot dead as he attempted to regain his horse. The rest were seized and carried about prisoners for four days, at the end of which Kelb Ali, the robber-chief, separated the Christians from the Mussulmans, and suffered the latter to depart. Then the Christians were brought forth to the sacrifice.

* Mr. Rich (a son-in-law of Sir James Mackintosh), a young gentleman of extraordinary attainments, was then Resident at Baghdad.

† Mr. Rich had procured from the Pacha all the necessary orders to secure Captain Grant a safe passage by a different route.

Mr. Fotheringham and three Armenian servants were placed in a row, and asked whether they would become Mussulmans or die? They preferred death to apostacy; and one after another they were shot dead upon the spot.

How deeply Malcolm felt this misadventure may be gathered from the following entries in his private journal. He asked himself again and again if it had been caused by any imprudence of his own. His understanding told him that it had not; but his heart reproached him all the same. In the fulness of his sorrow he even lamented the faculty, which he so eminently possessed, of inspiring others with enterprise and zeal:

"*May* 6.—I have this moment (he wrote) been shocked beyond expression. Poor Grant and Fotheringham are, I fear, murdered on the frontiers of Turkey by a body of thieves. I cannot enter into any account of this horrid event—my feelings are too acute. Though I have only obeyed my orders, I am quite miserable; and however conscious of only having done my duty, and that I could neither foresee nor guard against what has happened, I cannot but think at times that I am to blame in having detached them; and yet God knows I had every ground to believe that there was hardly any risk in their journey, and I hoped much valuable information would be obtained. Grant is a real public loss. He was a man of zeal, courage, enterprise, and knowledge; and Fotheringham gave promise of being a most excellent officer. There could not be a finer or better young man in the world. Poor fellows, I must yet cherish a faint hope that the report of their death is unfounded.

"*May* 7.—I passed a wretched night, thinking of my poor friends. The safe arrival, this morning, of Macdonald and Monteith (whose journey I had always accounted much more dangerous than the other), gave me some consolation; but still I am low and afflicted. I mean to despatch Frederick and Mahomed Hussan Khan to-morrow to go to Baghdad by the road of Kermanshah. They will collect information on the way, and give it to Mr. Rich, to whom I shall give them letters. The murder was perpetrated within three or four stages of Baghdad,

and of course in the Persian territories. The King of Persia pretends the most violent rage, and has sent to demand the murderers, threatening to attack Baghdad if they are not given up. He will use this occurrence, as he has some of a similar nature, to extort money from the Pacha. *I am indifferent to their efforts. They cannot restore my friends.*

"*May* 8.—On referring to my instructions to Captain Grant, I find that I not only instructed him to delay, but to abandon his journey, if attended with any serious risk. But it is evident that he thought there was none, and his confidence has been his destruction; for there is sufficient evidence in the account I have received to prove that his plans were betrayed by some native whom he incautiously trusted; and the baggage which he carried must have been considerable, and was no doubt the object of plunder. Frederick and Mahomed Hussan Khan go off to-morrow for Kermanshah, to learn all the particulars they can of this horrid transaction. It is honorable to the gentlemen of my family to state that, since the occurrence of this event, all those who could be so employed have shown the most anxious desire to proceed direct to Kermanshah, or in any other direction. While I cannot but admire the spirit which animates them, I almost shudder at the thought of inspiring men with a zeal and attachment that leads them to the cheerful encounter of any danger. In short, I am not, I fear, composed of those materials which are necessary for a public character. Warm feelings should, I suspect, form no part of the compound."

Beside a real heart-trouble like this, all other vexations were insignificant, else the Envoy might have been annoyed by the old difficulty of the present-giving, which now intruded itself upon him even more distressingly than during the time of his first mission. Sir Harford Jones had done much to increase the fever of cupidity which Malcolm himself had excited ten years before by the prodigality of his gifts. There was this difference between the two: Malcolm had distributed costly presents, but they were commodities which he had taken with him from India, and were, for the most

part, specimens of the arts and manufactures of the countries under British rule. They were symbols, as it were, of the greatness of our nation, and did more than gratify the avarice of the recipient. But Sir Harford Jones had openly given money. On one occasion he had served up a bill for 50,000 piastres on a tray. No wonder, therefore, that Malcolm found the courtiers of Persia hungering and howling after British gold.* "These people," wrote Malcolm, "are like ferocious animals, who have once tasted blood. Nothing else will satisfy them. They cry out for money as shamelessly as if it were their natural food. I have been obliged to come to very high words, and no doubt have excited much disgust. I mean to give a present of varieties of nearly half the amount Sir Harford Jones did; and I have written to the Minister, that unless I am assured it will be well and graciously received, I will not send his Royal Highness the value of a single farthing." The hint was taken, and the present graciously accepted.

But if Malcolm was less free in giving than Sir Harford Jones, he was also less free in receiving. Whilst at Shiraz, it was secretly intimated to him by the Minister that a valuable present of jewels, suited to a lady of rank, would be given to Mrs. Malcolm. The Ambassador started, and was about to make an indignant answer; but checking himself, he merely said it was not his custom to receive such presents either for himself or his wife. "Tell your master," he added, to the astonished messenger, "that when I was at Mysore, the Minister there

* In an official letter to Mr. Edmonstone, Malcolm wrote: "His Lordship (Minto) will judge of the extent to which their avarice has been excited, when I state that, independently of articles, the amount of cash given by Sir Harford Jones to the Prince and the officers of this petty Court was about two lakhs of piastres. I am not yet informed of the amount of similar disbursements at Teheran; but I already know that a considerable sum was given to the King, that a very large sum was promised to the Ameen-oo-dowlah, and that Meerza Sheffee has had a pension of three thousand piastres a month settled upon him."

would gladly have heaped costly presents upon us ; but instead of this, on my persuasion, he made a fine new road, that was much wanted, and dedicated it to Mrs. Malcolm. Such are the presents I like." No man ever had larger opportunities of enriching himself in this way ; but he went through life with hands clean as a babe's.

On the 16th of May, Malcolm and his suite departed from Shiraz with all honor, and commenced their march towards the Persian capital, well pleased with the entertainment they had received. The journey onwards is remembered with the liveliest feelings of pleasure by the few survivors of the party. Not far from Shiraz, they were joined by the King's story-teller, who amused them with the recital of Oriental romances not inferior in interest to those of the Arabian Nights. Many of these stories found their way into Malcolm's journal, and were treasured up tenaciously by a memory that never failed.* Some he had heard before during his first sojourn in Persia, and had narrated during the intervening ten years at various times and places, and under circumstances of infinite variety. Great soldiers, little children, and gentle maidens, had been equally delighted by them. They had made Arthur Wellesley laugh in the Mahratta camp; they had made Johnny Wainwright happy during the tedium of a voyage down the Bay of Bengal; and they had won a smile from the lips of Charlotte Campbell, as he sat behind her on an elephant, in the course of that memorable journey to Mysore out of which had arisen the great happiness of his life.

On the 5th of June the Mission quitted Ispahan, and marched onwards by stages of twenty-five or thirty miles a day.† Everywhere, as they advanced, they were re-

* Some of them will be found in his *Sketches of Persia*, the most popular of all Malcolm's works.

† Sometimes they made as much as forty miles a day, or rather night. "We marched last night," wrote Mal-

ceived with honor, and sumptuously entertained by the chief people of the country. As they approached the capital, Malcolm began anxiously to consider the embarrassments which lay before him. Sir Harford Jones, the Crown Ambassador, was there. What was to be done to prevent an unseemly collision between the two authorities? Jones was chafing under the treatment he had received from the Indian Government, which had written him stinging letters, dishonored his bills, and endeavoured by every means to cast discredit upon his proceedings. His time seemed now to have come. He was the representative of the King of Great Britain at the Court of the Persian monarch; and Malcolm was only the representative of a Viceroy—of a servant, in fact, of the Crown. It was not to be doubted that from this eminence of official position he had the means of grievously annoying and embarrassing the representative of the Governor-General; and there was too much reason to predicate, from the general character and particular temper at that time of Sir Harford Jones, that he would employ these means to the utmost possible extent, and endeavour to humiliate Malcolm and his Mission. Nor was such retaliation only to be considered as a proof of the weakness of human nature. It was, doubtless, the duty of the Ambassador from the Court of St. James to uphold the dignity of that Court, and to assert, on every occasion, the supremacy of his ambassadorial character. The Indian Government had certainly exerted itself to blacken the face of Sir Harford Jones in the eyes of the Persian Court; and Jones may now have thought it incumbent upon him to prove that he was vested with

colm on the 10th of June, "at eight o'clock, and reached our ground this morning about seven—the distance being full forty miles. I rode a mule almost the whole night, and think its paces are rather pleasanter than a horse's; and at night the mule is generally preferred, as being more surefooted." They generally commenced their march at eight o'clock at night.

authority higher than any that could be conferred by the Governor-General of India. There were two ways of doing this, and Malcolm had good reason to think that the Crown Ambassador would choose the more unseemly and vexatious of the two.

It is probable that after the lapse of years, when the heats and animosities of the actual contest had subsided, Malcolm, who was a man of a generous temper and forgiving nature, admitted that there were allowances to be made for Sir Harford Jones on the score of the position he held. But the strife was, at this time, very keen; and not only did Malcolm and his suite, but Lord Minto and the members of his Government, attribute all the embarrassments which beset them in the course of the contest to the littleness of Jones's personal character. But whatever may have been his private sentiments, Malcolm now felt that the time had come for their practical suppression. He was not a man to suffer any personal irritation to interfere with the paramount claims of the public service. He knew that any open collision would have the effect of lowering both the King's and the Company's Government in the eyes of the Persians, and he determined, therefore, if possible, to meet Sir Harford Jones with a semblance at least of harmony. To this end he despatched one of the gentlemen of his Mission* in advance, to communicate personally with Sir Harford Jones respecting the forms to be observed on the meeting of the two Envoys at the Persian Court, and desired him to tell the Crown Ambassador that General Malcolm "hoped he would see the propriety of their meeting as countrymen, and saving at least outward appearances." "The bad impressions," he added, "which must be produced by public officers of the same nation acting to-

* Dr. Jukes. He had been for some time at Teheran, and had joined Malcolm's camp on the march.

wards each other as enemies, are too obvious to be insisted upon. I bade Jukes, therefore, to inform him that I was so conscious of this being the line which every consideration of public duty dictated, that I had banished all private feeling from my mind. I did not think of what had passed, and would pay Sir Harford Jones a visit on the day I reached Camp, provided I was assured of his meeting and returning this advance in a manner which both my public situation and private character gave me a right to expect. He might, I desired Jukes to say, apprehend no collision of political opinion, for I should not open my lips on the subject, nor assume with the Persian Court any duty beyond that of being the officer empowered by the Indian Government to execute such parts of the preliminary treaty as related to the employment of its resources. That power I must exercise until I hear further from England or India; but even in its exercise I should accommodate myself as much to Sir Harford Jones's wishes and opinions as I possibly could."

Jukes departed charged with this message of conciliation; and a day or two afterwards, Malcolm, earnestly desiring that nothing might occur to cast a doubt upon the assurances of his messenger, wrote to him the following letter, which might be shown to Sir Harford Jones or the gentlemen of his suite:

MY DEAR JUKES,—I have learnt, since coming to my ground, from a traveller, that Sir Harford Jones was to reach the royal camp to-day. I have instructed you how to act on the occurrence of this event. I need hardly repeat my sentiments upon this subject, as you are fully acquainted with them. It is one upon which I have not a private feeling, for at such a moment I can think of nothing but the public interests, which must be injured by the spectacle of two public officers of the same nation quarrelling in this country. I am ready and desirous to pay Sir Harford Jones

every attention that is due to him as Envoy from his Britannic Majesty at the Court of Persia; but I must assuredly be recognised, till further orders are received from England or India, as a public officer whom the Indian Government has deputed to perform the stipulations of the preliminary treaty on all points that relate to the disposal of its resources; but even on this point I am ready to attend to the suggestions and opinions of Sir Harford Jones as far as I can in consistency with the instructions of the authority under which I act.

It appears certain that orders from England written subsequent to the knowledge of my Mission must reach us within a month, and it is probable I shall have specific orders from India earlier than these orders. It would therefore seem, on every account, desirable that this short intermediate period should be allowed to pass without our adding to that embarrassment into which both Missions have from the occurrence of a number of untoward circumstances been placed; and on this ground I am willing to meet Sir Harford as a countryman, without entering at all into the discussion of any of those points of difference and controversy which it is the duty of our common superiors to decide.

I can place implicit reliance on your agency in this delicate communication. You are completely acquainted with the motives by which I am governed, and will, I am assured, in every explanation you make, *take care these are not mistaken.*

Yours ever, &c., &c.,

JOHN MALCOLM.

The royal camp was at this time at Sultaneah. The King and the Crown-Prince were engrossed with thoughts of the war of resistance which they were carrying on against the Russian usurper; and it was a matter of no small moment to discover the extent of assistance which they might hope to derive from their connexion with the English. Sir Harford Jones had been requested to attend the royal camp, and there Jukes found him on his arrival. It was no easy thing to conciliate the Welsh baronet and bring him to a reasonable state of mind. To uphold the dignity of his position as Crown Ambas-

sador was one thing—to humiliate the Governor-General's Envoy was another. Jones could not rest satisfied with the former, without also accomplishing the latter. He advanced ridiculous pretensions and made impossible stipulations.* He would meet the new Envoy in a friendly manner, but as a very small person towards whom he would condescend to extend his patronage, if Malcolm would consent wholly to sink his own personal and official consequence. It was very certain that no such conditions as these could be accepted. The Persian Ministers, who desired Malcolm's approach, were now greatly perplexed and bewildered. Before taking any decided part in the contest, they required for the Persian Government some indemnity against the evils that might arise from the sudden departure of Sir Harford Jones. If General Malcolm would undertake to accomplish in that event all that Jones by staying might accomplish, and represent the British Government at the Persian Court, Jones might depart as soon as he liked.

But this clearly was an impossibility. The state of affairs

* The conditions proposed by Jones are worth giving in a note. The Persian Ministers declared that they would have nothing to say to such proposals:

"1st. That no one shall proceed on the part of his Persian Majesty to form General Malcolm's *Istakbal*, but that some person may be sent on the part of the Ministers.

"2nd. That the General shall sound no trumpets on his entrance into the King's camp, nor carry any flags.

"3rd. That he shall hoist no flag in the royal camp, or pitch any kurnauts or tujeers (outer tent-walls) round his tent.

"4th. That he shall not at any time have an audience of the King without the Ambassador being present.

"5th. That independent of the presents General Malcolm has brought on the part of the Governor-General, everything else connected with the preliminary articles of the treaty shall be transferred to the Ambassador (Jones), in order that he might make them over to the Persian Government.

"6th. That neither the Persian Ministers themselves, nor any person upon their behalf, shall enter into any discussion on affairs connected with the British Government with any other person except the Ambassador, and that the King also shall allow of no other person's interference in such discussions but the Ambassador himself.

"7th. That none of General Malcolm's suite shall ever wait upon the Ministers without the Ambassador (Jones) being advised of it.

"8th. That none of the General's suite shall be admitted to the King's presence without the consultation and approbation of the Ambassador (Jones)."

was communicated to Malcolm, who despatched his secretary, Lieutenant Stuart, to the Persian camp, charged with instructions to represent his views, and set forth the circumstances under which alone he could consent to advance. "Inform the Ministers," he wrote, "that if any degradation to my Mission is contemplated, the sooner I have leave to return to India the better, for I will not remain one day in any place subject to what I consider an insult, merely because Sir Harford Jones chooses to be unreasonable. With regard to the subsidy and the points connected with the execution of the treaty, as far as relates to the Indian Government, I am and must remain till further orders the *exclusive agent*, and no other will be recognised by the Indian Government, the right of which to appoint its own officer to perform all duties connected with the employment of its military means and pecuniary resources is established by the constitution of the Government of England, and cannot be altered but by an alteration of its laws. Desire them not to mistake the moderation with which I have acted for any symptom of a change in my sentiments. I shall continue to act exactly as I have told them I shall, whatever they or Sir Harford Jones may do; and though I may regret that my efforts to conciliate that officer to a just sense of the benefits which would arise from mutual good understanding have failed, his continuing to act under the influence of private feelings and passions cannot justify me in a deviation from my duty. In short, I beg you will tell them that they will, unless they treat me in every instance as I ought to be treated, compel me to insist upon my being permitted immediately to depart. I wish you to be guarded, but very plain and decided in the delivery of these sentiments, as under the extraordinary line of conduct Sir Harford Jones has taken, my being admitted to Court is a secondary con-

sideration to that of escaping those insults which that Envoy appears desirous of heaping upon the Indian Government, as he seems to think that the King of England's rank will be best supported, not by the main tenor of his own precedence and dignity, but by the complete degradation of that imperial branch of his power—the Government of India."

Whilst such were the general instructions conveyed to Mr. Stuart, Malcolm laid down in precise terms the conditions upon which he would consent to enter the royal camp;* and addressed a note to the Persian Ministers, in which he declared that the terms were "in no degree whatever derogatory to the dignity of the King of England, or to the rank and precedence of his Majesty's representative." "If Brigadier-General Malcolm had thought so," continues the note, "he never could have proposed them, as it is his duty, like that of every British subject under all situations that he may be placed in, to promote and advance by every means in his power the dignity of his Sovereign." At the same time, he addressed a letter to Meerza Sheffee, the Chief Minister, wherein, after al-

* I give these in a note, that they may be contrasted with those proposed by Sir Harford Jones:

"1st. His Istakbal shall be similar to the one which met him on his first mission.

"2nd. That the General, on his entrance into the royal camp and during his continuance there, shall be allowed to sound his trumpets, beat his drums, agreeably to the former customs and usages of ambassadors at the Persian Court.

"3rd. That the General's credentials shall be read in his first interview with the King.

"4th. That until new orders are received from England or India respecting the recall or confirmation of either Sir Harford Jones or himself, he shall be allowed to remain at the Persian Court, unless his own wishes should induce him to retire.

"5th. That General Malcolm shall take the whole or any part of his family with him when he has his audience with the King.

"6th. General Malcolm agrees to yield the precedence to Sir Harford Jones whenever it should so happen that they either visit the King or his Ministers together, inasmuch as Sir Harford Jones is the ambassador of his Britannic Majesty, and the General is disposed to pay him every respect and attention as such. General Malcolm has no objection to Sir Harford Jones being present at his audiences with the King."

luding to his paper of conditions and the declaratory note, he said, "I cannot, without disobedience of my orders and submitting to a degradation of my situation, depart from these terms; to which I hope this letter and the declaration by which it is accompanied, will lead you instantly to assent. If any reasons should prevent your doing so, I beg you will obtain his Majesty's gracious permission for me to return to India; and that you will express on such occurrence my gratitude for all his past great favors, and my unchangeable attachment in all situations to his royal person." Malcolm was not a man to attempt to degrade the character of the British Crown in the eyes of a foreign Court, any more than to suffer the Government which he represented to be degraded.

But if the Ministers were irresolute, the King himself was not. He desired to see Malcolm, and was determined that he should be received with all honor. He spoke his mind freely to Sir Harford Jones; and Jones, who seems to have had little respect for prerogative and little regard for courtesy, was fully as plain-spoken as the Shah. It was idle, however, to contend against the decrees of the Sovereign. He had a right to order, and he was determined to order the ceremonials of his own Court. So the royal command went forth for Malcolm's reception with the same honors as had been accorded to him ten years before; and the Ministers, who were hungering after more presents, and hoped that the two Ambassadors would strive to outbribe one another, were glad to welcome Malcolm back again to the Persian Court.

Sir Harford was now fairly beaten. It was useless to continue the contest; so, as Malcolm neared the royal camp, on the 21st of June, Mr. Sheridan, Jones's secretary, met him with a letter of peace, written on the preceding day. "I prefer thus privately," wrote the

Crown Ambassador, "to acknowledge the receipt of your public letter by Mr. Ellis, firstly, because I hope you will consider this method, as I mean it to be, a manifestation of the cordiality with which I mean to act; and, next, because I am of opinion that those points in your letter which may require discussion will be better and more fully discussed by us when I have the pleasure of meeting you. I perfectly agree with you it is high time to put an end to the intrigues and tortuosities of the Ministers here. As we shall so soon have the pleasure to meet, I reserve to that period everything more that I have to say." And so the contest between the two Ambassadors was at an end, and Malcolm wrote in his journal, "We shall have no more public discussions, but communicate fully and amicably; and I shall be as anxious to establish, by my great respect towards the person of his Envoy, my respect for my Sovereign, as I have been to establish the rights and privileges of the Indian Government."

On the 21st of June, Malcolm and his suite entered the royal camp. The same high officer of the Court who, ten years before, had been deputed by the King to receive him, now met him again as he advanced. The royal message which greeted him was a flattering one. "Tell him," said the King, "that all the trouble he has had about ceremony this time is not the fault of Persians but of Englishmen, and that throughout he may be satisfied that he has always enjoyed my favor." Onward now went the Mission from the Indian Government, receiving and bestowing courtesies. All past animosities were buried. Before proceeding to his own tent, Malcolm waited on Sir Harford Jones, who received him in "a gracious and affable manner," and in the course of the evening returned the visit. Malcolm welcomed him with a guard of honor, and went out of his tent to greet

him. He was eager not only to show the Baronet every respect as the representative of the Crown, but to render him every assistance in his power, freely offering him money and supplies, and desiring him, whenever it was needed, to use the escort as his own.* At subsequent interviews there was the same outward cordiality between them, but Malcolm felt painfully that it was all a despicable sham.

On the 23rd of June, Malcolm paid his first ceremonial visit to Futteh Ali Shah, in his summer camp on the high table-lands of Sultaneah. It had been arranged that Sir Harford Jones should be present at this introductory visit, but at the appointed hour he was absent on a pleasure party.† The King, however, declared that he needed no one to introduce his old friend Malcolm; so the Mission from India made its way to the royal presence, whilst the Crown Ambassador was amusing himself

* The Ambassador's establishment was then at Tabreez.

† Sir Harford Jones, in his account of *His Majesty's Mission to Persia*, published after Sir John Malcolm's death, thus accounts for his own absence on this occasion. "Shortly after this," he writes, "General Malcolm arrived in the royal camp, and the Shah intimated to me his wish that I should be present at the audience he designed to give him. I answered that I would most willingly comply with his Majesty's wishes, provided General Malcolm permitted me to present him to the Shah. This being objected to on the part of the General, I considered it my duty to interfere no further in the matter; and on the day on which the audience took place, I made a little party of pleasure with some Persian friends to visit and pass the day at some beautiful springs, issuing from a rock at the foot of a mountain, a little distance from the camp." I think, however, that there is some reason to question the fidelity of Sir Harford's memory. Malcolm, in the private journal which he kept at this time, says, under date June 23rd, "Sir Harford yesterday told me he was going with me to the King. 'You sit, I hope, Sir Harford,' said I. 'I do not, in general,' said he; 'but I shall of course, as you have very properly insisted on it.' . . . . . When I found the time of the visit changed, I went to Sir Harford's tent. They told me he had gone out to breakfast, and to see a celebrated fountain four miles off." One of the survivors of Malcolm's suite, in a memorandum with which he has furnished me, says: "It was desired by the General that his party should be accompanied by Sir Harford Jones, and be introduced by him. Objections were at first made by the General's Persian friends, but Malcolm ceded the point, and consented, on his first interview, to be introduced by Jones. But his Majesty settled the point by declaring that his friend Malcolm needed no introduction at all."

at a distance. The ceremony of reception was an imposing one. Attended by eleven gentlemen of his suite, all in full-dress uniform, Malcolm entered the hall of audience. "Welcome again, Malcolm," cried the King, with much cordiality, "and welcome all you young gentlemen. Mashallah! you have brought a fine set of young men—all fine young men—to pay their respects to the Shah. Sit down, Malcolm." Now Malcolm, on his former mission, always had sate down. He had contended for and established the custom. But Sir Harford Jones had consented to stand in the royal presence. How then could the representative of the Governor-General accept a concession which had not been accorded to the delegate of the Crown? Malcolm felt the embarrassment of his position, and asked permission to stand. Again the King desired him to be seated. But still the Envoy hesitated to comply with the request. "Why, Malcolm," said the King, half in jest and half in earnest, "what new thing is this—what has come over you? You used not to hesitate in conforming to the King's command." On this Malcolm sate down. The embarrassment passed over, and Futteh Ali Shah and Malcolm were soon in earnest discourse.*

Malcolm had prepared a set speech; but when the time came for its delivery, he made no great progress with the oration. "Come," said the King, smiling, "you are an old friend; I do not put you on a footing with other men. Compose yourself; I know what you would say"—and he commenced a speech of fulsome panegyric. Then, breaking into laughter, he said, "Now your speech is made, let me know about yourself. How have you been these many years?" "Except for the wish to revisit your Majesty, I have been well and happy," said

* "It was the only time," says the narrator of this incident, from whom I derived it, "that I ever knew Malcolm to lose his self-possession for a moment."

Malcolm. "But what," asked the King, "made you go back in dudgeon last year, without seeing my son at Shiraz?" "How could he," said Malcolm, "who had been warmed by the sunshine of his Majesty's favor, be satisfied with the mere reflexion of that refulgence through the person of his Majesty's son?". "Mashallah! Mashallah!" cried the King, "Malcolm is himself again!"

Gracious beyond example was Futteh Ali. He was really glad to see Malcolm. He told him that he always was and always must be his prime favorite beyond all Europeans. Then he spoke of the state of India—of Europe—of his own country; and then returned to talk of Malcolm himself. "I heard," said he, "that you were going to England; but I have caught you, and you must not expect to escape for at least four years. Your fame in India for settling countries has reached me; and your labor is wanted here." He then asked a multitude of questions concerning the organisation of the Indian army. Malcolm spoke not only of its discipline, but of its admirable invalid and pension establishments. "Discipline," said the King, "will always defeat valor; but discipline alone is nothing. It is the whole constitution of the military branch of government which makes superior armies." To this Malcolm assented; and then the King began to speak of Buonaparte, whom he styled the first of heroes, and said, "What does he want?" "The world," said Malcolm. "Right," said the King, "you are right, Malcolm—but in truth, he is a great soldier." Then he asked many questions about the state of Spain; and thence, turning again to personal matters, inquired about the officers of Malcolm's suite, and asked particularly about the engineers. "Mr. Jins (Sir H. Jones) is a good young man. I have a regard for him; and those with him have labored hard in my service—but you must do everything for me now." Malcolm assured him

that he and his Majesty's other servants would do all that lay in their power; and the King was well pleased with the assurance. Altogether, the reception was a most gracious one, and Malcolm quitted the presence-chamber satisfied that he had not fallen in the estimation of his old friend. "I was shocked to hear after I came out," he wrote in his journal, "that I had talked more and louder than his Majesty; but I could not have given offence, as I went away loaded with praises."

On the 1st of July, Malcolm, with all due ceremony and becoming state, exhibited his presents before the audience-tent of the Shah. Chief of these were the guns which he had brought with him from India, and which now, with all their equipments, were displayed before the delighted eyes of the King. It was hard to say whether the ordnance or the young artilleryman Lindsay, with his bright rosy face and his gigantic proportions, gave his Majesty the greater pleasure. In the latter he saw a young Roostum, who was destined to play no insignificant part in the war then waging with the Muscovite. The two galloper-guns which Malcolm had brought with his escort were now exercised, as well as the confined space would allow, to the surprise and delight of the Persian monarch. But Malcolm said that they would appear to greater advantage on the plains of Oujein, whither his Majesty was about to remove his camp, and that, as one of his officers, he would be glad to exercise them there. "Very proper, Malcolm," said the King; "you shall take charge of my guns at Oujein. They cannot be under an officer I more esteem. And at Oujein, I will mount my horse, and see both the guns and your troopers exercised. And then," he added, laughing, "if it is necessary, you may go and amuse yourself with breaking the heads of my enemies the Russians."

On the following day, Futteh Ali broke up the royal encampment at Sultaneah, and marched to the great plain in the vicinity of Tabreez. Thither Malcolm and his suite presently followed, by the express desire of his Majesty, by whom the words spoken about his Russian enemies had not been uttered in jest. A few miles from the ground at Oujein he was met by Sir Harford Jones, who placed in his hands some public despatches received from England, by the contents of which it appeared that the Home Government had determined still to regulate our diplomatic relations with Persia, and had, in prosecution of this intention to repudiate the power and authority of the Governor-General in that direction, appointed Sir Gore Ouseley Ambassador to the Court of Teheran. These letters were written after the receipt of Lord Minto's reference to the Foreign Office, on the subject of the future control of our Persian diplomacy, so Malcolm saw at once that it had become his duty to bring his mission to a close. His occupation was gone. He could no longer remain at the Persian Court in a recognised official position. So he determined to withdraw from the scene with the least possible delay.

But the King and Abbas Meerza, the heir-apparent, desired Malcolm to remain in Persia, to aid with his advice, if not with his personal assistance, the operations of the coming campaign against their Russian enemies. Sir Harford Jones pressed this matter warmly upon him, and the two Envoys went together on the following day into the royal camp, and had a long conference on the subject with the Persian Ministers. Malcolm's opinions regarding the best means of prosecuting the campaign were eagerly sought. His advice was eminently judicious. "I strongly recommended them," he wrote to Lord Minto, "not to attack the Russians in line, or in

their strong posts; but to keep their newly-raised infantry and ill-equipped artillery in reserve, and limit their employment to the defence of forts and difficult passes, whilst they pushed forward every horseman the country could furnish to distress and harass the enemy, whose numbers I understood to be about ten thousand, of which a very small portion were cavalry."

Next day, Malcolm waited on Abbas Meerza,* who was full of martial enthusiasm, eager above all things to introduce an improved state of discipline into his army, and impatient of the slow, steady process of organisation and instruction, by which alone, Malcolm told him, such an end could be possibly attained. The advanced position at this time of the Russians, who had seized upon Mackerry, a strong fort on the north bank of the Arras river, little more than fifty miles from Tabreez, had greatly disturbed him, and he was eager by any means to dislodge the invaders; but Malcolm counselled him not to push forward his infantry, or to hazard an engagement which would probably end in disaster and disgrace. Great expectations of personal aid from Malcolm and his followers had been entertained by the Prince, who was surprised and disappointed to learn that the English Envoy had only thirty efficient troopers, and details of artillery sufficient to work a single gun. But Malcolm told him that he would visit his camp at Tabreez, and offer him the best advice in his power, besides placing at his disposal some English officers and some expert artificers, through whose agency both the *personnel* and *matériel* of his force might be greatly improved. He promised the Prince, also, that two of these officers—

* Abbas Meerza was the second son of Futteh Ali, but he was his favorite and his fighting son, and had been declared heir to the throne. Malcolm wrote after this first interview with him, that he appeared "a very superior young man."

Macdonald and Monteith—should reconnoitre Mackerry, and bring back exact intelligence of the strength of the Russian position, in order that a just opinion might be formed of the expediency or inexpediency of attacking it.

It had now become necessary that Malcolm should determine positively upon his line of conduct. He saw that both the King and Abbas Meerza were bent upon detaining him in Persia. So he thought the matter over with himself, and he talked it over with Sir Harford Jones, and he came to the following conclusions, which I give, as he reported them to Lord Minto:

"First, that I should insist upon the King granting me my audience of leave immediately, which it appeared, from what he had stated to Sir Harford, he was not disposed to do. Secondly, that after I had my audience of leave, I should consider myself as divested of any public character in this country. Thirdly, that in the actual state of the Persian army, there was no hope that any good could arise from protracting my stay which could balance the evils which might arise from exciting hopes that must be disappointed, from hazarding our military reputation by taking a share in operations which we could not expect either to aid or to direct, and that my departure was the more advisable, as it was evident that I could not remain a day in Persia without being asked for opinions and advice on subjects which involved political considerations, and such, in the situation in which I was placed, I could not give without some risk of differing from his Majesty's Envoy, and consequently of reviving a collision which had been so happily terminated."

Two days afterwards Malcolm was summoned to the presence of the King. Futteh Ali was seated in a small tent, to which no one was admitted but the Prime Minister and the English Envoy. In conformity with the custom introduced by Sir Harford Jones, Malcolm stood in the audience-chamber, but the King resolutely declared that his old friend should never stand in his pre-

sence, and a further order obtained compliance. Futteh Ali then commenced the conference by saying how greatly he had been disappointed by the out-turn of events at home, and the consequent determination of Malcolm to return to India; and then begged that he would stay and accompany Abbas Meerza and his army into Georgia. "You will then," he added, "return and receive your leave as you ought, and be conducted through my country with the attention and distinction due to so favorite a servant." To this Malcolm could only reply that, whatever his inclinations might be, his duty, after the decision of the Crown Government, which had deprived him of all authority in Persia, compelled him to withdraw from all further interference in his Majesty's affairs. "I am constrained," he said, "to obey orders. That discipline which your Majesty is introducing into your army with us pervades all ranks. When the word *March* is given, we move forward, and at the word *Halt* we stand fast." At this illustration the King laughed, and several times repeated in English the words "*Halt—March!*"—"*Halt—March!*" as though greatly pleased with the idea. "Would to God," he said, "I could bring my Wuzeers and great public servants into such order." "I know what are the rules of your service," continued the King; "I know, however greatly I may regret it, that an officer is bound, in all cases, to obey the Government under which he serves; but you will, I hope," continued the King, "stay as many days as you can at Tabreez. And at all events" (he added, turning to the Prime Minister), "as General Malcolm must go, take good care that every arrangement for his departure is made in a manner which will give him satisfaction. He always has been, and always shall be my first favorite among Europeans, and he shall receive his leave with every honor it is possible to confer upon him.

Everything must be done that can give him gratification." With the sounds of this gracious speech still ringing in his ears, Malcolm quitted the presence of the King.*

Nor were these protestations of royal kindness mere empty words. The King was determined to heap honors on Malcolm. So next day he sent the Minister to tell him that his Majesty desired to bestow upon him some public and enduring mark of royal favor, and to this end he proposed to make his friend a Khan, and to bestow upon him a star of honor. It was proposed that a decoration, similar to that which had been granted to General Gardanne should be bestowed upon Malcolm. The Frenchman had been made a Knight of the Sun; but the Englishman now declared that it would be unloyal and unbecoming on his part to accept a title which had been instituted for the benefit of an enemy. This decision created some disappointment, and led to considerable controversy. The King proposed also to make Malcolm a Sepahdar, or General in the Persian service. This honor was cheerfully accepted, and the General said that the King might send him a horse and sword to support his new dignity. But Futteh Ali said that he gave swords to people of all kinds, and that he desired to mark his especial sense of his affection for Malcolm. It was suggested, therefore, that a new order should be instituted, and a new star fabricated for the purpose, by the court jeweller. There was to be a Lion couchant, and a Sun rising on his back; and the order

* He could not, however, immediately depart. Malcolm thus describes in his journal how the interview had a ludicrous termination: "When I rose, I found one of my legs quite benumbed from the constrained posture in which I had been sitting. The King observed it, and smiling, desired me to stand where I was till my leg was quite recovered, which required a minute or two, that were passed in joking upon our want of practice in the eastern fashion of sitting."

was to be the order of the Lion and the Sun. The distinction was pressed so earnestly upon Malcolm, that he could no longer refuse it. And many brave men since that day have therefore written K.L.S. after their names.

The determination which Malcolm had formed to leave Persia, disappointed Abbas Meerza even more than it disappointed the King. Eager above all things was the Prince to retain the General in his camp, that he might assist him in the work of disciplining his troops, which then lay so very near to his heart. The picture in Malcolm's journal of the heir-apparent, with his military zeal and his soldierly instincts, combined with a sort of boyish simplicity and impulsiveness of character, is far from an unattractive one. The army was then to him a new plaything; but his after life showed that he had something of the real hero about him, and did not shrink from the stern realities of war:

"I went out yesterday evening," wrote Malcolm on the 14th of July, "to attend the Prince Abbas Meerza, who intimated a wish to see my escort. I found him riding *alone* in front of a line of five thousand new-raised Persian infantry. He received me with great affability, and was delighted with the party of dragoons and gallopers, who exercised and manœuvred as well as the bad ground we had could admit. He examined the clothing and accoutrements of the Europeans in the most minute manner, and appeared delighted with their equipment. After my review was over, the Prince put his own line of infantry through their firing and some manœuvring. They had only been raised four months, knew a little of everything, but were evidently grounded in nothing. Abbas Meerza did everything himself, and went everywhere unattended. He was dressed like a soldier, in a plain scarlet coat made in the Persian style, and buttoned tight. After the review was over the curricle I had brought for the King drove up. He was delighted with it, and in an instant sprang into it. I did the same, and took the reins, and drove off at full

trot. His astonishment and delight were equal. Some of his attendants followed. 'You will be tired,' said he, 'for I am going to Teheran with Malcolm.' After a short drive I turned round and drove to the front of the troops, where he remounted, and exercised them till dark; he then marched home. I could not but remark that, at a narrow place on the road, he stopped half an hour to let every file pass, rather than break the line—an excellent sign of the ideas he has had instilled into him. All the object of his conversation during three hours I was with him was to persuade me to remain. He urged everything it was possible; but I was obliged to give him most cautious answers. Nothing can be more embarrassing than my situation; but if I remain after my functions have ceased, I become, of course, subject to the orders of Sir Harford, who can, by word or letter, direct me to quit whenever he chooses; and I certainly have not yet confidence sufficient in his character to place myself in such a situation."

So earnest was the desire of the young Prince that Malcolm should accompany him on his approaching campaign, that a conditional assent to the request was at last reluctantly yielded. Malcolm said that he would accompany Abbas Meerza to the field, if Sir Harford Jones, then the chief British authority in the country, would request him in writing to do so. But Sir Harford shrunk from the responsibility; so the measure was subsequently abandoned. It was arranged, however, that two officers of Malcolm's suite, Captain Christie and Lieutenant Lindsay, ardent and adventurous spirits, who longed for a stirring life amidst the strange scenes which surrounded them, should remain with the Persian army.

The time for Malcolm's departure now drew near. The 15th of July was fixed for his audience of leave. The King sent him a horse and a sword, and he was met at the entrance of the audience-tent with a firman, or royal mandate appointing him a Khan and Sepahdar (a nobleman and general) of the Persian Empire. With

these new titles he was introduced to the King, who welcomed him with becoming cordiality. The gentlemen of the Mission were also introduced in their dresses of honor; and then the King, desiring Malcolm to approach the throne, invested him with a diamond star, in the centre of which were the Lion and the Sun, the insignia of the new order of knighthood. "You are now," said his Majesty, whilst Malcolm still stood by the throne, "confirmed in my service, in which I know you have been faithful for ten years. I can do no higher honor to any one than at this moment I have done to you. You will wear this star on your breast as a proof to all the world of the royal favor of the King of Persia." Malcolm bowed, poured out his thanks, and soon afterwards withdrew amidst renewed expressions of royal kindness. As he made his last salaam to the King, at the appointed distance from the throne, Futteh Ali cried out again, with irrepressible sincerity, "Farewell, Malcolm, my friend!"—a little thing as we read it here, but in the stately, ceremonial Court of Persia, where every word and gesture is prescribed, where nothing is to be said but at the appointed time, and even a king enjoys no freedom of speech, a matter of no slight significance.

Malcolm had now been received and dismissed with every possible mark of honor. So far, indeed, the object of his mission had been accomplished. "I cannot but conceive," he wrote to Lord Minto, "that the conduct of the King towards me upon this occasion must have, in its general impression, the best effects towards the full accomplishment of those objects which your Lordship had in view when you deputed me to this Court, as it marked in a manner not to be mistaken his great respect and consideration for the Government I represented." It may be surmised, however, that it was but a reflected

honor that fell upon the Government of India. The King was personally attached to Malcolm, and he honored the officer because he loved the man.

On the morning of the 23rd of July, Malcolm quitted "the once celebrated city of Tauris, now the ruined Tabreez;" and turned his face towards home with an emotion of gratitude and joy. "What a happy man I am to-day," he wrote in his journal. "It is impossible to look back without congratulating myself on my good fortune at every stage of my late vexatious and unpromising mission. I have now turned my back, and I hope for ever, on deceit, falsehood, and intrigue; and I am bending my willing steps and still more willing heart towards rectitude, truth, and sincerity. I leave all I hate, and am proceeding towards all I love. May God make my journey prosperous." He was to march by the route of Sennah to Baghdad and Bussorah; and thence to Bushire and Bombay.

The early part of the homeward journey presented few noticeable incidents. A week after they quitted Tabreez they were joined by some old friends. One morning there appeared among them a stranger rudely dressed, apparently in the costume of a Beloochee, with a handsome countenance and an imposing presence, who sought admittance to the tent of the Envoy.*

* I have written this story from the memoranda of one of the surviving members of Malcolm's suite. The following is his own journal entry:

"*July* 31.—Stewart came across the country to join us with Christie and Pottinger, Frederick and Cormick, and we sate down, fourteen, to breakfast. All the party, except Stewart, were in Persian clothes, and had beards as well as whiskers. I should hardly have known any of them, unless I had been prepared for their arrival. Christie and Pottinger have gone through most arduous duties, and have suffered great fatigue and hardship. Their labors will be of benefit to the public service, and, I trust, to themselves. Men who voluntarily encounter such dangers should be well rewarded."

Then follows this account of the next day's diversions: "*August* 1.—We spent a very idle day, eating trout, and talking over wonderful travels." Christie had some capital stories to tell.

It proved to be Ensign Henry Pottinger, who had much to tell of what he had seen in Sindh and Beloochistan; and in whose courage, and enterprise, and intelligence, as then manifested, Malcolm clearly saw the indications of those fine qualities which afterwards raised him to high estate. About the same time another stranger appeared in the Mission camp. He was a fierce-looking, rugged Afghan, with a magnificent beard and truculent aspect—a man seemingly capable of any amount of daring. It was great joy to Malcolm and his friends to find under this disguise the goodly person of Captain Christie,* who had been Pottinger's companion in his wanderings beyond the Indus. They had started before Malcolm from Bombay, and taking with them letters of credit and recommendation from native bankers at that place, and assuming the costume of the countries through which they travelled, had made their way as native horse-dealers through Sindh and Beloochistan to Herat, and thence into the Persian country. The party had been a gallant one before; it was improved by these additions. Seldom or never has such an assemblage of high-spirited, intelligent youths been gathered together under such a leader. It is no small proof of Malcolm's discernment that there was not one of them who did not abundantly fulfil the promise of his early days.

Lieutenants Stewart and Frederick and Dr. Cormick joined Malcolm at the same time; but a few days after-

* Christie and Pottinger had met unexpectedly at Ispahan. The latter gives in his published travels the following account of their meeting: "Captain Christie arrived in the city about dusk, unknowing and unknown, and went to the Governor's palace to request a lodging, which was ordered, when by accident one of the attendants observed that there were two Feringhees in the Chibul Setoon, and that he would possibly like to join their party; he accordingly came to the palace and sent up a man to say he wished to speak with one of us. I went down, and as it was then quite dark, I could not recognise his features; and he fancying me a Persian from my dress, we conversed for several minutes ere we discovered each other. The moment we did so was one of the happiest of my life."

wards the party dispersed.* At Sennah, which he reached on the 21st of August, he received letters from home, which greatly increased his happiness.† He continued his journey, as he said, "with a light heart," but with a diminished suite,‡ and reached Kermanshah by the 1st of September. There he commenced the preparation of a laborious despatch on Persian affairs,§ the longest he had ever written, and probably, he said, the last that he should ever write on the subject.

When Malcolm quitted Tabreez, he hoped that he had turned his back for ever on "falsehood, deceit, and intrigue," but he had yet one more exhibition of these qualities, combined with the never-absent national cupidity, to ruffle him before he shook the dust of Persia from his feet. He had not been unburdened of all his

* "*August* 5.—Stewart, Frederick, and Jukes start this evening for Hamadan. Macdonald, Christie, and Cormick, go to-morrow to Tabreez; and the remainder of the party go at the same time to Sennah."—[*Malcolm's MS. Journal.*]

† "*August* 21, *Sennah.*—I went this morning to the Hummums, and afterwards to breakfast with the Wallee, who gave me a sumptuous entertainment in one of the finest rooms I have seen in Persia. I however sate with impatience, as a packet had just arrived with letters to the 15th of May from India. I had opened one letter and discovered that all were well, and that enabled me to command my feelings; but the moment I could with decency, I left the Wallee to enjoy the luxury of reading the volumes I received from you, and I am now happy. I shall continue my journey with a light and happy heart."—[*Malcolm's MS. Journal.*]

‡ "*August* 25.—Ellis and Macdonald left us two days ago for Hamadan, where all hands are collected. Stewart and Frederick proceed to Bushire. The rest, with the addition of Williams, Johnny and Litchfield—six in number—join me at Kermanshah."—[*Malcolm's MS. Journal.*]

§ He thus describes it in his journal: "*September* 1, *Camp Kermanshah.*—I have commenced my last, and probably my longest letter on Persia, in which I shall bring forward all the geographical labors of the Mission, give a short view of the constitution and condition of their Government, of its domestic and foreign policy, and finish by a grand review of our policy, retrospective and prospective. The task must be well done; and, if it is, I think it must be difficult of digestion to some of my friends in England, who, if they are not invincibly bigoted to their errors, must blush for their acts. It is not, however, my intention to throw the least virulence into this composition. I mean to perform a duty, not to revive a controversial discussion, and my object shall be to convince, not to irritate. Events will soon give men an opportunity of correcting a bad system, if they are so disposed, and though they may never regain the past, much may be made of the future."

presents, and therefore was not beyond the reach of vexation and annoyance. Of the sordid littleness of Persian Courts he had seen much, but the Court of Kermanshah seemed to be sunk in a still lower deep of degradation. What was the trickery of these people, and how Malcolm encountered it, may best be told in his own words:

"*September* 9.—I have been more out of humor to-day with the Persian character than I have yet been since I arrived in Persia. I am still in such a rage that I cannot enter into the disgusting details. I made the Prince a present of about 14,000 rupees, of which a diamond valued between 10,000 and 11,000 made part. The royal jeweller, angry at not being consulted, undervalued the stone, swearing, I understand, it was not worth more than two or three thousand. God knows I am no judge, and may have been taken in; but still this jewel must be of 7000 or 8000 rupees' value. This was the ground of a most tremendous fight with the Minister. He said the Prince had ordered the diamond to be put in the clasp of a sword that was to be given to me. I told him if such an insult were offered to me, I would refuse his Highness's sword and march away. It is needless to recapitulate what passed. I at last told him they were all merchants, and I would settle with them as such. A servant of mine would, I said, purchase the diamond at the price it cost me, on condition that if the presents given to me and my suite by the Prince did not amount in my estimation to 15,000 piastres, the Minister would purchase them from me, and so settle the disgraceful account. To this a Prince of the blood royal and his Minister have agreed! It is an arrangement which reflects only disgrace upon their own meanness, and will not be attended with disgrace to the Company; probably the reverse, as I shall certainly send back the Prince's presents if they are not of value.

"*September* 10.—I have finished the disgraceful bargain with the Minister, and have obtained an obligation, with the security of the first merchant here, that the presents made to me and the *khelats* will be received back and an amount of 15,000 kroosh paid to me in lieu of them, if I choose to return them; and I have agreed to take my presents back and pay 20,000 kroosh for

them. I have treated this latterly as a mercantile concern, and if there is the slightest feeling of pride in the Minister's mind, he must be ashamed. I am not yet decided whether I shall return the presents, but believe I shall not (unless their behaviour mends) spare them this last degradation. I am told the Prince is not fully informed of this transaction; but he must know something of it, and if he had one royal sentiment in his breast, he never would permit a proceeding of such a character. But he is as rapacious as his brethren, and as insensible to shame."

On the 11th of September, Malcolm quitted Kermanshah; and at the end of his first march this unseemly contest was brought to a close:

"The customary presents," he wrote in his journal, "of a horse and a sword for me, and a dress for each of my family, was sent yesterday to my tent. I received the royal present with the usual ceremony, and we went in the evening to visit the Prince, who was very gracious, and talked a good deal. He, however, on this occasion, displayed more obstinacy than knowledge in his observations, and on our differing regarding the geography of ancient and modern Europe, he was kind enough to give me a great deal of information upon those points, which I received with a smile. After I returned to the camp, I sent for the merchant whom I had claimed as security for the payment of the 15,000 kroosh for the khelats, &c., which were, as I expected, not worth 5000. The pride of the Minister was, I found, prepared for the loss, and the man came to Camp with the cash. I tore his bond, and wrote a letter to my mehmendar respecting my sense of the conduct which had been pursued towards me, but stating that, as I considered the honor of the King and his son to be the same, I should look over what was past, and keep the articles sent me, which he must know were of no value either to me or the gentlemen of my suite, rather than involve the Prince's name further in such a transaction by the public return of his presents."

On the 20th of September, after a march enlivened and rendered hazardous by the disturbed state of the country, Malcolm found himself on the banks of the

Tigris. There he was met by Mr. Rich, and "most hospitably welcomed by him and his lady." "I felt now," he wrote in his journal, "as if all my troubles were over. I shall here part with all my incumbrances, and sail peacefully down the stream of this fine river." "Mr. Rich's hospitality," he wrote on the following day, "is not to be appeased by anything short of our living with him while at Baghdad. Twelve hungry men must be a terrible infliction. I told Mrs. Rich,* who appears a delightful young woman, that I could believe she had (like the Indian peasant) prayed for a small stream, and did not expect the Ganges."

At Baghdad, Malcolm and his companions were detained for some days by a revolt in the city, which rendered it impossible for him to obtain boats for the prosecution of his journey down the river. The interval of his detention he occupied in the preparation of his elaborate despatch to Lord Minto, detailing the results of his Mission.† On the 29th the letter was finished, and then Malcolm, as ready always for play as for work, began to amuse himself. "We pass our time very pleasantly," he wrote; "we have races almost every morning, games of chess after breakfast, and in the evening swim in the Tigris and play bowls." The races were not all sport. One day Mr. Rich burst into Malcolm's tent with tidings to the effect that a party of Arabs had seized one of the chief people of the Residency, stripped him, and plundered five hundred piastres of public money. Malcolm instantly ordered his escort in pursuit of the robbers, who were mounted; and soon his troopers were in hot

* Eldest daughter of Sir James Mackintosh. In another passage of his journal, Malcolm says: "Mr. Rich is very kind and hospitable, and the more I see of his lady the more I am pleased with her. She is a sensible, pleasant young woman, has knowledge without affectation, and is well read and well informed without being in the least pedantic or masculine."

† The despatch is dated Baghdad, October 1. It contains 82 paragraphs.

chase after the Arabs. Seeing, however, that the pursuit was likely to lead his men far from Camp, and apprehending that some accident might happen, he took horse himself, called on the gentlemen of his family to follow him, and joined eagerly in the chase. After a hard gallop of some ten miles, they captured four or five of the robbers (including one of their leaders), as many horses and ponies, some fire-arms, and some plundered property. The object was gained. The plunderers were panic-struck; and a report of the gallant pursuit soon ran through the camp and the city. "I feel satisfied now," wrote Malcolm in his journal, "that the Arabs will hereafter keep clear of our camp. A promptitude to avenge insult or attack is the only security against either among these barbarians."*

But this was a trifling incident in comparison with the great political events which were passing in the neighbourhood of Malcolm's camp. Baghdad and its vicinity had become the scene of a bloody struggle for empire, and every day seemed likely to evolve the tragic catastrophe of the drama. The Sultan had sent orders from Constantinople for the removal of the Pacha from authority, and the Pacha was bent on resisting to the death the commands of the Porte. The result was a civil war between the *de facto* ruler of Baghdad and the authorities sent to supplant him. The issue of the contest was doubtful. One day brought tidings of the success

* The good effects of this raid were soon apparent. A day or two afterwards Malcolm wrote in his journal: "I rode out this morning towards Baghdad. On passing a village on the shore of the Tigris the inhabitants came out, and with loud acclamations expressed their gratitude to me for having chased the Arabs from their vicinity. 'God prolong your shade,' said an old man (who seemed to be the head of the village); 'since the hour you pursued these fellows not a plunderer has been seen on this side of Baghdad. We are all praying for you; as there is no doubt that if your camp had not been near, we should have lost all our property.' I was pleased with this testimony to the good effect produced by the sally we had made, and had no doubt of its truth."

of one party; the next saw the triumph of the other. The Pacha was now confident, now desponding. The tide of fortune, as the war progressed, appeared to have turned against him. At last, his only hope seemed to be in the assistance of Malcolm and his friends. So mere a handful of men could have done little in such a contest; but the moral effect of the co-operation might have been great, and English generalship and English energy might have consolidated the scattered elements of the Pacha's army, and reinvigorated his declining cause. He conjured the Resident, therefore, by all the professions of friendship he had put forth, to solicit Malcolm to aid him. But Mr. Rich could only answer, that whatever his private feelings might be, his public character and the relations in which his Government stood towards the Porte prevented all possibility of his interference.

But although it was impossible that Malcolm should take any active part in the struggle, he rejoiced in his appearance upon the scene in the crisis that had arisen; for although he could not lead the Pacha's troops to the battle, he could protect the British Residency, the safety of which, in such a conjuncture, might have been jeopardised by the surrounding tumult. He determined, therefore, under all circumstances, not to continue his journey until the struggle was at an end. "I cannot bring myself," he said, "to leave this place till matters are more settled. With such bodies of unlicensed plunderers all round, the Residency is not secure. But the situation of Mrs. Rich is what has most influence upon my mind. I cannot think of leaving a lady in such a situation when I have the power, without any serious deviation from duty, of protecting her. If anything unpleasant were to occur, I never should forgive myself. A few days can make no great difference. I shall, therefore, stay till the battle is over."

On the 6th of October the issue of the contest no longer remained doubtful. On that day, Malcolm, warned by intelligence of the state of affairs that had reached him, threw out mounted pickets in advance of his camp, and drew a cordon of sentries around it. "We heard no more," he wrote in his journal, "till ten o'clock at night, when, in the midst of a rubber at whist with Mrs. Rich and others, we heard a cry, as if the camp were attacked, followed by trumpets and drums sounding and beating to arms. I immediately ran to the lines of the escort, and there found that the alarm was caused by the advance of a body of between fifty and sixty horse, who, on our sending a person to speak to them, proved to be a party with the Dewan Effendi, or Secretary to Government, who had fled, and desired most anxiously to see Mr. Rich and me. We walked out a short way to meet him, and found he was come to solicit protection. He gave a very confused account of the action, but said he was satisfied that everything was lost, and so he had come to the only friend he had, Mr. Rich, in hopes of being protected for the moment, until he could make his peace with the conqueror. As this man had rendered very serious services to Mr. Rich in his former disputes with the Pacha, and was attached to the English Government, it was resolved to allow him to remain in camp; but all his followers, except one or two, were sent away, and strict orders were given to the line of sentries to admit no further communication with any fugitives. The Dewan Effendi, who is a very peaceable little man, had evidently taken no share in the action; but it was obvious, from his account, that the Pacha's troops were not likely to make any stand, and that all his principal officers were deserting him. The little Effendi (he is not, without his tall cap, five feet high) seemed quite happy when he came into camp.

'Have any of you a nightcap?' was the first question he asked, when he came into the tent Mr. Rich had allotted to him. 'I shall sleep sound to-night, which is what I have not done for this week.'"

But there was no such safety for his master. Whilst the little Effendi was sleeping securely in one of the Residency tents, the unfortunate Pacha was being hunted down by his remorseless enemies. On the following morning he was seized by a party of Arabs, who plundered, slew him, cut off his head, stuck it on a pole, and carried it in triumph to his rival, to be afterwards "carefully packed up, sealed, and sent as a trophy to Constantinople." A young man of eighteen, named Assud Beg, son of Soliman Pacha, whom Malcolm had known in 1801, was elected Pacha by the voice of the people. He accepted the honor thus voluntarily offered; but when he heard of the miserable fate of his predecessor, he burst into tears, retired to his private residence, and declared that nothing should tempt him to take upon himself so dangerous an office. "It is impossible," said Malcolm, commenting on these events, "to witness a scene of this nature without feelings of pity, and all recollection of the late Pacha having provoked his fate is lost in sentiments of regret; but I most sincerely rejoice that the scene has come to a close, and that the distracted country will have quiet again. I can now reconcile myself to going away, which I could not before. Mrs. Rich appears to have much more than common fortitude, and is in some degree familiar to scenes of trouble; but ladies are out of their place in such scenes, and had not accident brought me here at this period, I am not at all confident that she would have been safe from the attempts of those daring plunderers, whom our numbers and powers of rapid action (from being cavalry) kept at a respectable distance."

Malcolm was now prepared to prosecute his voyage down the river to Bussorah. Eager as he was to proceed with his journey, he did not depart without some sentiments of regret. "I shall leave Baghdad," he wrote, "with very warm feelings towards the Residency. Mr. Rich is a young man of extraordinary attainments, and his fair lady is a most decided favorite of mine. We came here at a most fortunate period, and the impression made by the manner in which we treated the vagabonds of all parties who ventured near our camp will not be lost. We have, to use one of my *historical phrases*, 'kept danger at a distance, by our alacrity to meet it.'" When he found himself on board Mr. Rich's yacht, dropping down the Tigris, these feelings of regret forced themselves still more strongly upon him, and again he wrote to his wife: "The loneliness of this vessel makes me think more of the pleasant society of my friend Mrs. Rich, in whose company I have certainly passed as happy hours as I have ever known absent from home. She is one of the very few ladies I have ever met who seemed really anxious to converse with me upon that subject which engrosses all my thoughts in absence, and the attention with which she listened and the warmth with which she spoke on this subject showed that her heart was fully equal to her head, and that is placing it in no common rank." Only one who, like Malcolm, has left his home to live for months among Arabs, Persians, Turks, and Kurds, can appreciate the luxury of being thrown suddenly into the society of a well-bred and well-educated woman, and finding some one to sympathise with him when he talks about his wife and children.

On the 25th of October, Malcolm reached Bussorah, where he was hospitably entertained by Mr. Manesty, who had been many years Resident at that place, but

who had recently been very undeservedly removed from office.* On the 29th, everything was ready for the departure of the Mission on the *Ternate* cruiser and another vessel which Malcolm hired for the accommodation of his family and the conveyance of the baggage. On that day the whole party dined with Mr. Manesty, who accompanied them to the place of embarkation, and received from them three hearty cheers as they put off from the shore.

After a day or two spent at Bushire, in the course of which Malcolm inspected with much satisfaction the stud of fine Arab horses which he had collected there, he sailed for Bombay.† The animals were to be sent after him, and it was with no little pleasure that he looked forward to the time when he would be able to convey them to England, with a view of improving the breed of horses. This occupation, he said, would help him "to enjoy the life of a farmer," which he had chalked out for himself on his return home. Nor were these the only farming operations to which he gave a thought at Bushire. He had been very anxious to encourage the cultivation of potatoes throughout Persia, and tidings of the success of his endeavours were now brought to him. I give the entry relating to this subject which he made

* "He appears," said Malcolm, "to peculiar advantage in his own house, where he exhibits a complete model of an old English country gentleman. He is kind, attentive, and hospitable — anxious to promote good humor and merriment, and full of every loyal and patriotic sentiment, and desirous that his feelings should pervade all his guests." He was married to an Armenian lady, and had a family of beautiful children.

† There is a descriptive catalogue of Malcolm's stud in the private journal which he kept at this time, prefaced by the following remarks: "I have, ever since I came to the Gulf, endeavoured to get some fine horses, determined to collect five or six very superior animals from which I might select two or three for England, where, whenever I go, I must ride my hobby, cost what it will. This is the only point on which I am in the least inclined to extravagance, and it has become, from habit, one in which I must indulge myself (within limits of course); but rather than give it up altogether, I would make any sacrifices."

in his journal at the time. Sir James Mackintosh said afterwards that Malcolm's introduction of potatoes into Persia would be remembered long after the ridiculous Persian Missions were forgotten. But Sir Harford Jones, eager to dispute the claims of his rival, a quarter of a century afterwards took the trouble to deny the fact:*

* Sir Harford Jones writes thus in a note at the end of his *Account of the Transactions of his Majesty's Mission;* but to what it refers in the text I have been unable to discover:

"In 1783, I ate potatoes at Bushire, at the table of Mr. Galley, our then Resident there, who had planted them in the old Dutch garden,—who had strongly recommended them to the merchants, all of whom had expressed the same opinion about them, as the reader will see, if he reads what Meerza Bozurg said to me at Tauris, in 1810.

"I find a note of my own stands thus. Much has been said on a certain publication of the advantage that the introduction of the potato root into Persia would confer on the inhabitants. It is impossible to deny that the introduction of any new edible vegetable into a country, if it comes into general use, is an advantage. Long before Sir John Malcolm visited Persia, I gave roots of this plant to several Persians, but I incline to believe the Persians will never hold it in high esteem, or make great use of it, except their whole style and system of cookery is completely changed; a plain boiled potato, which we consider as excellent, every Persian I have ever offered it to considered as an abomination; and the way they treated it, always brought to my mind, what a Turkish gentleman once said to me at Baghdad. He had requested to taste a glass of English porter; he drank a part of it, and then gravely said to me: 'Do you drink this as physic, or for pleasure?'

"A potato is so stubborn a substance in a Persian ragout, that I know from experience, no Persian *artiste*, when I was in the country, could or would undertake to produce it at table. It so happened, that after a long eulogium on this vegetable, which I had one day made to Meerza Bozurg, he desired me to give him a few of them, accompanied by directions how to dress them. I told him first to order his cook to boil them plain; if he disliked them that way, the cook might be directed to prepare them *en ragout;* and if that did not suit his taste, to order them to be served up roasted.

"Some time afterwards I asked him if he had made trial of the potatoes, and how he liked them. He answered he had tried them: boiled, they were eatable, but only as something to keep body and soul together; in ragout they were detestable; and roasted, not half so good as a chesnut, adding, 'O what a taste you must have to put this coarse vegetable in comparison with God's most precious gift, rice! or with the delicate bringal, the bohmian, the cauliflower, the carrot, the bean, the haricot;' and when I told him potatoes were to us what rice was to the Persians, he playfully tapped me on the back, and said: 'You see God Almighty provides the greatest of all delicacies, and the wholesomest of all food, for the faithful, and leaves you what is only fit for badgers, porcupines, and squirrels.'"

It is very probable that the passage from Malcolm's journal, given in the text, supplies the answer to this. The food "fit for badgers and squirrels" was not the genuine potato, but the root known as the *alou-i-zumeen*.

"I was much gratified," wrote Malcolm, "by receiving from Stewart a dish of excellent potatoes, which he had brought from Shiraz. These were produced from some I planted there six months ago; and from this sample it is evident that nothing but great carelessness and neglect can lose this valuable vegetable to a country which must, from its soil and climate, produce it in the greatest perfection. I was resolved to spare no pains in introducing the potatoes, and gave away as seeds, in different parts of Persia, more than thirty small bags of them. A memorandum was also circulating, describing the best means of cultivating them. In the midst of my labors I was alarmed by a report that they had a vegetable at Ispahan called the *alou-i-zumeen*, which exactly resembles the potato. *Alou-i-zumeen* was immediately translated *pomme-de-terre*, and the merit of introducing this plant was as readily given to the French, who had bestowed this benefit on the Persians a hundred years ago; but that ignorant and prejudiced race had since neglected the *pomme-de-terre*, and treated it as a common weed. These fine conjectures continued in full strength till we reached Ispahan. There, when breakfasting with Hadjee Ibrahim, we sent for the *alou-i-zumeen*, and found it not unlike the potato in form, but no resemblance in taste, being a bitter, useless root. I was much relieved, as I desire the good fame of introducing potatoes into Persia, and look to immortality in the name they have received in that country—*alou-Malcolmeah*."

The voyage to Bombay was distinguished by nothing more remarkable than the death of one of the officers of the *Ternate*, after an attack of small-pox, an incident which prompted Malcolm to enter in his journal some remarks on the immense debt of gratitude under which Dr. Jenner had placed mankind by the discovery of vaccination. Always fearless for himself, he visited the sick man in his cabin when not a feature of his face was to be recognised amidst the mass of pustules that covered it. He was more afraid on reaching home of frightening his children by the amplitude of his beard and whiskers—appendages which he thought better suited to the meri-

dian of a Persian Court than of a Bombay nursery. So, not without a sigh, he applied the inexorable razor to his face, lest his little daughter on his return should refuse to kiss him, and say, "*Papa nahin! hattee! hattee!*" ("Not Papa! an elephant! an elephant!")

On the 18th of November, Malcolm wrote in his journal: "Our progress during the last forty-eight hours has been good, and we are within less than a degree of Bombay, which we shall, I trust, reach either to-night or early to-morrow morning. If I find all there well, I shall be completely happy. I shall now close this journal with some lines in which I have attempted to give a sketch of my journey.* This is by far the longest of my muse's flights. I know not whether it is the happiest. I am certain of one point. This production is either a great deal worse or a great deal better than I at present think; and I am still more certain of another, that whether it is better or worse, it will please her whom it is intended to please."

So this second mission to Persia was at an end. And what were its results? It would appear from this narrative that Malcolm, with a brilliant staff of Company's officers, had gone to Tabreez and back again, that the King of Persia might call him a favorite servant and give him a bauble to hang upon his breast. I have always thought that this mission was unnecessary. What were its objects I have shown in Lord Minto's own words.† It was, doubtless, desirable that the Company's Government should not be lowered in the eyes of the Persian Court; but as the Crown had taken under its immediate care the management of our relations with Persia, it may be questioned whether the re-elevation of

* The poem, then called *The Persian Traveller*, afterwards printed as *Persia*.
† *Ante*, vol. i. pp. 508-509.

the fallen majesty of the Indian Government was worth the expenditure bestowed upon it. It is, however, to be remembered that Lord Minto despatched Malcolm to Persia under the hope, if not the expectation, that his references to England would have the effect of placing these relations again under the charge of the Governor-General, out of whose hands they ought never to have been taken, and of leaving his envoy as Resident Minister at the Persian Court, charged with the duty of giving effect to the provisions of the preliminary treaty which had been negotiated by Sir Harford Jones.

The decision of the Crown Government proved that these hopes were delusive; and, wise after the event, people now say that the expectation of a different issue was not a reasonable one. That Lord Minto gave the Home Government credit for more wisdom than they really possessed is now sufficiently plain. In depriving the Governor-General of India of the power of controlling our diplomatic relations with Persia they committed a great and fatal error, from which have already sprung disasters and disgraces, to be succeeded, it is feared, by other evils of a no less melancholy kind.

But whatever may have been the expediency of despatching Malcolm, in that conjuncture, to the Persian Court, it is not to be questioned that he performed his appointed work with vigor and address. By the Government which he represented he was greeted on his return with the warmest expressions of approbation. "You have had a stormy cruise," wrote Lord Minto, "but in my judgment a successful one, and unquestionably highly honorable to yourself. . . . . I send you my congratulations on the meritorious and, as I think, satisfactory termination of your last Indian labor, since you will have it so." It was considered a necessity at that time to restore the prestige of the Indian Government in Persia, and, as far as Malcolm's personal conduct could

accomplish this end, it was fully accomplished. But he did much more than this. The political results of the Mission, it has been acknowledged, were not great. But its literary and scientific fruits it is not easy to overvalue. From the first he determined that it should not be a barren Mission. And the information which it brought back regarding countries then little known in Europe was copious, accurate, and important. We knew little or nothing in those days regarding the countries lying beyond India on the North-West. From the surveys and investigations of the officers of this, and the Mission to Caubul conducted by Mr. Elphinstone, was derived all the knowledge of the countries, the people, the institutions, and the history of Sindh, Beloochistan, Afghanistan, and Persia, which the Indian and English Governments possessed for the quarter of a century following. And the published writings of Malcolm, Elphinstone, and Pottinger are still the standard authorities on all that relates to them. Nor was all the benefit conferred on the literature of the country represented by the publication of these works. A literary tone and character was imparted to the Indian services generally by these eminent examples. Many were afterwards encouraged by the success of such performances to endeavour to imitate them. Literary research was no longer regarded as incompatible with active life; and men who before thought only of serving the Government, began to think whether, like Malcolm and Elphinstone, they might not at the same time promote the interests of literature, science, and the world.

I cannot close this chapter without a few more words regarding Malcolm's associates in the second Mission to Persia. He attached to his suite, either actually or nominally, several officers in the Company's service, who appeared to him at the time to be young men of uncommon

promise; and I have already anticipated the statement that all who were spared to distinguish themselves fulfilled the promise of their youth, and some in an eminent degree. Lieutenant Christie and Ensign Pottinger sailed from Bombay before him, but they received their instructions from him, and were members of the Mission. Christie, it has been said, remained in Persia to discipline the army of Abbas Meerza. He was a man of the highest enterprise and courage, and no ordinary intelligence. A distinguished career seemed to lie before him; but it was prematurely cut short, to the bitter sorrow of all who knew him. He fell, with his sword in his hand, on the field of battle—killed in a night attack made by the Russian army on the Persian camp.* Ensign Pottinger became successively Resident in Sindh, British Plenipotentiary in China, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, and Governor of Madras—a Baronet and a G.C.B. Mr. Henry Ellis, then a young man in the Company's Civil Service, came in time to be Joint-Commissioner with Lord Amherst in the Embassy to China, and Ambassador Extraordinary to Persia—the Right Honorable Henry Ellis, a Privy Councillor and a G.C.B. Malcolm early recognised his uncommon abilities, and prophesied that he would live to distinguish himself.† Lieutenant Macdonald developed into Sir John Macdonald, who was also for some time British Minister at the Persian Court.‡ Ensign Monteith, a man of considerable scientific attainments, became Chief Engineer

* I give in the Appendix a letter from Dr. Cormick, who also joined the Persian camp, in which he details to Malcolm the circumstances attending poor Christie's death.

† Several illustrations of this might be cited from Malcolm's public and private correspondence. Take the following: "I have also to state my gratitude for the aid I invariably received from Mr. Henry Ellis, of the Bengal Civil Service, whose youth has been matured by an experience which, combined with his knowledge and talents, must, I am assured, lead to honorable and early distinction in that line of the service in which he has been placed, and for which he possesses such superior qualifications. — [*Letter to Lord Minto, June* 18, 1811.] Sir Henry Ellis died in 1855.

‡ Sir John Macdonald married one of Malcolm's sisters-in-law. He died in 1830.

of the Madras Army. Lieutenant Frederick, after a distinguished professional career, was appointed Commissary-General of the Bombay Army—Lieutenant John Briggs attained a high reputation as a political officer in Western and Southern India.* He was successively political agent in Candeish, Resident at Sattarah, Senior Commissioner for the settlement of the Government of Mysore, and Resident at Nagpoor. Lieutenant Stewart was equally distinguished in the diplomatic department as Resident at Gwalior and Hyderabad; and Lieutenant Lindsay (afterwards Sir Henry Lindsay Bethune) commanded the Persian Army in many a hard-fought action with the Russians, and had to the last a military reputation second to none in the countries of the Shah.† No man, indeed, had ever more reason to be proud of his "Family" than Malcolm of that which he carried with him on his second Mission to Persia.‡

* General Monteith, General Frederick, and General Briggs were all living in the early part of 1856. It may be mentioned, in illustration of what we have written about the literary tone imparted to the Indian services by this and Elphinstone's mission, that General Briggs has made large and important contributions to our Indian literature—his translation of Ferishta and his work on the Indian Land Tax at the head of them—and that General Monteith has recently been giving, by the publication of some interesting works on the localities of the Russo-Turkish war, fresh proofs of that aptitude for Oriental topography which he first evinced, as one of Malcolm's attachés, nearly half a century ago.

† Bethune died in Persia in 1851.

‡ Since this chapter has been in type, I have read a passage in Sir R. K. Porter's Travels, which illustrates so forcibly the good impression which Malcolm's conduct made upon the minds of the Persian people, that I know nothing with which this chapter could be more fitly concluded: "In short, I soon found by so many peculiar attentions that I was not the only European guest who had long lived under their master's roof, and that this Feringhee home they so highly honored was that of General Malcolm. It was delightful to me to begin a journey so tracked; for everywhere that I went in the empire where his mission had led him, still I found his remembrance in the hearts of the inhabitants. In many of the villages the people date their marriages or the births of their children from the epoch of his visit amongst them; for wherever he appeared his goodness left some trace of himself, and the peasants often said to me, that if the rocks and trees had suddenly the power of speech, their first word would be 'Malcolm.' All this, from the highest to the lowest wherever I followed his steps, could not be more grateful to his countryman than even the blandest breezes under the most sultry skies."

CHAPTER II.

AN INTERVAL OF REST.

[1811—1816.]

RESIDENCE AT BOMBAY — ADJUSTMENT OF ACCOUNTS — LITERARY LABORS — MACKINTOSH, ELPHINSTONE, AND MARTYN — THE MADRAS CONTROVERSY — RETURN TO ENGLAND — VISIT TO THE NORTH — BURNFOOT AND ABBOTSFORD — PARLIAMENTARY EXAMINATION — PERSONAL OBJECTS — CORRESPONDENCE WITH WELLINGTON.

QUIETLY located in a comfortable house with his wife and children* at Bombay, Malcolm now settled down to the paper-work before him. His first care was to acknowledge the obligations under which he lay to the zealous and enterprising young officers who had accompanied him to Persia. With this object he addressed letters, for official record, to the Governments of the different Presidencies to which they severally belonged, bearing the strongest testimony to their admirable spirit, intelligence, and good conduct; whilst, in his more private communications to Lord Minto, he acknowledged with equal warmth the services they had rendered him in the course of his Mission.† This paramount duty—

* During his absence a son had been born to him—now Colonel George Malcolm, C.B.

† After speaking in detail of the high promise of some of his assistants, Malcolm says in one of these letters: "I can only add that had I remained in Persia, there is no service, however difficult, that so forward a zeal, so animated a resolution as I observed in every person attached to the Mission, would not have led me to encounter with a sanguine hope of success."

for such in Malcolm's eyes it ever was—having been heartily performed, he sate himself down to render his financial accounts to Government. This was always a very necessary duty, but it was never a pleasant one.

A Mission such as Malcolm led to Persia cannot very easily be conducted upon economical principles. Nor is it easy, amidst the hurry of travel and the distractions of diplomacy, to keep minutely accurate accounts of the public expenditure. But a gentleman officially known as the Auditor-General, with a staff of keen-eyed clerks and accountants, takes his place at the same desk every day of the year, and in a cold-blooded, unsympathising manner criticises, item by item, the luckless envoy's accounts. It is very right. It is his business. It is not his duty to take large views of anything, or to handle matters in the mass. He is emphatically a man of detail; and the more minutely he anatomises an account, the more efficiently he performs his functions as an auditor. Now Malcolm's accounts being, like his mission, of an extraordinary and exceptional character, naturally afforded to the Auditor-General many salient points of attack. Here a voucher was called for where vouchers were impossible; and explanations required where explanatory details could hardly be appreciated by any one unacquainted with the particular circumstances of the case, and inexperienced in the general business of diplomacy. Matters of this kind are so far out of the general line of routine, that many things must be taken on trust, and the only voucher required, the good character of the officer who renders the account.

It is unnecessary to refer much in detail to the correspondence which arose out of the adjustment of these accounts. It was natural that Malcolm should have chafed under the continual criticism of the Auditor-General; but it was not less the duty of the Auditor-General to

act the part of a remorseless critic. Between the two Mr. Edmonstone sate in judgment, as the friend both of Malcolm and Sherer, and it appears to me that he held the scale very fairly when he wrote thus to the former:

"It is very certain, as you have observed, that the civil auditor, whatever his talents, cannot be a judge of the necessity and propriety of a large proportion of the expenditure of a mission such as yours to Persia; neither has he taken upon himself to judge of those branches of expenditure which political considerations necessarily unknown to him may have rendered unavoidable. I allude principally to presents which form so large a part of the expenses of the Mission. It is not possible to furnish him with rules of audit applicable to such missions, because it is not possible to convey to him the extent of political and local information requisite for that purpose. But are the accounts, therefore, to go without audit? are they not to be subject in their details to that species of check and investigation which is applicable to public expenditure of every description, and which is usual under every Government? It is his duty to point out to Government what charges appear to him, according to the general principles which he is enabled to apply to them, to be high or unnecessary. He is not bound nor authorised to consider the degree of confidence to be reposed in the integrity and discretion of the officer whose accounts he investigates. Nor is his judgment at all to be considered as conclusive. Government is the real auditor. He only performs the drudgery of investigating details, and presenting to Government questions in a form to facilitate decision. In England, I understand, the checks and investigations of accounts are far more rigid. While a single item of public expenditure remains unadjusted, no part of the officer's accounts are passed; and what do you think of Lord Minto himself, on his return from Corsica, being obliged to *swear* to his accounts before he was relieved from the responsibility of his public expenditure! The Court of Directors would be little satisfied if informed that this Government had passed the whole of your accounts without audit or inquiry, merely on the ground of its reliance on your integrity and discretion. In fact, such audit and inquiry imply no reflection upon your integrity or discretion. On the other hand, the confidence

so justly reposed in you cannot exempt Government from the duty of forming its opinion of the necessity and moderation of charges incurred even under all the latitude of discretion so properly allowed you, as far as it has the means of forming one."

In this same letter Mr. Edmonstone frankly stated that, in the opinion of Government, the general expenditure of the Mission was excessive, and that it was intended to record an opinion to that effect:

"That the general scale of your expenditure," he wrote, "might have been materially reduced without injury to the public service, I am allowed candidly to tell you, is the opinion of Government. It has been the duty of Government to record that opinion; but this only involves a difference of sentiment regarding the correctness and policy of the principles which governed this expenditure. It does not impute to you an inconsiderate and careless expenditure of the public money. Government will not refuse to admit that, with reference to the principles themselves, you have not neglected the obligations of attention, prudence, and discretion. But it cannot reasonably be expected that Government should deny itself the liberty of judging, according to the lights which it possesses, on a point so fundamental as the principles which have regulated the conduct of its representative in the expenditure of the public money; nor can it be supposed that Government divested itself of this privilege, or rather duty, by declaring, and actually feeling, an implicit confidence in your discretion, experience, and honor."

That the expenses of the Mission were very heavy is not to be denied. But Malcolm maintained that this, however greatly to be deplored, was inherent in the very nature of the service entrusted to him, and that without such expenditure he could not have carried out the objects of his mission. It is right that in this place his explanation should be suffered to speak for itself:

"The number of officers attached to my Mission was one and no inconsiderable cause of additional expense; but it will be re-

collected that when I was ordered to Persia it was expected that I should have full employment for their services in disciplining the infantry of that Government. Though this was not the case, none of the officers were idle, and during the ten months that my Mission was in Persia all those of my family who were not actually necessary to aid me in the immediate duties of my Mission were detached to different parts of the country, and the maps and memoirs I have transmitted will satisfy Government of the great value of the object that has been attained by their labors, which have not only afforded the most correct and ample information of the countries between India and Persia, but added, in a very great degree, to the knowledge we formerly had of the latter country. The officers I employed travelled generally as natives, and comparatively at a very trifling expense. The whole of the charges (including presents) incurred by Lieutenants Christie and Pottinger during a journey which commenced at Sonmeany, and traversed by two different routes all the countries between Sindh and Persia, hardly exceeds ten thousand rupees. The period these officers were employed was near eight months, and they were almost all that period separated, which had the effect of nearly doubling their expenses.

"The chief causes of public expenditure on my late Mission were the style in which I travelled, and the presents I gave. With regard to both these points, I can only observe that, situated as I was, I had no option. Every sentiment of my mind relating to the principles of our connexion with Persia was, as is well known to Government, adverse to the gratification of the avarice of the court of that country, and I had repeatedly proposed other and more efficient means than the appearance of State and expensive presents for establishing an impression of our power and dignity among its inhabitants; but circumstances which I could not control had thrown affairs into a different course, and I had no alternative but that of not carrying the instructions of the Right Honorable the Governor-General in Council, as conveyed in his letter under date the 26th of October, into execution, or of assuming the style and appearance, and acting with the liberality I did. By adopting the latter means, I was not only able to attain the Court of Persia at an early period (a point to which the Governor-General attached the highest importance), but to restore to its proper estimation the depreciated rank and character of the

Right Honorable the Governor-General of India; and this I was directed to consider as one of the chief objects for which I was deputed to Persia. Had I pursued any other course than what I did, I should have experienced obstacles that would probably have altogether prevented the progress of my Mission; and if it had advanced, it would have been under circumstances that would have confirmed all those injurious and unfavorable impressions that had been received of the high authority by which I was employed.

"If the Honorable the Vice-President in Council will do me the justice to consider the expenses incurred on this Mission under this view, and recollect the importance that was attached at the moment I was deputed to the early and complete execution of my orders, I feel confident that I shall not be denied the merit (which I have ever labored above all others to attain) of a scrupulous attention to every item of public expenditure under my direction and control; and I trust it will be found, after an examination into the manner in which I have discharged this last public trust, that I have upon this, as upon all former occasions, been as strict an economist of the public money as it was possible to be, without hazarding a delay or failure of the political objects I was directed to accomplish."

Whilst this correspondence was in progress, another of a pleasanter kind was passing between Bombay and Calcutta. Malcolm had collected a vast mass of materials for an historical and descriptive account of Persia, and he desired to obtain the permission of the Government for him to remain at Bombay whilst he was arranging these materials, with the view to the composition of an elaborate work. In order to accomplish this, it was necessary to keep a considerable staff of clerks and copyists, and Malcolm thought that he was entitled, as indeed he was, to such allowances as would enable him to continue his labors without any personal sacrifice. It may be doubted whether in these days, under similar circumstances, the question would be viewed, either by the local or home Government, in so liberal and en-

lightened a spirit as that with which Lord Minto regarded it. Mr. Elphinstone had been for some time at Calcutta arranging the materials of his account of the Kingdom of Caubul; and he had received every indulgence and encouragement from Government whilst prosecuting this important work.* The same indulgence and encouragement were now to be extended to Malcolm. "The work on which you are engaged," wrote Lord Minto, "must be carried on with more facility and advantage at Bombay, where you have no other occupation, and where you will probably still be surrounded by gentlemen who have had a share in collecting your materials, and are conversant with the subject, than at Mysore, where you would be charged with distinct duties, and be deprived of the comfort and benefit of consultation and conference with associates in the pursuits which are the subject of your present labors. The value of these labors must be estimated by a very different measure from mine, if the temporary facilities which we have resolved to afford them are not cheerfully assented to. But limited as the indulgence is, both in time and amount, I feel strong in what I feel to be the real strength of your case—that is to say, in consulting at a moderate charge the real convenience, the real comfort, and the justifiable taste and wishes of one who has so long filled a part so conspicuous in a period so eventful of our national history, and in affording you so cheap a testimony of respect and gratitude at the close of laborious, able, and successful services so distinguished as yours have been from first to last."† This appears to

* Mr. Elphinstone was allowed his salary as Envoy, with house-rent and table-allowance, whilst his moonshees and writers were paid by Government. Lord Minto allowed this case to govern Malcolm's.

† Mr. Edmonstone wrote with equal warmth of the value of Malcolm's literary labors: "You cannot but have been satisfied that Government would appreciate in a high degree your own labors and exertions in the acquisition

me to be a statesmanlike view of the question. At all events, it is the way to stimulate men to great exertions. An opposite decision might have been more in accordance with formality and routine, and might have saved some money to the State. But such economy begets only cold service, and stunts what every wise ruler seeks to foster.

Lord Minto was at this time about to proceed on the expedition to Java, whither Malcolm would cheerfully have followed him if his services had been required. But the Governor-General wrote that there was no call for "services of his size." "I embark," he wrote, "early to-morrow on board the *Modeste*, and cannot expect an earlier return to India than September. If you are gone to a better place before that period, may all good things attend you; and the first of these, health to you and those you love. I shall hope to have and enjoy your friendly and neighbourly society in my retreat, for there are centred all my schemes of happiness. You are young, and have years of energy before you to begin a new life, and climb and scramble through a new world. In these, and whatever else may be your pursuits, I shall follow you, as long as I have eyes, with kind and friendly wishes. In the mean while, you may reflect with comfort, and I ought to say with pride, on the old life which you are now turning your back on, and let these reflections be auspicious for your new career."

of local knowledge, and those which your zeal and judgment have excited and directed in others. The mass of materials which you have collected for the History of Persia and the neighbouring states, is a proof of an extraordinary spirit of diligence, ability, and research, and when digested and arranged in the manner you propose, must form a most valuable addition to the existing stock of information regarding a quarter of Asia rendered peculiarly interesting by the great events of modern times. Without reference to political considerations, your missions and Elphinstone's have certainly been productive of very important benefits in a literary point of view, and independently of your diplomatic services, you will both have the credit of acquiring and diffusing knowledge which, but for your labors, had probably remained for ever concealed."

Throughout the year 1811, in accordance with the permission thus granted to him by the Supreme Government, Malcolm continued to reside at Bombay, and to apply himself earnestly to his literary labors. It was no small privilege, under these circumstances, during the earlier part of the year, to enjoy the society of Sir James Mackintosh, whose wonderful intellect and many fine qualities he greatly appreciated. "Mackintosh is a very extraordinary man," he wrote to his brother Gilbert, "and a sincere friend of mine." The Recorder criticised and corrected his friend's works, and, I believe, admired his character more than his compositions. He said truly, that "men with great talents for active life are inferior to themselves in their writings."* It would have been a

* There are several passages relating to Malcolm in Mackintosh's Bombay journal, published in the interesting Life by his son, which I think ought to find a place in this chapter. I subjoin the most illustrative of them:

"*March* 28, 1811.—Read over, with minute criticism, Malcolm's poem, *The Persian Traveller*. It has more thought and nerve than correct and smooth verse: it would have been highly commended before the art of writing verse became so general an attainment. But everybody is now a judge of offences against harmony and mechanism, which it requires so little genius to avoid.

"Malcolm has been with me two hours, and I have told him all my criticism, which he has taken well.

"*July* 15.—Abercromby, Malcolm, and a very small party dined here in the evening—the first general rather desponding about Portugal—the second trusting too much in a Wellesley to allow such a sentiment.

"*July* 28.—In correcting a manuscript of Malcolm's, I observed that a man of vigorous mind conceived original ideas, which, if he be an unpractised or negligent writer, he often expresses in such a manner that they appear to be common-place. The new thought may be so near an old one, that it requires the exact impression to distinguish them. This is one of the reasons why men of great talents for active life are inferior to themselves in their writings.

"*August* 23.—Malcolm has introduced potatoes into Persia. That benefit may be remembered long after all that is now spoken of in our ridiculous Persian missions, has fallen into deserved oblivion. If Lord Wellesley had accomplished the abolition of infanticide, which poor Jonathan Duncan is so panegyrised for having vainly endeavoured, his name would have been held in everlasting remembrance. All the negotiations and wars which appear so splendid at present, will, in a history of twenty years hence, not occupy ten pages.

"*August* 30.—Malcolm has written not a bad thing at the end of Hume's Elizabeth. 'The head cannot join the heart respecting Mary; nor can the heart follow the head about Elizabeth.'"

I am rather surprised that a man of so much sagacity and penetration as Sir James Mackintosh should have

miracle, indeed, if Malcolm, who since the age of thirteen had seldom had any other home than a canvas tent, and whose library was a rusty bullock-trunk, should—I will not say thought as deeply and written as correctly as Mackintosh, but been eminently distinguished for these qualities at all. It *is* almost a miracle that, considering in how large a sense he was a man of action, how the necessities of the public service kept him continually in motion, and how his mind was diverted and distracted by a constant succession of new objects, he wrote as much and as well as he did. The world has furnished few examples of men so largely mixed up with the affairs of active life taking so high a place among the authors of the age.

Malcolm, as I have said before, did everything in a large way. He was a man of much discourse—discursive. But unlike many examples of voluble utterance, he was emphatically a full man. He talked much and he wrote much, because he had much to say. His writings abound in information which, when it was first laid before the public, was novel and striking. He has supplied materials of immense value to every subsequent writer on Indian affairs. He dealt with facts on a large scale, and he was conscientious in his statement of them. He thoroughly understood what he was writing about, and he made himself understood by others. But he was not an artist. His works are rather elaborate reports than finished compositions. The statesman rather than the author is apparent in them. There are no tricks of the trade discernible; but a genuineness which speaks out everywhere in a strong, natural voice. He could not

been so greatly at fault in his estimate of the comparative importance which History would attach, and the space it would assign, to the triumphs of war and the victories of peace. The result has been precisely the reverse of what the Recorder anticipated. And when we consider what are the temptations of writers and the tastes of readers, we could hardly expect it to be otherwise.

compress. He could not polish or refine. He had been accustomed all his life to write, *currente calamo*, very long public and private letters, and still longer official reports; and he did not much modify his style when he wrote for the Press. He was himself, indeed, so sensible of his want of art, and had so little of the dignity and tenaciousness of the craft, that he generally authorised others to correct his style, while he exhorted them not to meddle with his facts.

His intercourse with Mackintosh was as improving as it was delightful; and early in the year there was an accession to the literary circle of Bombay very appreciable both by the lawyer and the soldier. At the latter end of February a vessel arrived from Calcutta, bringing Mountstuart Elphinstone and Henry Martyn. Malcolm was delighted to welcome the former—to talk over old times and present pursuits—proud to introduce so accomplished a man to his friend the Recorder.* Elphinstone in turn introduced Henry Martyn to Mackintosh† and Malcolm. The former recognised in the young

* The following is Mackintosh's account of the meeting:

"*Feb.* 26, 1811.—Malcolm brought Elphinstone to breakfast. We had an animated discussion about the importance of India to England. I contended that it was not of any great value. I observed that of possessions beyond sea, the first rank belonged to those which, like North America, contributed both to strength and wealth; the second is to those which, like the West Indies, contributed to wealth, and created maritime strength, though they did not supply a military population. India certainly ranks below them. Nobody thinks of employing Sepoys out of India. Great as it looks and sounds, it does not add so much to the empire as New England did. After breakfast I carried Elphinstone to Mazagong-bunder, where he embarked for Panwell. He has a very fine understanding, with the greatest modesty and simplicity of character."

† See Mackintosh's journal in the Life by his son: "Elphinstone introduced me to a young clergyman named Martyn, come round from Bengal on his way to Bussorah, partly for health and partly to improve his Arabic, as he is translating the Scriptures into that language. He seems to be a mild and benevolent enthusiast—a sort of character with which I am always half in love. We had the novelty of grace before and after dinner, all the company standing."

Again: "Mr. Martyn, the saint from Calcutta, called here. He is a man of acuteness and learning. His meekness is excessive, and gives a disagreeable impression of effort to conceal the passions of human nature."

devotee a man of acuteness and learning—spoke of him as a benevolent enthusiast, but said that his excessive meekness left a disagreeable feeling upon the mind. On Malcolm, however, the young Christian hero appears to have made a more favorable impression. Perhaps, the habitual cheerfulness of his manner communicated itself to the "saint from Calcutta," for he wrote to Sir Gore Ouseley, that Henry Martyn, who was then on his way to Persia, was likely to add to the hilarity of his party. "The Rev. Mr. Martyn," he said, "one of the clergymen of Bengal, is here on his way to the Gulf. He requested me to give him a line to the Governor of Bushire, which I did, as well as one to Mahomed Nebbee Khan. But I warned him not to move from Bushire without your previous sanction. His intention, I believe, is to go by Shiraz, Ispahan, and Kermanshah to Baghdad, and to endeavour on that route to discover some ancient copies of the Gospel, which he and many other saints are persuaded lie hid in the mountains of Persia. Mr. Martyn also expects to improve himself as an Oriental scholar. He is already an excellent one. His knowledge of Arabic is superior to that of any Englishman in India. He is altogether a very learned and cheerful man, but a great enthusiast in his holy calling. He has, however, assured me, and begged I would mention it to you, that he has no thought of preaching to the Persians, or of entering into any theological controversies; but means to confine himself to two objects—a research after old Gospels, and the endeavour to qualify himself for giving a correct version of the Scriptures into Arabic and Persian, on the plan proposed by the Bible Society. I have not hesitated to tell him that I thought you would require that he should act with great caution, and not allow his zeal to run away with him. He declares he will not,

and he is a man of that character that I must believe. I am satisfied that if you ever see him, you will be pleased with him. He will give you grace before and after dinner, and admonish such of your party as take the Lord's name in vain; but his good sense and great learning will delight you, whilst his constant cheerfulness will add to the hilarity of your party."

Elphinstone was at this time on his way to Poonah, where he persuaded Malcolm to visit him. Early in May the latter started in excellent health and spirits, riding some part of the distance on his favorite horse "Wahabee." Elphinstone, and two other officers, came out to meet him, and they all rode together into Poonah, "pretty smartly," as Malcolm wrote to his wife, adding, that "he felt about as much fatigued as if he had played two rubbers of billiards." In Mountstuart Elphinstone he found a friend as fond of sport as himself; and the *ci-devant* Envoys to the Courts of Persia and Caubul, with the gentlemen of the Poonah Residency, and one or two friends, were soon to be seen, spears in rest, in hot pursuit of wild hogs. "The sun is rather hot," he wrote, "but there is a refreshing breeze, and the hopes of a boar makes a man forget climate." "Not much luck," he said, on another day, "but hard riding, and no less than seven falls. I did not come off, though very near it." He had been poring for some months over his papers, and recreation was as delightful to him as to any boy broken loose from school.

But in spite of the hospitable entreaties of the Resident, who hoped that Mrs. Malcolm and the children might be brought up to Poonah, Malcolm returned to Bombay and his work. He could not afford to be long idle. It does not seem that during his visit to the Mahratta capital he and Elphinstone had talked much about their literary prospects, or settled between them

the contents of their respective works, for I find the latter writing in October:

"I am very sorry for Sir James's going so soon. To have such a man in one's neighbourhood is an advantage which cannot be expected soon to return. I am beginning again to think about publishing my Afghan affairs;* and I shall write in a day or two to Lord Minto, acquainting him with my intention. Before I do so, I should like to know your plan as precisely as your own present knowledge of it admits of your telling. If you allot separate parts of your book to the Afghans, the Beloochees, and the Uzbeks, I think it likely that, between yours and mine, the world will get as much information about those nations as it cares to possess; but if you find Persia so extensive a subject as to leave you no room for anything but a mere summary statement of its neighbours—with no more particulars about them than are necessary to distinguish them from each other, and from the Persians—I must put my shoulder to the wheel, and fill up the blank between Persia and India. When I consider the extent, antiquity, and importance of Persia; its ancient religion, laws, and history; its present revenue, army, statistics, customs, and character as a nation; its language and literature; its different sects of religion and philosophy; and the various and interesting tribes by which it is inhabited, I am apt to think you will have both your hands and your volumes too full to be able to take in anything more. At all events, it is necessary that I should know with some precision what you intend to do, or I shall spoil your work and waste my trouble (and no small trouble it is writing quires of paper, let alone writing for the public), while I might be hunting, hawking, reading, and doing the *kusnut* with much more profit both to myself and the public, even if I did not take in hand the account of India, which you so fully convinced me was required."

The result of these literary consultations, it need hardly be stated, was that Malcolm confined himself to an ac-

* Elphinstone, although he had been for some time employed at Calcutta in digesting and arranging information collected by his Mission, and putting it in a fit state for the use of Government, had not determined to lay it before the public until exhorted to do so by Sir James Mackintosh at Bombay.

count, historical and descriptive, of Persia; that Pottinger undertook to illustrate the countries known as Sindh, Beloochistan, and Seistan; and that the kingdom of Caubul, or what is now more generally known as Afghanistan, fell, in this literary division, to the share of Mountstuart Elphinstone.

But there were other literary pursuits than these, of a less delightful and less tranquillising kind, to occupy Malcolm's thoughts during this residence at Bombay. The disturbances in the Madras army had evoked much discussion at home. Papers had been called for, and published; and Malcolm, conceiving himself to be, as he undoubtedly was, wronged by the recorded observations of the Madras Government, drew up, as has been mentioned in a previous chapter, a full statement of his case.* It was written towards the close of this year. Malcolm had originally intended to embark for England in November or December; but some circumstances of a domestic nature disconcerted this arrangement, and his departure was fixed for the 20th of January. In the mean while Sir James Mackintosh started on his homeward voyage, and Malcolm consigned to his charge the manuscript of his pamphlet. "I send you my work on Madras affairs by Sir James Mackintosh," he wrote to his brother Gilbert. "I do not wish its publication to be delayed. You and Sir James will exercise your judgment with respect to any corrections or alterations, in the full assurance of my complete approbation and warm thanks." "I have many and cogent reasons," he added, "for desiring the work should be published before I reach England. I wish to escape the advice of good and well-meaning friends, which I could not follow. I have taken my line, and shall pursue it with a firmness

* *Ante*, vol. i. chap. xvi.

worthy of my object — truth. I do not pretend to despise worldly consideration; but I must attain any advancement I ever reach by fair and open means; and if I do not, I despise that fortune which is the reward of art, falsehood, flattery, and deceit, or even purchased by the suppression of honest sentiments or useful information."

The pamphlet was sent home; and, as Malcolm had predicted, some of his best friends, including General Campbell (his father-in-law), Barry Close, and Mark Wilks, were anxious to suppress it. Reference, however, was made to Sir James Mackintosh, who said that the remonstrances of friends were "precisely what Malcolm had foreseen, and what made him solicitous that the book should be published before his arrival." "Besides," added Mackintosh, "if Malcolm were in England, notwithstanding all that has been said about the injury he may do himself, I would still recommend him to publish; for the good opinion of the public is of more importance to him than the favor of the Court of Directors."

Malcolm followed his pamphlet very speedily to England. At the end of January he embarked with his family on board the *Dromedary* store-ship, full of great schemes for his future advancement. He had already begun to think of returning to India as Governor of Bombay. He had often talked of retiring altogether from public life, and settling in England as a farmer and a breeder of horses. There were times, perhaps, when the charms of retirement were very attractive in his eyes; but I suspect that it was but a momentary attraction. At the age of forty-two, few men who are worth anything will patiently submit to be shelved. He was still fifteen years off from the Bombay Government; but the interval was destined to evolve a career of distinguished military and administrative service, which even more than anything he had yet done entitled him to the reward.

The voyage home was not distinguished by any noticeable incidents with which I am acquainted, save one of a very painful character. At St. Helena, Malcolm was met by intelligence of the death of his venerable mother. She sank to rest at Burnfoot on the 9th of November, 1811. It was not an event out of the ordinary course; but Malcolm did not, on that account, feel the blow less keenly. A man who has been many years absent from home can anticipate no greater pleasure than that of introducing his wife and children to a beloved parent, who is longing to welcome them with the outstretched arms of eager affection. Three years before, Malcolm had written to his wife, "What a woman is my dear mother! The nearest wish to my heart is that she should live to embrace you, and to clasp her grandchild, little Margaret, to her heart. John would look on satisfied with being third on the list for a maternal embrace. With what joy do I look forward to that happy day. But when will it come?"* It was never to come. All these fond hopes were shattered in a moment by the sad tidings which reached him at St. Helena. It was a bitter disappointment. Such hopes and such disappointments are but the common lot of the Indian exile. It is the penalty he pays for turning his back on his native land.

He reached home in the course of July; and soon afterwards took a country-house (Claramont) near Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire. There he located his family, and then began to think of visiting his friends. He had every reason to be satisfied with his reception by men in authority. In the summer of this year, the murder of Mr. Percival had been followed by extensive changes in the Ministry. Lord Wellesley, who had been Foreign

* Vol. i. page 430.

Secretary, narrowly escaped being Prime Minister; but the Cabinet which he was commissioned to construct never became a fact; and in the Ministry formed by Lord Liverpool he had no place. In Mr. Percival's Administration, Lord Melville had been President of the Board of Control; but in the new Government, Malcolm's old friend, Lord Hobart, now the Earl of Buckinghamshire, held that office. As respected Indian affairs, it was a very important juncture, for the existing Charter of the East India Company was then in the last year of its existence. Extensive changes were contemplated, and the opinions of all experienced men who had served in India were eagerly sought and recorded. Both on public and on private grounds, therefore, Lord Buckinghamshire was anxious to see and converse with Malcolm. Parliament was up; a dissolution was impending. Ministers were, for the most part, at their country-seats. So the President of the India Board invited Malcolm to visit him at Nocton, in Lincolnshire. It was little out of the road to Scotland—to Burnfoot—whither he was eager to proceed; so he accepted the invitation, and on the 15th of September started on his journey.

He was received with great kindness and cordiality by Lord and Lady Buckinghamshire; and Lady Sarah Hobart, whom Malcolm had played with, when an interesting child, fifteen years before, now "a charming young woman," greeted him delightedly as an old friend. Mr. Henry Ellis had been invited to meet him, and there was much talk, we may be sure, about India and Persia, and old times. In such animated conversation—in shooting, riding, attending the Lincoln races, dancing at the race-ball, and lionising the cathedral and Old Tom—a week was pleasantly spent; and then Malcolm pushed on for the North. He reached Doncaster in the midst of the bustle and excitement of the race-week, and drew

a lively picture of the scene in his letters to his wife. He wrote that he had "made acquaintances of all kinds, from his Grace the Duke of Leeds to Buckle the jockey;" and we may be sure that he had something to tell them all, about the breed of Arab horses and the possibility of improving our own equine stock.

On the 26th, he reached Langholm, a quiet country town, three miles from Burnfoot; and here I shall do well to let him speak for himself:

September 26th.—Arrived at Langholm at four, and got out of the chaise at July Murray's, the person by whom I was brought up. The excellent woman was in raptures. Our meeting was disturbed by Mrs. Beattie, the keeper of the inn (an old acquaintance), who had taken her glass, and came to drag me away from July, who, she said, kept the *dryest* house in Langholm. This old woman, who earnestly recommended me some whisky, talked a great deal. She was particularly fluent about my family. She heard, she said, I had married a *top hizzie!* which, according to her phraseology, was no small compliment to my wife. I proceeded to Burnfoot. I had been greatly struck with the beauty of the country from the moment I came on the banks of the Esk, opposite Netherby, all the way to Langholm; but the first burst of Burnfoot surprised me still more (it is greatly improved by the growth of the woods), and appeared fully to justify the feelings I have indulged through life regarding the charms of the spot of my nativity. I received that welcome from its inhabitants that I expected; and I only regretted that my joy was not shared by you. The old domestics soon came round me. I saw the fourth generation of the Eastons, and four men-servants upwards of seventy years of age. All was happiness and delight; shaded a little by the reflection (which all our conversation brought to our minds) that those to whose care and protection we owed all our success were no more.

27th.—A rainy day, and did not go to church; but talked away the morning. Saw Mina's cottage, which is beautiful; fitted up with great taste, and contains a number of very valuable curiosities.

28*th.*—Went to Kinmond, twenty miles off, and saw Mrs. Scott, the mother of Mrs. Johnstone, Mrs. Richardson, and several other friends.

30*th.*—Went to visit all, high and low, that had known me as a child; visited the graves of my parents, and heard the noblest praise of them from the aged, the infirm, and the poor, that they had aided and supported, and to whom the aid and support of the family is still given. I could not have believed, had I not witnessed it, what small means well directed could effect; but in a range of seven or eight miles I have heard blessings implored by almost hundreds upon the name I bear, not for accidental charity or temporary relief, but for families borne through distress, for the blind and the lame supported; children educated and raised, some to comfort and others to affluence. This good work was begun nearly a century ago by my grandfather and grandmother; it was continued, to the full extent of their power, by my parents; and my brothers and sisters are all blessed with the same disposition; but my eldest sister, Agnes, who in cheerful goodness, superior sense, and active benevolence, yields to none of her ancestors, is the guide to us all in this path. She knows the wants and the characters of all, and supplies accordingly. She never gives more than is actually necessary, that none may want that can be aided, and her attention and advice are often of more use than money. I was this day visiting an old lady of ninety-three, who has outlived her fortune and all her friends but those at Burnfoot. Her inquiries about you were most earnest. "I love her," said she, "for her name, which was that of your grandmother. Is her Christian name Agnes?" "No," said I, "it is Charlotte." "I wish to God it had been Agnes," said old Mrs. Scott; "*but she is a Campbell, and that will do.*" I need hardly add my grandmother was called Agnes.*

From Burnfoot, Malcolm proceeded to Edinburgh and other places, visiting old and new friends, and some of

* In a subsequent letter, Malcolm gives the following little anecdote, which is too good to be omitted: "I forgot to mention to you the speech of an old servant at Burnfoot (Andrew Nicoll), which I thought admirable. On observing to him that there had been many changes, but that I hoped he still found it a good house to live in, 'Faith,' said he, 'it's mair than that—it's the best house to *die* in of a' Scotland.'"

his wife's relatives. In the grounds of Dalkeith Castle he met Walter Scott.* "I agreed," he wrote on the 10th of October, "to drive him home; and we have been together till now (twelve o'clock on the 11th). A volume would not contain what has passed between us. I am delighted with him, and he says that his feelings are not opposed to mine." His face was now turned towards the South—towards home. After exploring Melrose and visiting Minto, where he was delighted with all he saw of the good old lady, the wife of his friend the Governor-General, of whom he had heard so much, Malcolm spent a day or two at Burnfoot, and then prosecuted his homeward journey. Taking the western route, he paid a short visit to his brother Gilbert, who had obtained, through the instrumentality of Lord Wellesley, the living of Todenham, near Moreton-on-the-Marsh, and reached home in the course of October.

On his return to the neighbourhood of the metropolis, after his pleasant country tour, the first subject which engaged his attention was the controversy respecting the mutiny of the Madras army. The pamphlet which he had sent home from Bombay had, according to his in-

* Scott has given the following account of this meeting in a letter to Mr. Morritt, published in Lockhart's Life of the poet: "I am delighted with your Cumberland admirer, and give him credit for his visit to the vindicator of Homer; but you missed one of another description, who passed Rokeby with great regret—I mean General John Malcolm, the Persian Envoy, the Delhi Resident, the poet, the wanderer, the polite man, and the Borderer. He is really a fine fellow. I met him at Dalkeith, and we returned together. He has just left me, after drinking coffee. A fine time we had of it, talking of Troy town, and Babel, and Persepolis, and Delhi, and Langholm, and Burnfoot; with all manner of episodes about Iskendiar, Roostum, and Johnnie Armstrong. Do you know, that poem of Ferdusi's must be beautiful. He read me some very splendid extracts, which he had himself translated. Should you meet him in London, I have given him in charge to be acquainted with you, for I am sure you will like each other. To be sure, I know him little—but I like his frankness and his sound ideas of morality and policy." Mr. Lockhart adds a note respecting Burnfoot, in which he says that Malcolm's grandfather "found refuge there after forfeiting a good estate and a baronetcy," —a fact of which I need hardly say the Malcolm family are profoundly ignorant!

structions, been published just before his arrival in England. To this pamphlet the friends of Sir George Barlow had thought it expedient to reply; and the reply had appeared whilst Malcolm was travelling in the North. He opened it with some anxiety; but read it with little uneasiness, and no anger. He was not a man to cherish any animosities. He had long ago forgiven all whom he conceived to have injured him throughout these painful discussions on the Coast. And how generous an opponent he was may be gathered from the following letter, which he addressed to Mr. John Murray, on the subject of Mr. Buchan's pamphlet:*

COLONEL MALCOLM TO MR. JOHN MURRAY.

Nov. [ ], 1812.

Dear Sir,—I have bought and read the reply to my pamphlet, and am happy to say it can require no answer. It is written by a gentleman; and if a relation of Sir George is the author, I respect the feelings that have produced this work. He is throughout as civil to me as he could be consistent with his cause. There is only one part that I felt angry at—an invidious and unfair comparison is made between my conduct at Masulipatam and that of General Close at Hyderabad; and in this case it is probable the unfairness proceeds from the writer being uninformed of the radical difference of our situations. I was sent to conciliate; General Close to command obedience. To me no orders whatever were given; to General Close the most positive. I had to act agreeably to my discretion; he had no latitude given him at all. But this subject does not require an answer; and as to all the rest, it is mere difference of opinion, and argument has been exhausted on the subject.

The impression this work desires to make of Sir G. Barlow's public services will, I sincerely hope, have an effect in producing liberal sentiments in the minds of the Directors whenever the

* The pamphlet was published anonymously. Malcolm attributed it to some relative of Sir G. Barlow—but it was written by Mr. Buchan, who had been Chief Secretary at Madras.

question of his reward is agitated. No man has ever served them with purer principles of honor, nor of more active industry; and however opinions may differ of his proceedings at Madras, of his former life there can be but one sentiment.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN MALCOLM.

It was at the close of this year that Malcolm first bore the titular name by which he is known in the history and literature of his country. He had applied to the Crown for permission to wear the insignia of the order of the Lion and the Sun; and the Prince-Regent, in awarding this permission, signified his intention to confer the honor of knighthood upon the wearer in the name of the Sovereign of England.* In these days the honors of the Bath would have been granted to him. But in 1812 neither military nor diplomatic services, whatever their merit or their value, could obtain this distinction for a Company's officer. The time had not then arrived for his admission into the pale of English chivalry. He was still a reprobate and an outcast.

It was something to be called "Sir John;" but he was a mere civil knight. He had not been decorated as a soldier. Ever since he had begun to think at all about the service to which he belonged, he had lamented and

* The following is the announcement in the *Gazette:*

"*Whitehall, Dec.* 15, 1812.—His Royal Highness the Prince-Regent hath been pleased, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, to give and grant unto John Malcolm, Esq., a Lieutenant-Colonel in the service of the East India Company, and late Envoy and Plenipotentiary from the Supreme Government in India to the Court of Persia, his Majesty's royal license and permission, that, in compliance with the desire of his Majesty the King of Persia, he may accept and wear the insignia of the Royal Persian Order of the Lion and Sun, conferred upon him by that Sovereign as a distinguished testimony of his royal regard and esteem. And also to command, that the said royal concession and declaration be registered, together with the relative documents, in the College of Arms. And, as a further mark of his Majesty's royal favor, his Royal Highness the Prince-Regent was this day pleased, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, to confer the honor of Knighthood upon the said Lieutenant-Colonel John Malcolm."

condemned the unjust system of exclusiveness which had debarred the officers of the Indian army from participation in the honors and rewards bestowed upon their more fortunate brethren of the King's service. The opinions which he had entertained and expressed nearly twenty years before had been little mitigated by the progress of time and the mutation of circumstance; for in many of the most essential features of the service there had been little real change for the better. Great hopes had been entertained, but they had been disappointed; and now, in 1813, Malcolm found himself sitting at his desk, discoursing, as in 1794, for the information of the President of the Board of Control, on the grievances of the Company's army. A long and elaborate paper of "Notes," written at Claramont in the summer of this year for his friend Lord Buckinghamshire, contains a free statement of his opinions, with the following brief summary of which he concludes his memorandum:

"I shall conclude this paper, which is longer than I intended, by a brief notice of the principles of those changes I have recommended. First,—That of directing the view of the officers of the Indian army yet more than we have done to England, and of elevating the Company's service, by obtaining for such of that service as may merit it a fair participation in the favor of the Crown, and a full admission of their pretensions to the highest offices (particularly in India), on the ground that granting to them such consideration is not more necessary to benefit it, by giving it the advantage of all the talent that is reared and matured in its service, than it is to infuse ambition and high principles of military feeling into an army which is now upon a scale that demands the action of such motives to preserve it in a state of discipline and attachment.

"Secondly,—That a reform should be made in the system, which would, by an increase of the number of the senior ranks and a diminution of the lower, render (without additional charge to the State) promotion more active, and by that operation preserve the

minds of the large mass of the Indian army from a total despair of ever returning to England with the means of living in that country.

"Thirdly,—That an improvement should be made in the situation of the officers in the actual command of Native corps, and that employment on the Staff in India should be so settled as to secure the appointment of efficient officers, and prevent, as much as possible, the operation of favor in the distribution of such patronage.

"And lastly,—As it is most desirable that the King's and Company's service should be more approximated, in order that those irritating feelings of jealousy which have hitherto subsisted should be done away; and, as it is an essential principle that even the Native army of India should (as far as relates to the European officers) be as little local as is possible consistent with the preservation of its efficiency, it is recommended, not only that officers of the Company's service should, after attaining a certain rank (that of Colonel or Major-General), be eligible to be employed anywhere his Majesty chooses, but that a plan of limited exchange between the two services should be adopted. These reforms of the system would establish points of union that would harmonise the whole without disturbing those distinct regulations which local circumstances require for the different branches of our army in India. Some may object to the latter suggestion of limited exchange, from conceiving that if it was adopted it would soon lead to the subversion of all the principles upon which the constitution of our Native army now rests. But before this argument is admitted we must suppose the administration of the country resolved, for the object of patronage, to hazard the loss of India; and, if such was their intention, is it not evident that we should have the same guards (settled rules and public opinions) to defend these new regulations as we have to preserve the other parts of the system?"

These opinions Malcolm took care to enforce, publicly and privately, on every occasion when his advocacy was likely to be attended with any benefit to the cause. Parliamentary Committees were then sitting for the examination of witnesses relative to the affairs of the East India Company, and there were few upon whose opinions, concerning the military and political relations of

that great body, so much stress was laid as upon Malcolm's. Nor were these the only subjects upon which the Committees thought fit to examine him. He was called up on the 5th of April, 1813, before the Commons, and questioned on a great variety of topics.* With respect to the free admission of Europeans into India, he said:

"I think of all the powers which are vested in the Local Government, there is none more essential to its existence in full vigor and force, than that which enables them to restrain the local residence of every individual European to particular parts of the empire. If British subjects were allowed to go in the manner described to India, the effects would be various, agreeably to the places to which they went. If to the Presidencies where British courts of law are established, there would be no other danger, I conceive, resulting from them, but what might arise from their great numbers, and the changes in the condition of the society, and eventually and gradually of the Government, from that circumstance; but if they went to any ports where there was no established authority to control them, and if they proceeded into the interior of the country, there would no doubt be much mischief arising from those quarrels which must inevitably ensue with the natives, which mischief would vary from a hundred local causes connected with the character of the natives of the places to which they resorted."

Many questions bearing on this subject were put to him by Mr. Adam, the Company's counsel, and he supported by a succession of arguments the opinion he had originally expressed. The next subject on which Sir John Malcolm was examined was the probability of the natives of India becoming large consumers of European

* I find the following entry relative to Malcolm's examination in Sir James Mackintosh's diary: "Malcolm is the next witness to be examined. I met him yesterday at the Regent's Levee, where he made a conspicuous figure in the insignia of the Order of the Lion and Sun, with a green riband, distinguished from that of the Thistle by the silk being clouded. He is to give strong testimony in favor of the Company's favorite argument, that a free trade will lead to an influx of Europeans, which will produce insult and oppression to the natives, and at last drive them into rebellion, which must terminate in our expulsion."

goods. "If by the general population of India," he said, "is meant (which I suppose it is) the great mass, there is no doubt they are not likely to become customers for European articles, because they do not possess the means to purchase them, even if, from their present simple habits of life and attire, they required them." Having gone considerably into detail on this point of inquiry, he was asked whether the Company had endeavoured to push the sale of European commodities in Persia. The following are the questions, and the answers which Malcolm returned:

Have you any access to know, from the situations you have been in in Persia, whether the Company have taken every means in their power to push the sale of European commodities in that quarter of the East; and if you have, state what the effect of those efforts has been?—When I went on my first mission to Persia, in 1800, I was directed by the Supreme Government of India to attend to any instructions I might receive from the Government of Bombay, and that Government furnished me with every information upon the former trade with Persia, and earnestly desired my attention to the object of finding a mart for any European goods, but particularly woollens; and I had an opportunity of knowing, that so eager was their desire at that period to promote the sale of woollens in that quarter, that their agent at Bushire had been allowed to sell them at a rate, and upon a credit, the result of which was a very considerable loss to Government. I made every inquiry that was possible; and in concluding the commercial treaty, obtained some diminution of the duties, but do not believe there was any increased sale. The north-western part of Persia, in which the Court resides, is partly supplied with woollens and other European articles from Astracan, by the Caspian Sea, and even British woollens are imported by that quarter.

Was every means taken by you, agreeably to your instructions, to promote the sale of British commodities, in Persia, of every description?—I took every means within my power to promote a general intercourse between the two countries, and to give every facility to the sale of every article both European and Indian; and I had the satisfaction of believing, that by my endeavours the

trade of indigo, which had before chiefly gone through Caubul to Persia, was turned to the port of Calcutta.

Have you found it practicable to promote the sale of English and European commodities there?—I had no means of promoting the sale further than by establishing that intercourse which rendered the communication more amicable and easy; the trade was perfectly open to Bushire, and being carried on chiefly by Persian merchants themselves, who had resort to every port in India, I can have no doubt they carried every article to their own country that would produce them profit; but the consumption of European articles in Persia, with the single exception of woollens, is, I believe, very trifling, chiefly on account of the general poverty of the mass of the community, and also from their own country furnishing all such articles as are necessary for their habits of life.

The tendency of these questions, put by the Company's counsel, was to establish that it was neither necessary nor expedient to open the trade to India and the Gulf. The committee, in taking up the examination, which was resumed on the 7th of April, ranged over a much wider expanse: the feelings of the natives generally, the discord between the Hindoos and Mahommedans, the population of the large towns, the state of the Indian army, the effects of reducing or increasing the number of the Company's European troops, and the invidious distinctions between the King's and the Company's service. On this last subject he gave his evidence as on one which for years had been pondered by him with much anxious thought, and perhaps some bitterness of spirit:

Did not Lord Cornwallis in 1794 recommend to his Majesty's ministers a plan for new modelling the army in India?—He did, in a letter to the President of the Board of Control.

Was not one of the principal objects of the plan to prevent the continuance or revival of those discontents and jealousies which had so often manifested themselves between the King's and Com-

pany's troops, as well as between the servants belonging to the different Presidencies?—It was; I believe his Lordship, as far as my memory serves, stated as much in the very words of the question.

Did not Lord Cornwallis deem it essential that the new regulations should be calculated to inspire hopes of promotion and public distinction, which his Lordship conceived would operate beyond all other incitements in calling forth the exertions of military men?—His Lordship stated those to be his sentiments, in his despatch, at least as far as my memory serves.

Did the regulations which were framed in 1796 extend their benefits equally to the three Presidencies?—They did not, I recollect particularly, because I was military secretary to Sir Alured Clarke, who at the period of their introduction was Commander-in-Chief at Fort St. George; and I remember that officer writing a minute, in which he pointed out this distinction in the strongest manner, and predicted that the most evil consequences would result from it with respect to the feelings of the army of that settlement.

Has not a preference been shown to the officers of his Majesty's service in India, in the distribution of military commands?—I have often heard such a preference complained of, but cannot charge my memory with any precise facts that would enable me to give an opinion at this moment upon its justice; but I know it was considered at various periods as a grievance among the officers of the Company's army.

Is not the rank of the Company's officers confined to that of major-general?—It is.

Has any Company's officer, since the regulations of 1796, been specially appointed Commander-in-Chief at any of the Presidencies in India?—I believe not one.

Has any mark of honor or public distinction been bestowed by the Crown on any officer of the Company's army, for military services?—I have no recollection of any such mark or distinction within thirty years, except one: the dignity of baronet was granted to Sir John Brathwaite, when he was superseded by a junior officer of his Majesty's service in India from the command of the army of Fort St. George, to which he had been provisionally appointed.

What, in your opinion, has been the general effect produced upon the minds of the Company's officers by their exclusion from the higher stations in India, and from those marks of honor and public distinction, which are usually the rewards of eminent military services?—I believe such exclusion has, beyond all other causes, tended to damp that ardor and high military feeling, which are always essential to the character of an officer, but, above all others, of officers so situated as those in the Company's service are in India; I believe that it has diminished the ambition, and almost extinguished the hope, with regard to military fame and rank, in all classes of that service; that they have in consequence sunk in their own estimation, as well as in that of the troops under their command, and of the inhabitants of the country in which they serve. I am also satisfied that this cause alone is competent to defeat all the benefits that were intended by the regulations of 1796, which proposed a fair equality between the two services.

Do you think that the character and credit of his Majesty's forces in India stand in the estimation of the native powers in as high a degree of respect as those of any part of the Company's troops?—I do certainly think that it does; and my answer to the last question was meant to convey, that the operation of the system established was calculated to raise it still higher, not upon its own merits (which, God knows, are as high as possible), but upon the depression of the other service. I neglected to answer one part of the question connected with the European troops, which was, that I was convinced the feelings cherished by the Company's officers were for a system that would produce emulation with his Majesty's troops, not jealousy; and that if they felt the loss of Europeans, it was because they had lost, among other things, the power and opportunity of competing for honest fame, in the front of the battle and in the breach, with his Majesty's officers serving in India, from which they are in some degree excluded, as European troops are in general employed upon services of the greatest glory and danger. It seems impossible but that officers with that advantage which the circumstance of their commanding Europeans gives them, must feel a superiority, and the other service must feel a consequent depression. I wish to say in explanation, that all the officers in his Majesty's service, who have since 1796 held stations of principal command in India, are persons for whom I

have the highest respect, and with all of whom I am personally acquainted. I feel bound to many of those officers by ties of gratitude and friendship; and I believe there never was a series of officers selected which did more honor to those by whom they were nominated; but it is a much easier task to show their high merits than to calculate the evil effects upon a whole service, by an exclusion which banishes all hope from their breasts of ever attaining the highest ranks in the service of their country. *

When Sir John Malcolm, being asked whether since 1796 any Company's officer had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of any of the Presidencies, answered, "I believe not one," he might have said, "Certainly not one." It was reserved for the year 1856 to see such an appointment.*

But although Malcolm, at this time, took as much interest in public affairs as at any other, and took part in them as much as an officer on furlough could; although he visited his friends, saw all he could, both of men and things, and laid up good store of information to be of use to him in after days, he found much time for quiet study. He devoted himself at intervals with great assiduity to the preparation of his History of Persia for the press, often taking counsel with his brother Gilbert, from whose scholarly taste his work derived considerable benefit. His "Political History of India" had been favorably received; but he felt assured that his History of Persia would establish for him a much higher reputation as an author.

He was often called upon, during his residence in England, to give letters of introduction, and some times of

* At page 32, vol. i., there is a note on this subject with reference to Malcolm's declared opinions in 1794. It is there stated, but with particular reference to the time at which the sheet was printed, the summer of 1855, that no Company's officer had been appointed a Commander-in-Chief. The appointment of General Patrick Grant to the chief command of the Madras army took place six months later. It took just sixty years to give practical expression to Malcolm's opinions as conveyed in that note.

advice to young men proceeding to India for the first time. These last were always distinguished by as much good feeling as good sense. From one addressed to a relative, I take the following admirable passages, every word of which may be studied with advantage by the young soldier for whatever part of the world he may be bound:

"You are now fairly started, and the sooner you learn '*that to be independent is to be respectable*,' the better. You must lean on no one; and as you have no money except your pay, you have a reason for not spending more, that must not only satisfy but please every sensible and honest man, and as to the fools and the unprincipled, you will lose all my esteem if you have not courage enough to despise their opinions. Many have an erroneous idea that an officer may be an idle fellow, and some conceive superior knowledge is thrown away in the army; while the universal *cant* is that interest and money effect everything; and Indolence exclaims, 'Why should not I indulge, since neither merit nor exertion will ever forward my advancement?' I trust, my dear Gilbert, you will never entertain such sentiments. An officer who desires distinction (and he must have a mean, wretched soul who does not) must be alike active in body and mind. He must devote every moment he can spare from duty to the improvement of his education, in the conviction that increased knowledge, if it should not even promote his advancement, must promote his happiness. He should join his companions in every manly exercise and every moderate enjoyment, but shun vicious indulgence and intemperance of every kind, as the bane of all his hopes and the ruin of all those expectations which his friends had formed. To enable him to do this, I know of nothing more essential than that his heart should always have a home. Cherish your love for your surviving parent, for those who brought you up, for them who will exult in your future good reputation, and whose hearts will bleed for your errors or misconduct. Habituate yourself to have such feelings always in your mind—they will enable you to withstand temptation, they will impart a fortitude that will overcome difficulties, and they will animate you in the hour of danger. Commence your career with a resolution to be a soldier, and give your

mind (if the impression is not already made) the conviction that there is no profession more virtuous, more elevated, or more glorious than that into which you have entered. As a defender of your country you should feel an importance that will raise you above the motives of those who deem the army a livelihood, and continue in it merely because they can discover no better means of supporting themselves. Such men never can be enthusiasts, and without real enthusiasm a person in your situation never can rise. If I could conceive that you ever would sink into one of those jog-trot animals, I should regret that I had not tried to place you behind a counter as a man-milliner. Do not mistake me about enthusiasm—I mean no light vaporing quality, such as unsteady characters often possess, whose efforts are born one moment and die the next; but that noble resolution of the mind which no labor or danger daunts in the pursuit of its object, which fixes the subaltern for years to studies that are to enable him to excel when he is a field-officer, which leads him to inure himself to privations in the time of plenty that he may not heed them where they are unavoidable, and makes him court every kind of service that can increase his chance of notice and distinction."

But whilst Malcolm was thus doing his best to contribute to the benefit of the profession to which he belonged, by elevating the character both of the service itself and its individual members; whilst he was writing books for the larger outside public, mixing freely with men and yet enjoying to the full the privileges of domestic life, time wore on, his family increased, his fortune diminished, and he became increasingly anxious about the future. He was not an extravagant, but he was a generous man; and it takes many years to teach one who has lived all his adult life in India how to turn a moderate income to good account. Less than half a century before the period which this narrative has now reached, a man who had enjoyed a tithe of Malcolm's opportunities of growing rich would have returned to England with a prodigious fortune, and swaggered about

as a yellow nabob. But Malcolm's opportunities had in reality been less than no opportunities to him. His frequent visits to different Native Courts, any one of which, some years before, would have made a man in his position wealthy for life, had inflicted upon him a positive pecuniary loss. He would have returned to England a richer man if, instead of serving the State with unceasing activity, now in one part of the country, now in another, sacrificing ease, comfort, health, everything but reputation, he had abandoned himself, as he might have done, to the luxurious quietude of the Mysore Residency.

That Malcolm's unfailing zeal in the public service had entailed upon him a heavy pecuniary loss was a fact which had been recognised by the Governments both of Sir George Barlow and Lord Minto. They had brought his claims upon this score to the notice of the East India Company, but nothing, before his return to England, had been done to compensate him for the sacrifice he had made. His friends, therefore, recommended him to memorialise the Court of Directors; and he did so under the assurance, at least of some of its members, that they would support his claims. But the Committee of Correspondence, to which, in those days, all such questions were referred, demurred to the amount named in the memorial. There was a division of opinion among the Directors as to the sum that should be granted; the question, therefore, advanced slowly towards an adjustment, and at last the Company granted to him, in compensation of losses, a sum (5000*l.*) much below the amount recommended by the Indian Governments.

It was under an assured conviction of their justice that Malcolm advanced these claims; but there never was a man of a less sordid nature—never one who cared less for money for its own sake, or on his own account.

He used to say that it was so necessary to the comfort and happiness of the older members of his family that he should possess a good income, and so essential in respect of his means of advancing the younger, that he should live in a certain style, and associate with certain classes of society, that he believed it to be his duty to neglect no worthy means of enriching himself. His actions are the best proof of the sincerity with which this was said. It may be mentioned, as an illustration of the generous nature of the man, that, at the time of which I am now writing, when he had begun to find the expenses of English living telling heavily upon his resources, one of his brothers, in the mercantile line, to whom he had made considerable advances, found his affairs in a state of hopeless embarrassment; but Malcolm, with the prospect of a heavy loss before him, only said that his brother was a noble-hearted fellow, and that he rejoiced in nothing so much as in the thought of having assisted him. And when, some little time afterwards, this brother, partly by means of Malcolm's influence, and partly by his own good conduct, succeeded in obtaining a good position in a Bombay mercantile house, and talked of shortly repaying his friends, John, although at the time somewhat depressed by the thought of the diminution of his own resources, declared that he would on no account cripple his brother by taking from him capital which he knew must be of so great importance to him at a time when he was embarking in a new business. It may be said that this is no more than the common duty of a brother. It may be no more than the common duty—but I am afraid that it is much more than the common practice.

Malcolm was not a man in any place, or under any circumstances, to lack the means of occupation and enjoyment. If politics were out of his reach, he betook himself to literature; if he could not prosecute his studies,

he could derive both pleasure and profit from social intercourse; and there was ever happiness for him in his home. He was always busy, and he was always cheerful. But he could not help feeling at this time that he was leading a desultory kind of life; that time was wearing away, perhaps his energies diminishing, whilst he was not adding, in the way he desired, either to his present reputation or his claims upon the gratitude of posterity. He did not underrate the usefulness of the task he had set himself in preparing the History of Persia for the press; but that employment was but of a temporary nature, and it was now fast drawing to a close. Besides, his talents were, as Sir James Mackintosh had said emphatically, "for active life." Literature could not be in the story of such a man more than an episode—a digression. It was hardly in the nature of things that he should spend two or three years in England without longing again for the bustle of the camp and the excitement of the saddle. It was much more in his way to act history than to write it.

It was the hegira, too, of great events—of memorable actions. All Europe was astir with the great deeds which General Wellesley—now Lord Wellington—was doing in the Spanish peninsula. In whose heart were the triumphs of the "Sepoy General" likely to excite such emotions of pride and pleasure as in that of his old friend and companion who had taken sweet counsel with him in the Mahratta Camp? And who so likely as a man of Malcolm's eager temperament to be warmed by these great events, in which his old familiar friend was the chief actor, into a strong and unappeasable desire to emerge from the quiet common-place life of an Indian officer on furlough? What great tidings had met him on his first arrival in England—Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca! And how had these been followed up

by other great exploits—Vittoria, St. Sebastian, Orthez! stirring the very depths of Malcolm's heart, and almost making him wring his hands in despair—as he had done at the thought of being absent from Assaye—when he reflected that such great achievements were being done by his friend, and that he, although a British soldier, who had spent long years in camp, and had been Wellington's comrade, could not now be the humblest of his lieutenants.

Military employment in Europe, Malcolm knew was, according to the constitution of the two services, an impossibility.* He turned to the East as to his legitimate field of action; and as his rank at that time precluded him from high military command, sought again diplomatic employment. He had at one time thought of obtaining the government of Bombay in succession to Mr. Duncan, but that appointment had been conferred on Sir Evan Nepean. From this he turned his thoughts to the possibility of being appointed, under the Crown, ambassador to Constantinople. All his schemes he communicated to Lord Wellington, and sought his advice regarding them. The common answer was to the effect, that if a man wishes to advance himself in England he must get into Parliament and fight his way. Wellington dwelt, too, upon the general tendency that there was in England to underrate the abilities of Indian statesmen. The letters, of which I subjoin some, were not very encouraging:

* The Duke of Wellington had at this time a very strong opinion that the officers of the Company's army ought to be available for service in Europe, and he would fain have had Malcolm and Munro with him in the Peninsula. In a letter to Lord Melville, under date March 12, 1812, he says: "I think it would be a very beneficial arrangement to allow officers in the service of the Company to exchange into the service of the King, and for the Company's service as well as the public, that his Majesty might be enabled to avail himself of the service in Europe of officers who had served the East India Company in India."

LORD WELLINGTON TO COLONEL MALCOLM.

Near Pampeluna, June 26, 1813.

MY DEAR MALCOLM,—I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 22nd of May, which I received by the last post, and for the sword which you have given me. . . . . I have not much leisure to attend now to Indian concerns, although I always feel an interest about them. I have been frequently astonished at the indifference with which public men in England considered the talents of those who had served in India, possibly because I was partial to those endowed with them, and entertained a higher opinion of those talents than the Ministers. But the fact is so. We must observe, however, that to hold office in England is a favor conferred upon the individual, and is not a right, as it is in India; and he who has the disposal of the patronage of the Crown must be induced to bestow office by motives of friendship for the individual, by a sense that he can serve his interests, or is more eminently qualified than another to serve the public. Although I had long been in habits of friendship with the public men of the day, and had some professional claims to public notice when I returned to England, I believe I should have been but little known, and should not be what I am, if I had not gone into Parliament. I would, therefore, advise you to go into Parliament if you can afford it, if you look to high public employment. I likewise recommend to you not to fix yourself upon Lord Wellesley, or any other great man. You are big enough, unless much altered, to walk alone; and you will accomplish your object soonest in that way. Don't, however, be in a hurry.

You will hear of events here. I have taken more guns from these fellows in the last action than I took at Assaye, without much more loss, upon about seventy thousand men engaged. The two armies were nearly equal in numbers, but they cannot stand us now at all.

Ever, my dear Malcolm, yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

LORD WELLINGTON TO COLONEL MALCOLM.

August, 18, 1813.

MY DEAR MALCOLM,—I have received your letter of the 25th of July. I don't think I can be of much use to you in any way,

and I should imagine of none in forwarding your views upon Constantinople. That Court is sometimes the seat of important diplomatic negotiations, and at others a seat of splendid retreat for ambassadors. You would be considered an interloper by either the active or the declining diplomat. You had better adhere to your objects in India. Get into Parliament if you can afford it; be nobody's man but your own, and you will soon be known, and will get on.

Ever yours most sincerely,
WELLINGTON.

I am afraid your brother-in-law will lose his leg, but he is in good health, and will get a pension in return. I have recommended him for promotion.*

In the summer of the following year Wellington returned for a little space to England, and was received as no man, perhaps, ever was received before, by a grateful and admiring nation. But in the midst of the popular enthusiasm that surrounded him he was not forgetful of his old "Deccanee" friend. He had not been many hours in London before he made his way to Malcolm's house in Manchester-street, eager to shake him by the hand, and excited the incredulity of an old Scotch servant by announcing himself as the Duke of Wellington. After a fortnight's ovation in England he sailed as ambassador to France, leaving Malcolm more than ever bound to him by ties of the strongest personal respect and affection.

The latter part of 1814 and the earlier months of 1815 saw Malcolm principally in London. In the April of the latter year he was created a Knight Commander of the Bath, with the first batch of Company's officers upon whom the order had ever been conferred. Two months

* Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell. He afterwards died from the effects of his wounds. This letter is published in the last edition of Gurwood's collection.

before, his brothers James and Pulteny had been decorated in the same manner. Thus from an obscure farmhouse in Eskdale had gone forth three sturdy boys to carve their way to distinction, and travelling by different roads, they had reached, almost at the same time, the same goal, and had won their spurs by good hard service, of which Scotland may well be proud.

In the summer of this year appeared the History of Persia in two quarto volumes, and was received with great favor by the critics and by the larger outside circle of the public. It was a very storehouse of information relating to a country of which in those days very little was known. There was a growing taste, too, for Orientalism at that time. Our poets were singing melodiously about the glowing East; and although India Proper had in men's minds rather a dull commercial atmosphere about it, Persia, Caubul, Cashmere, Bokhara, and other little-trodden Eastern countries were regarded as the very cradles of poetry and romance. A history of Persia from the pen of a man with a great Oriental reputation, who had twice visited in an ambassadorial character the Court of the King of Kings, was likely to be read with avidity both by people of an imaginative cast of mind and by those who, regarding the country rather from a political than from a poetical point of view, consulted a work of such large scope and elaborate research for the sake of the substantial facts that it contained.

From many of the most eminent literary men of the day Malcolm received letters of warm congratulation upon the appearance of his History.* Sir James Mac-

* It is much to be regretted that many of these are irrecoverably lost. They were in the possession of Sir John Malcolm's eldest daughter, the late Lady Campbell. Among others was a very warm and most interesting letter of thanks from Lord Byron.

kintosh, writing to him on the subject, added, "Perhaps you have heard that Lord Grenville is one of the warmest panegyrists of your History of Persia. When he had got through the first volume, he spoke of it with a warmth which is often, I verily believe, in his feelings, but very seldom in his language. I ought to add, that I had not written to him on the subject, and from the tendency of your evidence before both Houses, he had, perhaps, some prejudices, which you have now conquered.* What is said of my Indian friends in the article on Elphinstone is an act of mere justice, performed after much deliberation, and as a tribute to the merit of those who have risen in my estimation since my return to Europe. I hope you think that Elphinstone's claims are reconciled with those of Kinnier in a fair spirit."†

From Walter Scott, Malcolm received a hearty letter, saying: "I cannot refuse myself the opportunity of thanking you for the information and amusement I have derived and am deriving from your very interesting account of Persia; a history so much wanted in our literature, and which may be said to form the connecting

* In another letter, Sir James Mackintosh says: "At Dropmore, where I spent the last few days, you were not only on the table, but frequently on the *tapis*. Lord Grenville, who is very exact and severe in his judgment of English style, paid you the compliment of frequent verbal criticism, which I shall communicate to you at meeting for the second edition.

† The allusion is to a review of Elphinstone's *Caubul* in the *Edinburgh*, in which Mackintosh says: "Few governments had servants better qualified for diplomatic missions, by general understanding and local experience, by perfect knowledge of the interest of their own and the neighbouring states, and by familiarity with the manners, languages, and character of the country to which they were sent. Some of these accomplished gentlemen have since distinguished themselves in European diplomacy. Others have by valuable works enabled the public to estimate their talents; some have displayed the minds and the knowledge of lawgivers and statesmen in their examination before both Houses of Parliament. Mr. Elphinstone and Sir John Malcolm were chosen by Lord Minto for the embassies to Persia and Caubul. Both were, indeed, pointed out to him by the general voice of India." In the *Quarterly* there were some remarks on Elphinstone's book, intended to neutralise or qualify the high praises of the *Edinburgh*, and which greatly roused Malcolm's anger. He wrote a strong letter on the subject to Gifford, but I regret my inability to find a copy of it.

link between that of Greece and that of Asia. I cannot enough admire the pains which it must have cost you, among many pressing avocations and duties, to collect and compose the materials of so large and important a work. I wish also to mention to you, that if you should have any thought of settling on Tweedside, Mr. Sibbald's very handsome villa at Gledswood is now in the market, and in all probability, owing to the circumstances of the time, may be had very reasonably. I have a very selfish view in giving you this hint, for Gledswood is only five or six miles from my cottage. I long for some opportunity of talking over Persia and Border anecdotes with you."

The publication of a work of distinguished merit always enlarges the circle of a man's friends. It is one of the great and unspeakable privileges of literature that it breaks down many barriers of reserve and exclusiveness, and to him who labors worthily in the great calling, opens hearts and homes which otherwise would be closed against him. To Malcolm, literary success was of less importance than to most men, and had less effect upon his social status. But the exception, in his case, was one only of degree. He had mixed largely with mankind since his return to England; he had made many acquaintances and secured some friends among distinguished men of all nations.* The success he had achieved in active life would have obtained for him consideration, and his fine social qualities were sure to

* Among others with whom he established a lasting friendship was Count Woronzoff, the Russian General. "The young Count Woronzoff," he wrote in one of his private letters, "who has been so distinguished in all the late campaigns, breakfasts and passes the morning with me to-morrow. He is only twenty-one, and is a Lieutenant-General, and one of the first officers in the Russian service. I never met with a man of more information, plain sense, and talent. He and I are quite at home in Georgia, &c., where he served." This was in the winter of 1814—before the appearance of his History, the first issue of which was in July, 1815.

render him welcome, wherever he went. But there were some, nevertheless, who would have known little of him, and cared nothing for him, but for his books; and they were not those of whose friendship, in after life, he was least proud.

. But literature, as I have already said, was never more than a sort of digression in Malcolm's life; and now, whilst on the eve of bringing his History before the world, great events were passing which made him again wring his hands with despair at the thought of the inactivity to which he was condemned. Napoleon escaped from Elba. The Congress of Vienna was broken up. The Duke of Wellington was appointed to the command of the army on the Continent; the battle of Waterloo was fought; the allied armies entered Paris; and people, half mad with excitement, rushed to the French capital, eager to witness the grand scenes presented by the military occupation of such a city at such a time. Among others who went to Paris in July, 1815, was Sir John Malcolm. The Duke of Wellington sent him a message expressing a wish to see him there; so, accompanied by Colonel Allan, he started for Ostend, where his brother, Sir Pulteny Malcolm, was in command of the English fleet.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER WATERLOO.

[1815.]

ARRIVAL AT OSTEND—JOURNEY TO PARIS—RECEPTION BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON—CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DUKE—SIGHT-SEEING AND SAVANS—THE PRUSSIAN ARMY—DESTRUCTION OF WORKS OF ART—HUMBOLDT—WALTER SCOTT—JOURNEY TO CHALONS—REVIEW OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY—ITS CHARACTER AND CONSTITUTION—RETURN TO PARIS—TO ENGLAND—LAST YEAR AT HOME—PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE TO INDIA.

On the 15th of July, 1815, Malcolm, accompanied by Colonel Allan, went down to Dover and crossed the Channel to Ostend in a yacht. After a land-and-sea journey of twenty-four hours he entered that unsavory seaport. There he found his brother Pulteny, who commanded the fleet, comfortably housed in a spacious mansion;* and there, together with his *compagnon de voyage*, he was hospitably entertained. On the 18th, they embarked on one of those commodious passage-boats, or *treckshuyts*, towed by horses along the great canal, which then, and many years afterwards, monopolised nearly all the traffic between Ostend and Bruges—and again on from Bruges to Ghent. It was a lazy, somnolent

* In one of Malcolm's letters to his wife, he says that both Ostend and Pulteny's house reminded him of India. "The appearance of this coast," he wrote, "is in every respect like Madras—no low sand-hills—all a dead level." "This place itself," he added, "if it had cocoa-nut trees, would be India all over. Pulteny has a magnificent house, which by the size of its rooms and its paucity of furniture you might suppose a mansion on Choultry plain."

mode of travelling provocative of little incident. And if Malcolm had not passed, on the canal, two British regiments—the 21st and 62nd—and seen the banks crowded with men, women, and children, dancing and waltzing whilst one of the regimental bands was playing a lively tune, he would have had nothing to record in his journal.

Pushing on with all speed to Brussels, he found many most interesting traces of the great struggle of which its neighbourhood had been the scene. The city, indeed, was now little more than a great hospital. There he "met General Frederick Adam* and James Elphinstone, both recovering." "Dined at Adam's," he chronicles in his journal—"a very pleasant party. Adam heard the Duke of Wellington say, at six o'clock on the 18th, '*I think now we shall win.*'" Malcolm then speaks of the feelings of the people towards our troops:

"Yesterday," continues the journal, "a Fleming told us that the men of Flanders were delighted to have a Scotch soldier quartered on them—had no violent objection to English—but hated Prussians. The reason stated was, that the Scotchmen were quiet and honest. The men of the English regiments, though sometimes a little riotous, always respected the *master of the house.* The Prussians did not, but made servants of them. I thought there was some flattery in this statement, but Doctors Thompson and Somerville (high names) stated to-day, that since they had been in Brussels, visiting the hospitals, many men had been brought in whom the inhabitants had taken wounded from the field of battle, and had concealed in their houses, that they might enjoy the luxury of aiding them in their distress. Many of these were Scotch; and the people, when they brought them in, called them their '*dear Scotch.*'"

On the following day the journalist writes—and the entry should be held in remembrance—

* Afterwards Sir Frederick Adam, Chief Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, and Governor of Madras.

"Went this morning through the hospitals with Doctors Thompson and Somerville. We were met by the surgeons in charge; and saw nearly 2000 English and French wounded; and no sight could be more gratifying than the care and skill of the surgeons, the cleanliness, comfort, and good arrangement of the hospitals."

On the morning of the 20th of July, Malcolm rode out to Waterloo. It was with no ordinary emotion that he contemplated a scene, which had suddenly risen out of the obscurity of an expanse of farm-land into one of the most celebrated battle-fields ever named in the history of the world. His feelings were those of mingled exultation and regret. A glorious victory had been achieved, and he had not been there even to witness it. "As I approached this field of fame," he wrote in his journal, "my feelings of exultation as an Englishman were checked by a recollection that I had personally no share of the glory of that wonderful day. To have been even a spectator in such an action must give fame for life." General Adam sent his aide-de-camp to explain to Malcolm "the particulars of the position of the two armies." The latter spent three hours on the field, and jotted down in his note-book many particulars of the great battle. I do not know that they much differ from those which have been already given to the world.

Having thus visited Waterloo, Malcolm proceeded onward to Paris. He and Colonel Allan had been joined by Lord John Campbell, who was glad to form one of their party. Everywhere on the road through Belgium the people were loud in praise of the discipline and good conduct of the English. On the 24th of July they reached Paris. The Allied Armies were there. Wellington was there. The Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia were there. Many of the most celebrated statesmen of Europe were there. Englishmen of all kinds—from eminent authors, as Mackintosh and Scott,

to idle tourists hungering after a sensation—had flocked to Paris to see the show. The great French capital, indeed, was in a chronic state of *spectacle*. Malcolm went thither under the happiest auspices. His old friend Arthur Wellesley was now, in Paris the great focus of attraction—in the world, the foremost man of his age.

Malcolm never doubted for a moment the reception he would receive from the conqueror of Napoleon and the deliverer of Europe; and he was not disappointed. The Duke of Wellington received him cordially, as an old friend; and talked to him unreservedly, as to one by whom he desired to be thoroughly understood. They had many interesting conversations, the substance of which, and often the words, Malcolm chronicled at the time in his journal. I feel, therefore, that I cannot do better now than leave the journalist to speak for himself:

PARIS, JULY, 1815.

July 24.—Arrived at two P.M., as the army of the Duke of Wellington were passing in review before the Emperors of Austria, Russia, Kings of Prussia and the Netherlands, and all the principal Generals and Staff, &c., who stood in front of the Tuileries to see the heroes of Waterloo. They were not, I was told immediately afterwards, less surprised at their fine appearance than their numbers. They amounted to 65,000, which is more than they were at the battle of the 18th.

I went to the Duke's hotel. He had not returned from the review, so Allan and myself left our names, and the moment he came in (five o'clock), Colonel Campbell brought us a message requesting we would dine with him, and that we would bring Lord John Campbell, who was our fellow-traveller. We found the Duke with a large party seated at dinner. He called out, in his usual manner, the moment I entered, "Ah! Malcolm, I am delighted to see you." I went and shook hands, introduced Lord John Campbell, and then sat down. I mention this trifle because it showed me at once that his astonishing elevation had not produced the slightest change. The tone—the manner—everything was the same.

After dinner, he left a party he was with when I entered, and, shaking me by the hand, retired to one end of the room, where he shortly stated what had occurred within the eventful month. "People ask me for an account of the action," he said. "I tell them it was hard pounding on both sides, and we pounded the hardest. There was no manœuvring," he said; "Buonaparte kept his attacks, and I was glad to let it be decided by the troops. There are no men in Europe that can fight like my Spanish infantry; none have been so tried. Besides," he added with enthusiasm, "my army and I know one another exactly. We have a mutual confidence, and are never disappointed."—"You had, however," I observed, "more than one-half of your troops, of other nations."—"That did not signify," he said, "for I had discovered the secret of mixing them up together. Had I employed them in separate corps I should have lost the battle. The Hanoverians," he added, "are good troops, but the new Dutch levies are bad. They, however, served to fill gaps, and I knew where to place them." After some more conversation on this subject he went up to Allan, and began the conversation again.

Allan and myself expressed our gratification at seeing the state of the hospitals at Brussels, and told him how delighted we were to find that through the discipline he had established, and the good conduct of the troops, the English character stood so high that the name was a passport to the houses of those they had conquered. He said that he had done everything he could to effect this object. "The Prussians," he observed, "behaved horridly, and had not only lost character, but their object, for more was destroyed than taken; and in such scenes of indiscriminate pillage and harshness, those who deserved to suffer often escaped, and the benefit, when there was any, generally fell to them who deserved it least. My doctrine has always been the same," said he; "to go to work systematically—to play light with individuals, but grind the state." I remarked that he had taken advantage of an event which staggered credulity—that of an English army occupying the capital of France—to act in a manner that was calculated to soften the asperity and lessen the hatred of two great rival nations. "That very observation," he replied, "was made to me some days ago by Talleyrand."—"I trust, however," I added, "that France will be deprived of *the means of attacking other nations*, particularly the newly-created

10347

kingdom of the Netherlands, for they may be termed, as a nation, the most elastic in the world." He said that was true, and care should be taken; but I thought that he seemed to think dismantling the frontier places was better than giving them up.

When I stated that I could not discover any great strength in the position at the battle of Waterloo, but that it seemed the description of ground that might have been impartially chosen to decide a day between two great nations, he replied that there was no advantage; that the French artillery had rather the highest ridge. I asked him if he knew the foundation of the assertion made by Lord Bathurst, with respect to his (Wellington's) having surveyed the ground and declared he would fight a battle there if he could. He said that he had directed the ground to be looked at, and in the impression that it might be a good site for a few troops, as it was clear of the forest, and commanded two great roads; but he never had, he said, thought of fighting a battle there. "The fact is," he observed, "I should have fought them on the 17th at Quatre Bras, if the Prussians had stood their ground. My retiring to Waterloo was an act of necessity, not choice." I asked him if Blucher had co-operated well. "Nothing could be better," he said. "I sent him word that I knew I should be attacked at Waterloo. He said he would be ready on the 19th. 'That would not answer,' I replied, 'as I was assured I should be attacked on the 18th, and that I would be satisfied with Bulow's corps.' Blucher then wrote or sent word that he would send Bulow's corps and another; and came himself with his whole army to my support." The Duke said he saw Bulow at three. "The Prussians had told him," he said, "about their Horse."

The Prince Pozzo di Borgo, who dined with us, told me that he was with the Duke through the whole day of the 18th. "It was one of those actions," he said, "that depended upon the commander being continually in the hottest place, for nothing could be neglected. We were a great part of the time," he said, "between the two armies, but the coolness of the Duke," he added, "is not to be described. Considerable troops of Belgians stationed at Hougoumont gave way. The Duke, turning to me, said, smiling, 'Voilà des coquins avec qui il faut gagner une bataille.'" I was so struck with this characteristic anecdote, that I went to the Duke, and I asked him if it was true. He said Pozzo di Borgo had repeated his exact words. I was much pleased with the con-

versation of Pozzo di Borgo. He said, speaking of Metternich, that he did not merit the abuse that was given him. "Some men," said he, "direct circumstances, others go along with them. He is not of the first class." This observation was made in reply to some remarks Sir S. Smith had made upon Metternich's character. Pozzo di Borgo told me, that he had maintained throughout the whole country that England was lost if her Ministers ever admitted any negotiation that proceeded on the possibility of either Great Britain or her possessions in India being invaded.

July 25.— . . . . . Dined with the aides-de-camp at the Duke of Wellington's.* After dinner went to the Opera. The ballet and scenery beautiful. The stage is more admirably filled than in England, and all appear so much more at their ease. All that belong to it are in place, all upon it are at home. The ballet, which was a new one, was called "L'Heureux Retour," and was written for the occasion. Pretty French girls kissed some National Guards till they put on the white ribbon. Two sulky fellows of the Horse Guards who had been wounded at Waterloo came on with Napoleon's badges, and it was some time before their surly valor could be subdued. It was at last; and all ranks danced together, while white banners, covered with fleurs-de-lis, and upon which were painted "L'Espérance" and "La Paix," floated over them. The only foreigners introduced in the ballet were an English officer that had saved a young man of the National Guard, and a party of Highlanders, who danced reels in high style. This was meant as a high compliment. The piece was applauded.

I went with Colonel Allan this morning to pay our respects to Lord Castlereagh, Lord Stewart, and Sir Charles Stewart. The latter, who was dressing, sent us a message that he was going to see the Emperor of Austria, and would be glad to see us there. We went home and put on our uniform. The Emperor occupies the Hôtel du Maréchal Berthier, on the Boulevards. We found no state, except a guard of grenadiers, very fine-looking fellows, but of rather a heavy make. There were two or three aides-de-camp in attendance, and fourteen or fifteen English to be introduced. When we were ushered into another room, we found the Emperor standing alone. He had on a plain grey uniform,

* The Duke dined at Lord Castlereagh's.

the collar and cape of which were trimmed with silver. He is very thin, not tall, and his high shoulders, narrow chest, and awkwardly-hanging arms, make him look unlike his high station. We were each in our turn introduced by Lord Stewart, and the Emperor was civil to all, and spoke a good deal to several of the party, particularly to Sir Charles Stewart. When this ceremony was over, he addressed his conversation generally to the party, and showed, in the remarks he made, plain sense and good feeling. "We had been instructed by the past," he observed, "and should now have real peace." The word *peace* seemed to come from his heart.

I met General Archibald Campbell this morning, who repeated an excellent anecdote told by an Hanoverian officer, who was taken prisoner on the 18th, and carried before Buonaparte at six o'clock on the evening of that day. He describes him as in a great rage, which was increased by his declaring his total inability to answer the inquiries he made respecting the strength of the army, and the plans of the Duke of Wellington. He affirms that Buonaparte, after abusing him, turned in a fury of passion to one of his generals, and exclaimed, "I have beat these English twice to-day, but they are such beasts (si bêtes) that they do not know when they are beaten." He afterwards bade the Hanoverian officer be carried away. "Treat him," he said, "with the respect you would show an English officer." The consequence of this order *was a beating with the backs* of the swords of those who guarded him.

July 27.—Walked this morning through the gardens of the Tuileries. The scene is gay and pleasing. The gardens have much more resemblance to those I have seen in front of Oriental palaces than any I have seen in Europe. When we were near the palace, the Duchess of Angoulême arrived from England. We joined a crowd under a window where she was expected to show herself. After we had waited a considerable time, she appeared, and the shouts of "Vive le Roi!" "Vive Madame!" "Vive la Duchesse!" were general. She seemed in excellent spirits, and more than I could have expected. The joy which the people of this capital display on such occasions makes me melancholy. I continue to think of what has past. They seem satisfied with the present, and are wiser. . . . .

July 28.—Went to the Pantheon, a fine but unfinished build-

ing. . . . . Went next to view the *Musée Royal des Monuments Français*. . . . . When we came into the last room an event occurred which was most striking. Workmen had just placed some boards to remove a full-length statue of Joseph Buonaparte, and as we were entering, this figure of the ex-King of Spain was in the rough hands of those who had been sent to perform the work. Our guide, who was a fine-looking fellow, and very intelligent, had before shown the spirit which he tried to conceal on hearing a young gentleman who had joined our party remark on the present state of affairs. "A country," he observed, "though its army has been twice beaten, is not conquered." When he saw what the workmen were doing, his color mounted to his face. It was evidently a struggle to repress his feelings. He retired with Colonel Allan and me to a little distance, and then said: "See what they are doing. They are wrong. The people can't bear this. Buonaparte," he added, "has twenty voices for every one that is given to a Bourbon. Could you but have marked," he said, "the different manner in which the king and he were received, you would have seen the difference between a heart and a tongue. You English," he concluded, with great emphasis, "possess the greatest man that ever existed in the world, and there is nothing you may not attain if you play your game well." He seemed, though very polite, unwilling to listen to the moderate observation we made upon the character of his hero, but at last he applied to him a sentence which, I believe, was originally written on Cardinal Mazarin: "He has done too much good for any man to speak ill of him, and too much evil for any one to speak well of him."

July 29.—I met with General Macaulay, and went to see De Sacy, Humboldt, and Denon. We found only the latter at home. This celebrated traveller and artist appears in his old age to have arrived at all that one could desire. He possesses wealth and reputation, and in his excellent mansion he has a splendid and well-arranged private museum, that contains all the curiosities he has collected in his own travels, and many others that he has collected during a life devoted to the object. Among the most remarkable of his antiquities are two or three scrolls of writing in an unknown language, which he found in the hands of mummies, the age of which is proved by history to be above 4000 years. The lady's foot which he found in Egypt, and which he so well

describes in his Travels, is very perfect, and still beautiful, from its exquisite shape, which, it is evident, pains were taken to preserve. In speaking with Denon, I was surprised to find him unacquainted with the name of Rubruquis, the most ancient and, in my opinion, the most sincere of French Asiatic travellers. I conclude the name of Monk has prevented the modern philosophers of France from attending to this writer, for they are, I believe, all *of the creed of Voltaire.* Irreligion is, indeed, the system. General Macaulay told me that having heard a school was commenced in Paris on the plan of Lancaster, he went to see it: there were ten or twelve pupils, and they seemed to go on well under the instruction of a young man who appears to have both learning and religion. He told Macaulay that as he thought nothing could be more proper to teach youth than the Bible, he translated some passages, but Carnot had desired him by no means to continue that practice. "*Il m'a dit,*" said the schoolmaster, "*que la Bible était un livre dangereux;* and ever since," he added, "we have ceased to teach from it." Macaulay told this anecdote to De Sacy, who expressed regret, but said there was nothing in the occurrence that surprised him.

We went to l'Hôtel des Monnaies, and saw some very fine medals. After that I visited l'Hôpital des Invalides, which is a fine building, but not equal to Greenwich, except the dome of the church, which is magnificent. We saw here the models of all the fortified towns in France, made of wood and with colored sand, so as to give the most beautiful and accurate representations of the towns and their environs. Those of Besançon and Brest are particularly fine; not a building, or a field, or a mountain, or a hillock were omitted. The first of these models had been made nearly two centuries ago, and Louis the Fourteenth had directed a number of them to be added, in order to teach his children the science of fortification. The vanity of Buonaparte had been gratified by a very fine representation of the battle of Lodi. He would have suffered no slight humiliation if he had witnessed the scene we did. The Prussians had packed up ten, and were breaking up the models of Lille and Valenciennes for the same purpose, when we were there. The French officer in charge presented a picture of extreme misery. He had asked them, he said, for an order. They had pointed to the bayonet of a guard. "I could forgive their violence," he said, "if they

had not been so barbarous as to refuse aid in the mode of packing; but they scorned all advices, and these fine models," he added, "which have been made at such labor and expense, will be all destroyed."

July 30.—Went early this morning to the Champ de Mars, where we found six Prussian corps, the *élite* of the army, paraded. We introduced ourselves to some officers, and were permitted to examine each corps separately. Nothing could be finer than their appearance. The men were young, tall, and their dress and equipment complete—a coat, the body of which fitted like a shell, with a small skirt, a leather cap of round shape, increasing to the top, a very long round black feather, or rather tuft. Some corps had black, and others white leather cross-belts, and one of the same leather crossed the chest to bind on a neat and light knapsack, made of goatskin with the hair out, on the top of which was a small canteen; across the left shoulder, the cloak, which defended him from rain, and in which he bivouacked, was slung in a very convenient manner. It was rolled up so neatly and tightly, that it could not be more than six or seven inches round. It seemed made of a texture that resembled the Indian cumly more than cloth. Their firelocks appeared good, but the barrel was fastened on to the stock with brass clamps, that must make it, I should think, troublesome to clean. The infantry guards were dressed in blue, with white pantaloons (loose to the ankles) and shoes. The Gardes du Corps in white and grey pantaloons. The riflemen in green, and they had each a small sword, which was made to fasten on their carbine-rifle.

After we had looked at this fine body of men, who amounted to 4500, for some time, they were ordered to form a square, which they did, and the King and all his staff entered. A staff-officer of rank came to Lord J. Campbell, Allan, and myself, and told us to enter the square. Religious service was performed by a single clergyman. His pulpit was two drums. When he prayed, every one took off his hat. He gave out, as is the usage in Scotland, every verse of the psalms, and it was played after him by a delightful band, who were accompanied by about thirty grenadiers, who acted as choristers, and sang admirably. The sermon (which was not read) was apparently (for I did not understand a word of it) a very eloquent discourse, and preached with great animation; nothing could exceed the attention with which it was heard. The

King stood alone, in a plain blue uniform with grey pantaloons. His aide-de-camp, the Prince Charles of Mecklenburg, was near him; the rest of the staff, among whom was the Prince Royal, stood apart.

After divine service was finished, the regiments formed line. The King passed down the line, and they afterwards marched past him in divisions. I never can forget the emotions excited by this scene. The plain but impressive piety of the clergyman, the attention of his audience, their appearance and discipline, and the *spot* where they returned thanks to God for the victory they had gained, were all calculated to fill the mind with reflections.

Went to the top of Montmartre, from whence there is by far the finest view I have yet seen of Paris. We afterwards visited le Jardin des Plantes, and the fine menagerie and museum attached to it. In the evening I dined with the Duke of Wellington, and as I sate next to him, I had a great deal of very interesting conversation. He has a very low opinion of the French as a nation, and says at present they have not a man, either as a general or a statesman, that can be called great. I discover from his conversation it is meant to levy a heavy contribution upon them (2,000,000*l.*). He said that he had been much abused in England because he prevented blowing up the Bridge of Jena. I told him they had abused him more for giving Fouché a dinner. "They do not know what they want in England; but if they think an administration of honest and honorable men can be found in France, they are fools—there are no materials; and where all are rascals, you must take those who are most useful. If I had not settled with Fouché when I did," he said, "the Duke of Orleans would have been proclaimed King next day, and that would have been a new trouble."

I spoke to him about the models at the Hôpital des Invalides, which the Prussians were plundering, and said I thought it a great shame. He said he thought so too; but that if they were to be taken, England had a right to a share. I said I hoped such plunder would be stopped. We then discoursed about the pictures at the Louvre; and I expressed my opinion that the period had arrived when a great lesson might be taught to France and to Europe, by the Allies disdaining to imitate the injustice of Buonaparte, and abstaining from depriving France of any native work of art; but that justice should be satisfied by the restoration

of every painting and statue to the country whence it was brought away; and that the weaker the state was, the more consequence it was to make restitution, that the principle of the measure might be apparent to all. The Duke said this sentiment exactly corresponded with what he had expressed, and that he opposed himself to all acts of violence and pillage that more effect might be given to the deliberate chastisement which it was proper to inflict upon the French nation. He added, "When I protested against the destruction of the Bridge of Jena, I proposed that a tablet of brass should be placed upon it, with an inscription importing 'that the Prussians had twice entered Paris as conquerors, and marched over the Bridge of Jena, which had been erected by Napoleon to celebrate a victory that had been gained over them in an unjust war.'" The Duke, in expressing his detestation of the French character, observed he had never heard but one excuse for the most infamous conduct. They shrugged up their shoulders, and said, "We were obliged to do so, by the circumstances in which we found ourselves."

July 31.—I went this morning early to pay my respects to Sylvestre de Sacy, and was gratified by the reception which that respectable scholar gave me. He expressed great anxiety to see my works, and next Thursday was appointed to meet me. I was surprised, on returning to my lodging, to find that Pulteny had arrived from Ostend. Went this evening to a great ball given by the Duke of Wellington, at which all the principal officers of the British staff were present, and the ministers and generals of four courts. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia were also of the party.

August 1.—Went with Pulteny to several places. We dined in the evening with the Duke, and went with him to the Opera. He told me that Fouché, however great a rogue in public life, had the reputation of being a good domestic character. He is a widower, and on the point of being married again to a young lady of noble birth. His family had objected so strongly to this match, that Fouché had been obliged to obtain an order from the King. The Duke said circumstances had obliged him to be civil to Fouché, but he had refused to see all the others who had behaved ill. Macdonald and Oudinot he spoke of as decided exceptions. Oudinot was at his ball last night. He said he had explained his reasons, and could not forgive men who had

behaved so infamously; "and besides," said he, "I have all the resentment of a man who has been duped, for there was no one more deceived by the higher class of rascals than myself. I always knew the army was against the King, but I thought these fellows would have been truer to self-interest than to cast away so lightly and so shamelessly all the reputation they had acquired." He told me he had used Fayette like a dog as he merited. "The old rascal," said he, "had made a false report of his mission to the Emperor of Russia, and I possessed the completest evidence of his having done so. I told him, the moment he entered, of this fact. I did not even state it in a delicate manner. I told him he must be sensible that he had made a false report. He made no answer. I asked him whether he wished to do so as a public character or as an individual. He said he desired, as an individual, to communicate with me regarding my intentions towards the city of Paris. I expressed," the Duke added, "my utter astonishment at his presuming to come to speak to the General at the head of the army upon such a subject. 'What would Buonaparte have said, or rather what would he have done,' I asked, 'to an individual that had come to him on a similar errand the day he entered Berlin? Bon jour, monsieur.'".

After we had retired from dinner, the Duke was expressing his admiration of the models of fortified places, which he had been for the first time to see this morning. "I think," said he, smiling, "I shall take the representation of the battle of Lodi." "For God's sake," I observed, "do no such thing. It would be very bad to see you turn *Loottee* (plunderer)." "What, Malcolm," he returned, quickly, "you do not think it would quite suit me to become Loottee in my old age?" "Not at all," I answered. "Independent of these models being of more beauty than utility, they belong, from almost all of them having been made by their ancestors, to the present family, and taking them away is degrading them in the eyes of their subjects. But the obvious principle of conduct is to set a good example, not to imitate a bad one." We went after the opera and supped with Lady Castlereagh, where there are very pleasant parties. Plenty of men, foreigners, but no ladies, and few English ladies. Lord Castlereagh spoke a good deal to Pulteny and myself about St. Helena, where it is now resolved, it seems, to send Buonaparte. I do not know but that this place is the best. In England, he would at first have been

an object of curiosity, and next of pity. Lord Bathurst said "*that in a few months he would be as popular as Mrs. Clarke.*"

August 2.—In the evening I went to the Salon at Robert's, and saw gambling on a very great scale. I lost eight Napoleons at rouge-et-noir, which I considered as a very dear price for the sight. I was much interested at seeing Prince Blucher play. He was in a plain blue frock, and seemed quite intent on the game. He hardly ever looked up, or spoke a word, but put in money, or took it out, as he won or lost.

August 4.—I began my study of the French language to-day with a man who appears to have an admirable method of instruction. I went to la Bibliothèque du Roi, and introduced myself to Monsieur Langlés, who was civil in the extreme. He is as opposite, in his appearance and manner, to De Sacy, as he is in character. The latter is as plain and unaffected as he is learned and profound. The former has all the volatile flow of a Frenchman, an eager desire for the display of his knowledge, and is exactly what I expected the editor of Chardin to be, light and pleasant, and, though a man of literature, too diffuse and general to be very deep in any one branch of it. This little man received me with more than politeness. He was full of warmth; at least he told me so. We talked upon every subject connected with the progress of knowledge in the East, from a Chinese dictionary to a Bombay newspaper. He then spoke of my History, and I gave him an account of it. I told him what is true, that I had received aid from his Notes on Chardin, and the Notice Chronologique, which he has added to that work. (Langlés spoke of the History of Persia.) I told him I had been compelled to notice with some severity an error he had been led into by others, in the account he gave of my mission. He first said he had merely followed another person, and then excused himself on the ground of *le système de Buonaparte*, "whose censors," he said, "not only struck out some passages, but added others that they thought would be useful for promoting his projects; and what could a man do," he added, "who had lived under his tyrannic sway?" He said he had held the same situation he now filled twenty-five years. "I never received a favor from Buonaparte, but though he hated me because I was not disposed to go to Egypt with him, he never, I must do him the justice to say, did me any injury." I was amused to see, in Monsieur Langlés'

collection, volumes of bulletins of Napoleon's campaignings translated into Arabic and Turkish. These, he informed me, had been disseminated in great numbers.

I dined with Sir Manly Power, and went in the evening to the *Salon des Etrangers* at *Robert's*, but did not lose my money. This establishment, which belongs to Government, is kept in a very splendid manner, and though there is an evident and admitted advantage, there is no cheating. The fund is extremely rich. I was told it had, on one occasion, lent Napoleon forty millions of francs; but this appears impossible; perhaps it was four millions.

Macaulay assured me he had, from an authority he could not doubt, the following account of a short conversation that passed, two days ago, between the two rascals Carnot and Fouché. The former, who is on a proscribed list, who are directed to reside under the *surveillance* of the police, went to the office of the latter, and said to him, "Well, traitor, where do you desire that I should dwell?"—"Wherever you please, imbecile," replied Fouché, in the coolest manner, turning his head half round, as he answered his old colleague. Macaulay says he is as certain of the truth of this anecdote as if he had been present, as the person who told it him had received the same account from both the parties on the day that it occurred.

I went last night to the Théâtre Français. Neither Talma, the famous tragedian, nor Mademoiselle Mars, the comedian, have acted since Buonaparte's resignation. I asked a young Frenchman the occasion of this. "Why, sir," he replied, "the public expect that great and favorite actors should have character, and that they should display decided feeling and attachment. Now, both these personages you mention were devoted to Buonaparte, and it would be indecent in them to act immediately after his misfortunes." Talma's period of displaying character had, it seems, terminated to-day, and we went to see him in La Fosse's tragedy of *Manlius Capitolinus*, the story of which has a near affinity to that of *Venice Preserved*. I was much struck with parts of his acting, but I was never for a moment deluded. Perhaps the style of French tragedies, which are in verse, is not calculated to produce that effect. One of the female actresses, Mille Fleury I believe, recited well, and in a very pleasing manner.

I heard to-day an extraordinary anecdote, and from a quarter that appears authentic—that it was proposed, as the army was

advancing, to offer the crown of France to the Duke of Wellington. This extraordinary proposition was not only made, but discussed for some time. Though it was rejected, its being entertained for a moment was a remarkable fact.

At one o'clock we went to see the Emperor of Russia. We were introduced by Lord Cathcart. The Emperor was uncommonly civil. He said when I was introduced, "What a remarkable coincidence! A general officer of my service, who has been fifteen years constantly employed on the Persian frontier, has this moment left the room, having been introduced to me for the first time." He then asked me some questions about the country, &c. When speaking generally, the Emperor spoke as if his sentiments were a little changed. Of the French, "*C'est une nation terrible!*" he exclaimed, and put his finger to his head with an action that showed he deemed them as wild and extravagant as they are avowedly faithless and wicked.

August 9.—Dined at the Duke of Wellington's, and went with him in a gig to Feydeau's. He drives so fast through the streets that I am astonished he has not been upset. We saw an excellent opera, founded on the celebrated story of "Joconde." The music and acting equally good.

August 10.—I went to-day to visit *La Bibliothèque du Roi*, and looked at the MSS. with Monsieur Langlés; some of the ancient missals are very beautiful, and the collection is very great. I saw the coins also, and examined those of Persia.

I find it impossible to make up my mind with regard to the probable fate of this country. It depends in a great degree on those who have conquered it to determine what power it is in future to possess of injuring other nations, but its internal state must be decided by the character of its internal administration. The French, as far as I can judge, are not lessoned by what has passed, nor do they appear to me capable of receiving a lesson. The effect of the revolution, they say themselves, has been to emancipate them from all prejudices, but with these all the other ties by which they are bound have vanished. In place of a superstitious worship, a powerful king, a nobility which, with all its vices, was still ardent, and contained much that was respectable, and a devoted and obedient army, they have infidelity, a royal cypher, a set of upstart nobles with hardly any title to superior regard but what is founded on successful villany, and a turbulent

army. But this is nothing to other evils; all minds are unsettled. Many of them have knowledge, but it is knowledge which rests upon no principle, and is guided by no rules. It wanders abroad, and is more powerful to unhinge than to repair. It is unaccompanied either by faith or attachment. It believes in nothing, it loves nothing. It is anxious to come at great results without that exertion of patience and of labor by which they are to be attained. In short, the waters are out, and the dykes swept away, and no one seems willing they should be rebuilt.

Buonaparte has established a military despotism, and I mistake whether any other will suit France at this moment. If there is an army it will command, and no king can keep his throne who has not one on which he can depend. Louis, it is said, has dismissed his present army, but he will probably take many of them back. It appears a dreadful sentence to proscribe a brave army; but the safety of this monarch and the tranquillity of this country are gone, if he adopts any half-measures, any compromising policy. He should quit Paris, and reside at Fontainebleau, or some other place, where, surrounded by loyal guards and by an army made up of Vendéans and Bordelais, and other attached classes of his people, he would be in safety. This army should be fed with the spoil of the turbulent. The King should set no bounds to his kindness to those attached to him, and he should be at once fearless and unforgiving in his conduct towards all who are his enemies. He cannot conciliate with effect; and that popularity is not only uncertain, but unuseful, which is courted. This line of conduct would outrage what is called public opinion by some who believe themselves wise, and who think they find in the mouth of a public declaimer or the page of a pamphlet the sentiments of a nation; but that is of no consequence, and all other objects are comparatively trifling compared to that of tranquillising a disturbed state, for it is not till the waters have returned to the channel, till the storm is over, that any benefit can be derived from the experience of what is passed. I have no fear of the people of France at this moment; they will not rise upon abstract questions of government, and demagogues may talk their lungs out before they can excite them into action. It is the army which will, for a long time to come, give power to the realm of France; and, if the King cannot form one on which he

can depend, *all his institutions and constitutions* will only furnish means for his overthrow.

August 14.—I dined with Mr. Mackenzie, who has long been a public character in this country; our party was delightful. It was a mixture of English and French. Among others, we had Baron Humboldt, the celebrated traveller in America; Monsieur Langlés, the orientalist; Monsieur Viscompte, the antiquarian; and Gerrard, the painter. The party was extremely pleasant. I sat between Humboldt and Gerrard; and after a glass or two of wine, found French enough to recount as many anecdotes as any of them. On some of my English friends expressing surprise at my facility, Humboldt explained the cause in a way not a little flattering. "A language may be spoken," he said, "in a perfectly intelligible manner by one man who has half the words of another who cannot make himself understood; but the former must have his head filled with ideas. It is these," he added, "which enable him to proceed. If he cannot explain it in one way, he does it in another, and gets on; while a better scholar in the language is stopped because he has not words to state what he has to say in the only way that his more limited imagination presents the subject."

August 15.—I went this morning to pay my respects to Baron Humboldt, and saw a splendid copy of his work upon South America. I never was more surprised than at this interview. The Baron displayed attainments and knowledge that quite astonished me. He has no doubt received great aid in composing his extraordinary work, and that credit has been exclusively given to him which belongs to many; but still, admitting all that, sufficient remains to establish his reputation as one of the first men in Europe. Went in the evening to a concert at the Duke of Wellington's, where we saw the Emperor of Russia, and several others. Grassini sang delightfully.

August 16.—I had a long visit from Baron Humboldt, whose conversation is always instructive. He spoke with great knowledge upon the effect of aërial fires in vitrifying masses of stone, and observed, with great justice, on the objections which had been raised against the improbability of such a phenomenon, that twenty years ago the man would have been treated as an impostor who had spoken of stones falling from the skies—a fact now

as well ascertained as the fall of hail. Is it not possible that cities have been destroyed in this manner; and was it easy to resist the conclusion that terror and belief would combine to work upon the human minds that it was the immediate hand of God punishing sinners?

August 17. — Went in the morning to see Baron Humboldt, with whom I am every day more astonished. He appears to have done more to discover the secrets of nature than any former traveller, and his power of communicating the knowledge is as wonderful as the knowledge itself. Dined at the Cadran Bleu, and went to a fête at Vaugirard—the fireworks very fine.

August 18.—Went to a magnificent ball given by the Duke of Wellington in honor of the Knights of the Bath (Blucher, &c., &c.—foreigners) who had been invested. The rooms were crowded by the grandees and distinguished princes, generally ambassadors, of all Europe.

August 20.—Went this morning, at eleven o'clock, to breakfast with Monsieur Langlés, at La Bibliothèque, where I met with very pleasant company. The first person I was introduced to was the celebrated Volney. He is, what I should have supposed from his writings, an enthusiastic theorist, or rather visionary, with considerable genius, but, *like the caste* to which he belongs, preaching general philanthropy, but wrapped up in self. The old gentleman spoke at great length upon several subjects, but all with reference to his own travels, his opinions, and his systems. He *is* not very old, but the revolution, and the great events by which it has been succeeded, have given age to all who are concerned with it. He told us he had just invented a general alphabet, containing *the sounds of the alphabet of all languages*, and that he proposed it should be used by the learned when writing *foreign letters*. It had only, he observed, fifty-four letters, and its use would, he was convinced, remove the difficulties that were now experienced in writing oriental names, and many others. He appealed to me on several names, of which we made an experiment. Monsieur Walckenaer (a very sensible, pleasant man, who, among other accomplishments, speaks English perfectly), the celebrated geographer, who happened to be of the party, expressed some doubts, which put Volney into a great rage. He spoke a good deal of Buonaparte, from whom he described himself as inseparable while the former was First Consul. He said that

he one day found Buonaparte, who then lived in the Luxembourg, destroying a beautiful inlaid table with a knife. He asked him one day why he did so. "I abhor these fine things," was the reply. Volney called the ex-Emperor a *man-hater*, but that was probably because he hated Monsieur le Comte Volney, whom he had no doubt found a bore. At Malmaison, several of the chairs are cut by Buonaparte's knife, but that was evidently from impatience and a bad habit.

Dined with the Duke of Wellington: a large party; and we had charming music in the evening, with Grassini in great force.

August 21.—Allan left me this morning to return to England. He is an excellent and a delightful companion: his head is very good, and his heart one of the warmest and best in the world. This phrase is not extravagant applied to him; at least I can affirm I never met a man with a better. I went this morning, with Mackenzie and Walter Scott, to Gerrard, the famous painter. He was unwell; but Madame, who is a short, embonpoint, pleasant-looking, moon-faced damsel, showed us his painting-room, which contains pictures of *all the great men of the day*. The likenesses are good, and the coloring not bad, but there is a good deal of wood in them. The shades do not blend with that softness that belongs to the ancient masters. Dined with the Duke at a feast given to celebrate the Battle of Vimeira.

August 22.—Pulteny went this morning, and I am alone. I have now no fixed *compagnon de voyage*, but do as I like as to dinner, &c.

August 23.—I was surprised to hear this morning from some French friends that a violent memorial, drawn out by Fouché, was circulating through Paris. I could not obtain a sight of it, but it is, as represented to me, an inflammatory appeal to Frenchmen against the oppression, delays, and injustice of the Allies. It is addressed to the King, and consequently, if not followed by Fouché's resignation (which is improbable), we may conclude it is a paper of which the King approves. The person who repeated the substance of it to me is violent, and may have exaggerated its contents. He added to it some comments he made upon this paper, that if Louis were to escape from Paris, join the army of *La Vendée*, and summon all France to his standard, they might treat for peace, or make war in a less disgraceful manner; he would be adored, and have a better chance

of the throne of his ancestors than any other measures could give him. The fact is, it is difficult to say exactly what this subdued and divided country can do; but delays in political settlements at this moment are to be deprecated. They should know their sentence, which God knows I have no desire should be a mild one. We are also going on doing great acts of justice *à la mode* that appears like pillage, and is as insulting to the King of France as it is gratifying to his enemies, whom it furnishes with the power of misleading and irritating the people. All this might have been avoided by the promulgation of a declaration, or, regarding the principles on which we acted, in restoring to every nation those works of art which Napoleon plundered. And Louis, no doubt, would have issued an ordinance to the same effect. If he objected, it was of no consequence; the circulation of the other would have answered the object.

August 24.—I this morning paid a long visit to Monsieur Walckenaer, the celebrated geographer, and was delighted to find our labors in Persia had furnished him with such ample materials. Monsieur W. is laboring on ancient geography, and I can have no doubt, from what he showed me, that his work, when it appears, will far exceed D'Anville, &c., &c. He asserts, and there appears no doubt to me of the fact, that he has discovered the true measurements of the ancients; and from the comparisons drawn between the distances laid down in their best itineraries and the results of our best surveys, both in Europe and Asia, it appears they were much more correct than has been hitherto thought. Monsieur W. has fixed the site of almost all the ancient cities by measurements, and it is a great point in his favor that these results are all taken from maps with the construction of which Monsieur W. has no concern. Dined at the *Cadran Bleu* with Lord Powis and Mr. Clive. We had an elegant dinner, good wine, &c., for 15 fr. a head.

August 25.—This was what Frenchmen call *la fête du Roi*. All were dressed in their best attire, and they had a holiday. The theatres were opened gratis, and filled with the *canaille*. I traversed the gardens of the Tuileries in the evening. There appeared in the well-dressed mob I met there no symptoms of disaffection or turbulence, but their moderated joy appeared to proceed from the candles being lighted, rather than from any feelings of loyalty. Soldiers paraded up and down different parts of the

garden, who were evidently meant to suppress the slightest tumult. I met Walter Scott, with whom I afterwards went to see a woman of thirty-four, seven feet high, and a girl of ten, nine feet round.

August 31.—Went this evening to see Monsieur Chunzy, and found him among his oriental MSS. He was translating a Sanscrit MS., and told me it was his intention to publish an abstract of the contents of the Ramayan. He appears an industrious man.

I dined with the Duke of Wellington, and had a long and interesting conversation on the state of France. He thinks, and I am of this opinion, that the King has a good chance of maintaining his throne. But I was glad to find him satisfied with the policy, and, indeed, the necessity, of quitting Paris, where he is exposed to have his actions hourly pronounced upon by a licentious and unsettled rabble, and where he is in danger of being the sacrifice of a sudden impulse of treason. Envy of his government might involve this city in the crime of his murder, without having five thousand of its inhabitants in favor of such an act. The Duke, I was glad to find, had no dreams about the causes of the late revolution. It began with riots in Paris, brought about by the money of Orleans and the dreams of Philosophers, and aided by the weakness of an embarrassed Government. The mania spread. The people everywhere rose to get rid of the powers by which they were governed. The authorities everywhere took alarm, and a great part of the degenerate and dissipated nobility fled in all directions from the country. A few of the boldest villains seized the Roi, and by introducing a national uniform and cockade (1791) gave a substance and form (the first it had) to the great change. After that, Force in its most terrible shape was the engine. A subordinate assembly existed in every city, which acted under the orders of the parent at Paris. Its means were confiscations, resignations, and conscriptions. Its servant was the guillotine. When this assembly was suspected, a Commission from the capital was sent *to apply the instrument to it* by which it managed others. Since this period to the present, Force alone has managed France. There has been no movement whatever of the people; and the public voice, as it is called, has perhaps, for the last twenty years, had less influence in France than any country in the world.

I heard to-day that Fouché was tottering in his seat. A member of the Chamber of Deputies must, as a qualification, have at least a clear rent of 15,000 fr. from land and houses, and he must be above forty years. An elector must have about 5000 fr., and be twenty-five years of age. The King names the president of the election, who regulates the mode, and who, through the power he possesses, in a great degree can influence the elections. He addresses them, treats them, conciliates some and frightens others. The princes of the blood and the most distinguished of the King's friends are the presidents. The great difficulty in organising the army is in repaying the officers. The King gave half-pay to 40,000 last year. This year, the numbers are still greater. I heard to-day a good anecdote of the famous actor Le Kain. He was, when shooting, stopped by the gamekeeper, and asked, "De quel droit chassez-vous ici?" He answered out of a tragedy,

"Du droit qu'un esprit vaste et ferme en ses desseins
A sur l'esprit grossier des vulgaires humains."

September 1.—I sat this morning three hours with Monsieur Langlés, and was introduced to Monsieur Henri, who he proposes should translate my history. We are to have another consultation on Monday. I saw a gentleman at Monsieur Langlés' who was carrying two small pieces of sculpture upon crystal to show the Emperor of Russia. They were about five inches long, and four broad. The sculpture was a crowd of figures, and the scene represented was from Holy Writ. I never saw anything so exquisitely done. He told me they had been finished in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and were, he believed, unique. Dined with Walter Scott, and supped with a pleasant party at a *restaurateur's*.

September 2.—Saw this morning a review of nineteen squadrons (1700 sabres) of the Life Guards and Blues, and was delighted to see that both John Bull and his horse had more substance than any of the foreign cavalry. There are at present reviews every day, and the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia hardly permit a guard to mount without their presence. The day before yesterday some Russians and Prussians were out together. They fought a sham battle, in which the Prussians were commanded by Alexander, and the Russians by the King of Prussia. After some manœuvres, and complimenting each other, the affair finished, and they shook hands, talked, laughed, and

seemed delighted with the exhibition. There was more of laughter than of admiration at this royal game of soldiers. Kings who live with their armies, and have a disciplined public, may render themselves more familiar to the gaze than others can; but they should ever have strong personal character to carry them through, otherwise the practice is pregnant with mischief. A king should be great that ventures to appear small.

In speaking with an intelligent Frenchman respecting the new Assembly, he said that the majority are decidedly firm—the electors having been completely influenced by the presidents; but then, it is decidedly a party election. That, however, cannot be helped. Marshal Moncy has declined sitting as President of the Military Council appointed to try Ney. He has been in consequence destitué, and imprisoned for three months; but he should be deprived of his fortune as well as his station. He, however, acted a more manly part than Massena, who, to excuse himself from the same office, pleaded ill health, which is permitted by law. Another (whose name I forget) has done the same. This is, in fact, a mutiny among the Marshals, and should be treated as such. Every man who refuses to do his duty should be dismissed, banished, and have his estates confiscated. It is the abundance of their ill-gotten wealth that makes them despise the slight punishment of losing their station.

September 3.—Dined with the Duke of Wellington, who spoke with great affection of Colonel Gordon, his late aide-de-camp. He said he had been long with him, and his manly qualities had attached him very much. He said that Gordon had during the action, two or three times (when he was using his glass), led his horse out of the severe fire to which he was exposed, and showed throughout the day a great solicitude to preserve his (the Duke's) life. "When I was at supper at the village of Waterloo," said the Duke, "he was brought in, and I thought, as he had only lost his leg, we should save him. I went to see him, and said I was sorry he was so severely wounded, at the same time taking hold of his hand. 'Thank God you are safe,' was his reply. I then said, 'I have no doubt, Gordon, you will do well.' He raised himself, and then fell back in the manner that indicated his being completely exhausted. Poor fellow," the Duke added, "he probably felt there was no chance. He died next morning at eight." We had a concert, with Grassini in great force. She is a sweet

singer, and a perfect actress. Her temper and manners are of accord, and I cannot conceive a more pleasant person; and, for forty-five, she looks wonderful.

September 4.—Went early this morning to the plain beyond the Champ de Mars, to a review of ten or twelve thousand Prussians. They are very fine troops, and went through a number of manœuvres. The Lancers made a beautiful appearance, with the small flags on the lances. In manœuvring, the infantry almost always advanced in column. I asked the Duke what he thought of that favorite formation of the French. He said, "It was a child of the Revolution, and excellent when there were a few good troops and a number of bad; but, for himself, he always fought in line, which he conceived a great advantage."

We were speaking of the Emperor of Russia, and he agreed with me that his situation was most extraordinary, having a military condition distinct from that of emperor, which he considers chiefly as a compliment to his army, gives him the influence of a military monarch. The Duke, speaking of Alexander's character, said he had been imbued with all virtues; but he had learnt artifice also, and his mind, which was weak, preferred the latter. "All questions were decided by him with reference to my means; he had an insatiable desire of interfering everywhere, even in Spanish affairs."

This day I dined with Mackenzie. Among others, I met at his house General Harinof, an Hungarian, a pleasant man with the air of an Austrian soldier, and the grimace of a Frenchman. He hates the French and the Russians, but seems to like the Prussians. He told us some good anecdotes of the youth of Blucher, who, he said, was a man of enormous strength. He said he once knew him, when borrowing from a Jew to supply his passion for gaming, take hold of the little Israelite by the collar, and hold him at arm's length out of a high window. The Hungarian general, whom I met at Mackenzie's, told me his countrymen were chiefly Calvinists, and that they continued very religious. He said every soldier in his corps was familiar with the name of Wellington, and spoke constantly of his victories; but their pride in him originated in his being a Protestant, and to that, more than all his talents, they ascribed his success.

I had a long visit this morning from Monsieur Henri, who wishes to translate my work; and Monsieur Bertrand, a bookseller,

who wishes to print it. I was sorry to hear from them that in the centre of France some unhappy scenes had taken place, and more were likely to occur between the Roman Catholics and Protestants. This is not, Monsieur H. informed me, from religious feeling, but from the jealousy which exists between the two classes, and a belief, real or pretended, that the Protestants are all Buonapartists.

September 5.—This day was passed in preparation for my trip to the Plaine des Vertus, to see the review of the Russians. I have sent an old French soldier with my cabriolet to Meaux, and proceed at seven to-morrow in the diligence to join him. I expect on the 7th to join my friend Count Woronzoff, at his head-quarters at Bierges. I took leave of my friend Walter Scott to-day, Pringle, &c., as they are returning towards their home. My miniature is finished; it is a fine painting, and though I am a little too thoughtful, I hope it will please the person for whom it is intended. If it does, the object is fulfilled.

September 6.—I left Paris at seven o'clock in the morning. . . .

September 9.—Slept sound last night on some dry straw. Went this morning to Châlons. . . . . To-day I was surprised to meet Sir James Wylie, a Scotchman, who has risen by regular degrees to be at the head of the medical department of Russia, as well as chief physician to the Emperor. He gave me his history in a few words. He was an *élève* of Cullam and Gregory, and went to Russia, where he commenced his career by being surgeon to a battalion, from which he became surgeon to a regiment, a division, a corps, an army; then the favorite physician of Paul, whom he embalmed. He succeeded to equal favor with the present Emperor, who has nominated him President of the Academy, and given him the sole direction of all his military medical establishment. Count Woronzoff gave testimony to its excellence, and ascribed, as did several Russian generals who were present, the great progress that had been made in its improvement to Sir James. He told me the plan he had got the Emperor to adopt. No students were admitted into the medical class under eighteen or over twenty-four. Certain attainments, including a knowledge of Latin, were required; and before they were sent to the army they were completely educated as physicians as well as surgeons. Sir J. W. is an English baronet, and is covered with foreign orders, having two of Russia and one from every con-

tinental court. He has the rank of general, is at the head of the Academy, is inspector-general, physican-general to the forces, and first physican to the Emperor. He cut off Moreau's legs, and said he would have lived if he had not been moved. He seemed quite delighted to meet *a Scotchman,* and complained bitterly, as all the Russians do, of allowing our officers to fight against them. I can never think of poor Christie's fate with patience.

I have had a good deal of conversation with Prince Lubanoff, who has the second or third fortune in Russia, having 33,000 peasants, almost 40,000*l.* per annum. He says the Emperor must give them a constitution; and I find Count Woronzoff thinks something must be done to ameliorate the internal government. Russia has now a million of men; two-thirds of these at peace take leave and go to their homes, from whence they only return on war. They have hardly any pay. They speak a good deal of Persia, and the facility of an Indian invasion. This the Count treats as nonsense; but he seems persuaded no continental power could stand against Russia a moment. Never was an army, he says, in which there was so much brotherhood and so little jealousy. It is formed of corps, divisions, and regiments, cavalry and infantry. A corps is two divisions; a division six regiments, two battalions each, and one battalion in Russia. The regiment is 850 strong, and 50 supernumeraries each company. This makes an infantry division about 12,000, a cavalry 5000. I was astonished at the health of the Russian army in France. Sir J. Wylie assured me that he had returns to prove that out of 200,000 there were hardly more than 1000 sick. He appealed to Woronzoff, who affirmed that in his division, which was full 10,000, he had only 33 men on the sick list, and had only lost one man by death; and only 38 men died in August of the whole Russian army in France in the last month.

September 10.—I saw the grand review this morning. Never was sight more splendid. There were 152,000 men under arms, of which 25,000 were cavalry, and 538 pieces of field artillery. The infantry divisions, amounting to about 10,000 each, were drawn up in three lines, with their artillery. Three companies of 36 guns on their flanks, the cavalry in the rear and on the flanks, and the fine park of horse-artillery was on the right. The whole army was drawn up on the plain to the east of Montmorency, on

which the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Duke of Wellington, and all the great chiefs and generals stood. The whole of this part of the hill had been railed, and a little below it a considerable spot had been cleared and covered with benches for the accommodation of lady-spectators. At a little before nine a signal cannon was fired from the spot where the Emperor stood to give his orders. I should mention that Alexander had his sword drawn, and commenced by saluting his *Brother of Austria,* to whom I heard him explain, with great clearness and vivacity, the name and position of every corps of his vast army. The first signal was to call the attention; at the second, every cannon in the army opened a fire, and the effect was very fine. When this was over, a third gun from the mountain was the signal for the whole to form close columns of regiments and battalions. The eye took in the whole, and the manœuvre was beautiful. The moment it was executed another signal-gun was fired, and the whole of the infantry (130,000) formed one immense square of columns of corps. The horse-artillery formed in two lines on their right, and the cavalry in columns of regiments formed a line, or rather one face of a square, in the rear. When they were in this position, the Emperor, with his staff and an immense train of visitors, rode round the whole at a hand-gallop. The distance was probably *ten miles.* After this hurried review another signal was fired. Several of the corps took new positions. The Emperor and his train occupied a place near the centre of the square, and the whole army passed in review in columns of companies and squadrons.

It was here we saw the whole Russian army in France, and it must be confessed that the material is *excellent,* and practice and care together have brought it to a perfection of discipline. There was nothing hid, and the *élite* of the army, the Imperial Guard, was not present. But there cannot be a better description of men, as far as bodily frame is in question, than those that form this army. After the whole had passed, a signal was fired to re-form the original lines, which they did with admirable precision. The distances were taken up with as much exactitude as you would expect from a brigade of the best-disciplined troops. I could not but remark, as they were performing this manœuvre, the fine style in which their solid columns advanced, with a firm, but free and rapid step. I hardly think our own troops step out *better,*

and certainly neither the Prussians nor Austrians have anything like this step.

After they were in their original positions, a signal-gun was fired, and a fire of cannon and musketry opened from the whole army. This tremendous fire continued nearly a quarter of an hour. Nothing could be grander, and to those who were not military amateurs, it was by far the finest part of the review. After it was over, a signal was fired, and the whole broke into divisions and returned to their lines. Woronzoff told me we had seen, as nearly as could be, the third of the disposable force of the Russian line, excepting the Guards, 35,000, and the Cossacks, from 60,000 to 100,000.

Woronzoff dined with the Emperor; I dined with a large party in his barn. Among others, were the three generals of his division. We actually got tipsy over the feats of the day by toasting the Army, the Emperor, Wellington, and Woronzoff, in tumblerfuls of fine champagne.

The Russian army has been revolutionised, like everything else, within the last ten years, and to that it owes much of its condition. The Emperor promotes at pleasure, and every brilliant action is rewarded with a step. There are many lieutenant-generals little more than thirty, and they are evidently of a very different school to the old hands with whom they are mixed. They have in the Russian army some enlarged and sensible men, but I suspect in general their knowledge is very limited. General Lissanwitch, who has been much in Persia, and who has been stationed on the frontier for more than twenty years, had a confused idea that India was governed by a Company; he explained to the company and to me their greatness, and finished by proposing the health of *The Company of Ostend.* The knowledge he displayed was admired, and the toast drunk. I was the first to join, for I had just been kissed all round as a worthy member of the 2nd division of the 5th *corps d'armée,* and I would not for a million have sinned against discipline by exposing the ignorance of one of our generals.

General Gourieff, who belongs to the division, told me he was made a major-general in the line *at once* for having led 4000 militia against the French when on their retreat, and having fought several skirmishes with success. I was pressed over the bottle, when I gave the health of the Russian army, to say what I thought of it. I said it was as good in point of discipline as an army could be; that it was, now the French Empire was broken,

the greatest in the world, and that when we considered the causes that had led to its arrival at its present state, nothing could be more formed; but I added, "When I consider the principles upon which it is formed, the nature of the wars in which it has been employed, and the character of the Russian nation, I am satisfied it is only great and powerful for good and noble objects, and that if any delirium ever led to that fever which had been the defence of Europe being employed for opposite forces, it would soon lose its present character." My speech, which was given in French, with all the fluency that a bottle and a half of champagne could inspire, was received with enthusiasm, and every one present declared his full coincidence in my sentiments.

The state of Russia at this moment is very curious. The Emperor, who has been absent nearly four years from his country, is considered by all ranks as pledged to ameliorate the internal administration of the Government. In short, they expect that law will confirm much of that liberty and security which they have long practically enjoyed, but which is not secured by the slightest law, for the Emperor, according to the theory of the Government, is as complete a despot as the King of Persia. In the army their appears as much liberty of speech, and as free a spirit, as in the English. The soldiers appear to be treated both with kindness and familiarity. It is deemed essential to attach them to the commander; but I am told the task is not easy, for though as sulky as possible if harshly treated, they are prone to presume upon extreme indulgence. The last eight years of constant service has made this army what it is. They are complete soldiers. I was delighted to see their bivouac the day after they came. Every man had some shelter, but their temporary cover was in exact line, and what pleased me most was the post with a well-thatched cap in front of each company for the arms.

The army, as I have said before, consists of regiments of three battalions of eight hundred and fifty, six companies in a regiment. There are two battalions of the regiment on service and one in Russia. When the regiment proceeds on service there are generally fifty men in each company unarmed to fill vacancies. These have been armed this last year.

There are in a division of infantry six regiments, *i. e.* twelve battalions, which are divided into three brigades of four battalions each, with thirty-six pieces of cannon and three companies

of artillery. There are generally two divisions of infantry and one of cavalry (six regiments), about five thousand men, in a *corps d'armée*. The Russian soldier has not more than nine shillings per annum. He has rations of bread that enable him to live. The Russian soldier makes his own clothes, shoes, &c.; the colonel merely receives cloth and leather. A junior commissioned officer in the Russian army has about twelve pounds per annum, and must provide his dress. They are of course a constant charge upon their parents, and this is one mode in which they contribute to Government.

The horses of the Russian artillery are small, that is, short, but of great strength and spirit. The colonel of the corps is only allowed fifty francs, about two pounds ten shillings, for a servant. Five pounds is the purchase-money allowed for a horse for the heavy cavalry. The Russian artillery is very pretty, and Count W. assures me it is excellent. He speaks with rapture of their small tumbrils on two wheels, drawn by three horses abreast. Their largest guns are a species of cohorn, that throw shell as well as shot; they carry twenty-four pounders. They appear to me the worst part of their equipment, as they are neither one thing nor another.

General Waynof, an officer of high reputation, who commanded one of the corps on the Berezina, and is now living with us at Woronzoff's, gave me some extraordinary anecdotes of Suwarow. I remarked that that extraordinary man was always playing the monkey. "It is very true," he said, "but it was neither from weakness nor from habit. Every trick had a meaning, and such was his talent that he never failed of effect." As to the Russian soldiers, he said he knew every feeling, and could distinguish to a nicety at any moment the manner in which they were to be addressed. "I remember," said the General, "on one occasion, when the advance were put to the rout by a sudden and violent attack of the Turks, and the confusion seemed insuperable, Suwarow threw himself upon the ground in the direction the soldiers were coming. They endeavoured to raise him, and entreated he would save himself; but he was deaf to their entreaties. 'Run,' said he to them, 'my children, and save your lives. These fellows want to cut off old Suwarow's head. Let them; your general is quite content, so that you are safe.' Shame, affection, and indignation took possession of their minds. They entreated him to rise and

lead them against the enemy that they might recover their reputation. He was on his feet in a moment, hurrahed on his Russians, the Turks were driven back with terrible slaughter, and Suwarow skipped about with joy, kissing and hugging the runaways that he had rallied and led to victory."

The Austrian system has been to render soldiers machines, and I believe the army of that state, though one of the finest in appearance, is in fact one of the worst in Europe.

September 11.—Went this morning to a mountain near Vertus and saw the whole Russian army drawn up on the west side of it to attend divine service, and to celebrate the day of St. Alexander, which, from his bearing the same name, is termed the day of their Emperor. The infantry were without arms, and the cavalry dismounted. There were no cannon. The absence of these equipments made them occupy much less space, and nothing could be more beautiful than to see them form seven solid masses of 24,000 men each, and march to squares, marked out by seven tents that were fitted up as churches for the occasion. Round these they formed the three sides of a square in columns of double battalions, and the service commenced.

I was at the church of the Emperor, where, as in the others, service was performed as in the Greek Church. The tent, or rather fly, was open in every direction, where a kind of stage was formed, part of which was enclosed with a painted wooden scene that had a folding-door in the centre and a small door on the right. The papas, or priests, who were five or six in number, were habited in the richest robes of satin and gold. Their hair was loose and flowing; some of them had their heads bare, while others were in general covered with a small round cap. The service was performed by all. Sometimes they chanted, and the responses were always sung by two bands of choristers that stood on each side of the tent, who appeared to be composed of all classes—choristers, soldiers, musicians, and drummers. The papas were at one moment behind the scene, at another the folding-door opened and three or four came out. Sometimes the papa on the outside chanted a prayer, and a hollow voice from within answered. Once or twice one of the priests scattered incense, at another time he proceeded with a cross to the end of the tent, and once to some

distance on the platform. One or two anthems were sung by the choristers. In short, I never saw more mummery, but I never saw a scene more imposing; the occasion, the congregation, everything conspired to give it effect, and I left the scene to proceed on my route to Paris, satisfied of one fact, that, however mistaken the mode might be, man was always exalted when he was addressing his Creator.

On the following day Malcolm set out on his return to Paris. At an hotel on the road he met two Polish officers, with whom he fell into conversation:

I stopped at the inn to take breakfast, but at the earnest request of two strangers, one of whom was Prince Sulkawski, and the other Count [ ], I stayed to partake of an early dinner. They were, I found, two Polish noblemen, who had come with five others, on the part of the Polish army, to congratulate the Emperor of Russia (their present sovereign) on his success. The Prince told me he was an aide-de-camp-general of the Emperor, as he had been of Napoleon as long as the latter was protector of Poland. The Count was a very sensible man. He had travelled much, and had visited every part of England. He said that part of Poland which had fallen to Russia was satisfied, because the people reposed the greatest confidence in Alexander's character. "We have," says he, "a national army; we have a separate language; we are to preserve our laws and usages, and we are promised no Russian shall ever hold public employ in Poland. Certainly," he added, "we have only *personal security* for all this, but we are satisfied that it is the best *personal security* in the world; and in our situation nothing could be better, for all ranks are now satisfied that Napoleon never would have kept his promises, and that we should have had the usual progress of being, first, his dupes; secondly, his instruments; and lastly, his slaves."

The Poles are fine soldiers, and showed great activity and valor in the campaign in Russia. They are a very different people from the Russians. The latter are a remarkable race. Buonaparte showed little knowledge when he wanted them to rise, because they were slaves to their lords. He should have known that they

were in that state of ignorance that they could not understand him. Besides, they are attached to their superiors, who, even when they are soldiers, are obliged to court them. I went through his division with Woronzoff. He said to every company as he passed, "How do you do, my children?" "Very well!" was the kind of hurrah reply. The Emperor paid each of his columns the same attentions after the ceremony of the 11th.

The Russian peasants, though belonging to the soil and in a state of vassalage, are not slaves in a degraded state. They are vassals; and though a few inhabitants of great cities may sigh over their situation, the great majority, ignorant of any other condition than that vassalage in which they were born, glory in their dependence on families to whom they have an hereditary attachment. They must be half instructed before they can be revolutionised, but their condition makes it a great danger to the sovereign and nobles to attempt any very radical reform of the government of Russia. Count Woronzoff tells me that though the Russians are religious, they are not bigots. The peasantry invariably followed their lords; and as one great fact in proof of this, I may mention my friend General [ ], a very fine young man in Woronzoff's division, who, at the head of a hastily-formed militia of four thousand, gained considerable advantages over the French forces. The Emperor made him a major-general at once, and sent him an order to recommend forty-five of the most distinguished persons of his corps, to whom commissions were given in the regular army.

September 13.—Passed in paying visits. Met Ellis, who had come express for the review, but was too late; and dined at the Duke's.

September 14.—Went to see Barons Denon and Humboldt, and Mr. Langlés; stayed with the latter several hours, examining MSS. Among others, I saw some original letters from Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn.

September 16.—I went yesterday from a very warm box at Catalani's theatre to Tivoli, and caught a most severe cold, which confined me all day to the house. Flogging scholars is forbid in France since the Revolution.

September 17.—I went yesterday to the workshop of M. Gais

to see his statues. The "Horatii Starting for the Combat" is, in my opinion (but I am no judge), one of the finest pieces of modern sculpture that I have seen: the stern resolution of the elder brother—his matured nerve—his eagerness for the combat; the fine, manly, and open countenance of the second—the animation which is kindled in his features at the speech of the elder, whose head is turned to address him; and the soft but noble beauty of the third, who is represented quite a youth, and as half dragged by the elder, but whose reluctance, from the tender sentiment that is given to his countenance, appears evidently to be only excited by love. He appears all martial in his form and look, but unwilling to slay the brother of his beloved, even in the cause of his country. The patriot has not overcome the lover.

The figures are large life. This piece of sculpture is in plaster of Paris. It gained the first prize, 4000 francs, and had Napoleon continued, it was to have been finished in marble, which M. Gais told me would take him five years' constant labor, and cost between 50,000 and 60,000 francs. "If I had money," he added, "I would do it myself; but I have none." He asked my opinion about exhibiting his Horatii in England. I said I thought it would answer. He took me into his workshop, where he is employed on an immense work—"The Descent from the Cross." The cross will be about twelve or fourteen feet high, and there are five figures in large life; the two lower ones, who are supporting the lacerated body of Jesus, are almost finished. The work, which is in plaster of Paris, will be complete, M. Gais informs me, in a twelvemonth. It is a subject which, though exhausted by the finest painters, has never been attempted by the chisel,—at least so M. Gais told me.

September 18.—I was yesterday confined with a severe cold, for which I was obliged to be bled for the first time in my life. It made me sick even to being faint, and I could not help laughing, unwell as I felt, at the spectacle of a military surgeon sprinkling water over my face, as if I had been a delicate young lady. I almost entirely finished the perusal of *Le Franc Parleur*, a continuation of *L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*. This work, which is in imitation of the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, &c., is very amusing and instructive. It gives an excellent picture of Paris in 1814, and the author appears fully equal to the arduous and delicate

task he has undertaken of censuring without offending, of teaching men to smile at their own follies. It is quite a chaste work, and may, from the excellence of its style and the mixed wit and judgment that are displayed, be recommended to every class of readers. Nor will the most fastidious be disgusted by one improper sentiment. On the contrary, his great object appears to be to ridicule the follies and improve the morals of his countrymen.

The people in the time of the Republic came often into the Bibliothèque de Roi, but Langlés says they never meant to destroy it. They were angry at the royal arms on the books, and many desired these aristocratic marks should be taken off.

I dined at the Duke of Wellington's, where we had a large and very pleasant party.

September 21.—Rode out six miles on the road to Fontainebleau to a review of four regiments of Austrian cavalry, two regiments of cuirassiers, one of Hungarian hussars, and one of Polish lancers. This small force manœuvred a good deal, and appeared in good order. I had a good deal of conversation with the Duke. He said (and with truth), "Nothing is so difficult to manage as cavalry. They slip through your hands," he added, "whether you advance or retreat rapidly. Charges should be made," he concluded, "with reserves, or misfortune is always certain." Speaking of Fouché's reputation, he said "he was satisfied we had in England both overrated the talent and the roguery of the leading men of France." I agree perfectly as to the first. I told him the quiet manner in which Fouché had been turned out, and the diminution of character that had been the consequence of his accepting office was the best proof of the wisdom of the policy that had allowed him to have employment rather than hazard the evil that he might have done if he had deemed his fortunes desperate. "When the armies advanced to Paris," the Duke told me, "the French Government were in a rage about the Louvre. We had, by insisting on the restoration of the pictures which Buonaparte had taken, broken the article of the Convention of Paris which stipulated that no property was to be touched; but these gentlemen," he added, "forget they brought forward an article to save the museums, which was rejected by the Prussians. They brought forward another, excepting the property of the Prussians,

which was rejected by me on account of the other allied powers. I told them they had better await the decision of the sovereigns. These have decided against them."

September 22.—Went to the English review, and never was more delighted. There were fifty-one thousand men under arms, more than forty thousand of whom were British infantry; and, after all, there is more stuff and life in them than all the rest put together. The battle of Salamanca was fought over again. Nothing could be more beautiful than the formation of the line and reserves, and the manner in which the army advanced extorted the loudest admiration of all the foreigners. The Emperor of Russia called to his generals to look from the right to the left of the line and see the style in which it marched. Woronzoff said to me, "This is an operation in which you beat us all." I forgot to mention among my Russian friends the Prince Mentzikoff, one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp. He is the grandson and representative of the famous Minister, and consequently the nephew of Marie.

September 23.—Saw the Duke for an hour and a half. He complains, and with reason, of some in England; but the treatment he receives, and will continue to receive, is the consequence of his greatness.

Here the Paris journal closes. The family letters written at this time were many; but they differ little from the diary. A few passages, however, may be gleaned from them:

August 12.—The Duke lent me a fine charger for a review two days ago. I put him in the stables near my rooms and forgot him. Twenty-four hours afterwards, he was missed at the Duke's, who swore that my bad French had lost him the best horse he ever had. Colin Campbell was despatched to me, and lo! the charger was in the stable. The Duke puts on a plain coat every night, and goes to the theatre, &c., *incog.* To give you an idea of the mode, he kept me the other night talking till every one had gone away. He then proposed that I should go in his buggy to the *Théâtre Feydeau.* I went. The buggy was old but stout. He had an English horse, which trotted at such a rate that

we were nearly running against a dozen carriages and horses. We got there safe, to my great surprise.

August 19.—Walter Scott is here. I took him to the Duke, who has been very attentive to him. He wrote me to bring him to dinner to-day, and that he would make a party to meet him.* The poet is happy.

August 27.—I have just received your letters of the 14th and 18th, from Burnfoot. Every line you have written me from that place has delighted me. I know you incapable of concealing a feeling, much less of pretending one, and I am delighted with the acquaintance you have made with scenes that ever have been and ever will be dear to me; and tell my darling Minny and George that I love them better because they love Burnfoot.

September 1.—I dined yesterday with the Duke, and had him in great feather for two or three hours by myself. He is now displaying his character in what I deem the finest point of view. He was at the summit of fame; and as they chose, instead of employing him to settle affairs, to send Lord Castlereagh, he might well have stepped aside, and said, "I would rather confine myself to my military duties;" for it must be as evident to himself as to others that by lending his name to the negotiations he may, as far as he values popularity in England, do himself a world of injury, and can derive no additional reputation; for the utmost that can be said is that he assisted Lord Castlereagh. When the negotiations are attacked, the Ministers will defend themselves with his name as with a shield. Of all this there can be no doubt he is aware, and he knows that many of his real friends groan over the part he is acting. But he thinks of nothing but serving his country. He is confident that his opinions may do good, and cannot do harm; and he is ready to encounter all the abuse that can be poured upon him rather than show that prudence which fights more about personal character than public interests.

On the 13th of September, after the excursion to Châlons, Malcolm found himself again in Paris. He remained there till the 25th, and then turned his face towards home, weary of excitement, and glad to escape

* There is no account of this party in the journal, except that Grassini was in great force.

from a city in the very attractions of which there was in his eyes something painful—almost revolting. Though he spoke with gratitude of the kindnesses he had received from individuals, he could not bring himself at that time to admire the French as a nation. But he said that his visit had not been without its uses. He had seen some grand historical sights. He had neglected no opportunity of adding to his stock of information regarding the institutions of the country, and he had sedulously cultivated an acquaintance with its language. Every morning he had a master for some time in his rooms, before he commenced the strenuous idleness of the day, and he talked freely with the natives of all classes without the least *mauvaise honte*. Their advice regarding the best means of improving his colloquial knowledge of the language was simply, *Parlez toujours;* and "you know," he said, "that is quite in my way."

Early in November, Malcolm paid another visit to Lord Buckinghamshire, at Nocton, to the vicinity of which place he travelled inside a stage-coach with some fellow-passengers, of whom he gave a lively account in a letter to his wife. The "*parlez toujours*" maxim was as worthy of acceptation in England as in France, and Malcolm was never a sulky traveller. His companions were an obese dame, the proprietress of the coach, an elderly clergyman, and his daughter. The parson was named Partridge, "a descendant," wrote Malcolm, "I believe, of the original Partridge in *Tom Jones*." With the young lady he conversed freely on the poetry and romances of the day; brought Scott's "Waterloo," which had just been published, out of his pocket; quoted "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake;" but was beaten at his own weapons by the damsel, who fairly quoted him down. After a long conversation, she asked him if he had ever seen a "Symbolical History of Eng-

land," by which, through the agency of pictures, or diagrams, facts were impressed upon the mind much more easily than by means of writing? On Malcolm suggesting that something more might be required to impart a thorough knowledge of history to the student, the young lady said that it might be so, but that it was a "terrible undertaking to read through large volumes of history." "I sighed inwardly," wrote Malcolm, "with the feelings of an unfortunate man who had just published two tremendous quartos. I could not deny the justice of her observations as applied to nineteen in the twenty, and I already saw my useless labors piled up on the shelves of oblivion."

On his return home, after a pleasant fortnight enlivened by some good shooting, Malcolm gave himself up for a little time to the pleasant task of corresponding with his friends on the subject of the "tremendous quartos," sending out presentation copies,* and answering congratulatory letters. But he had soon to turn his thoughts to graver matters. The great question which agitated his mind was whether he should or should not return to India in any subordinate situation. At one time he seems to have well-nigh determined to return only as Governor of one of the Presidencies of India; but the attainment of this object was difficult, and he could not reconcile himself to the thought of a life of political obscurity and official idleness in England. In the effort to secure what everybody acknowledged to be

* Among others to whom he sent copies were the Emperor of Russia and his sister Catherine, Grand Duchess of Oldenburg. This lady—a widow—was in England in 1814; and it was said, at one time, that if the Prince of Wales obtained a divorce, she would probably be married to his Royal Highness. To the Princess Charlotte she seems to have been much attached. She answered Malcolm's letter in not very idiomatic English, signing herself "Your obliged and affectionate Catherine." The *History of Persia* has been translated into the Russian language. There was no country in which the information it contained was more likely to be valued at its proper worth, or to be turned to more practical account.

a legitimate object of ambition he received ample encouragement; but, as Wellington had told him, the high qualities and great acquirements of men who had graduated only in the school of Indian politics were seldom adequately appreciated by English statesmen. Sir Evan Nepean and Mr. Hugh Elliot had been appointed to the chief seats in the Bombay and Madras Governments, and their warmest friends could hardly point out either the claims or the qualifications they possessed. In the course of 1816, Mr. Canning succeeded Lord Buckinghamshire as President of the Board of Control, and although he expressed himself favorably regarding Sir John Malcolm's claims, he could hardly be expected to support them so warmly as one under whom the claimant had served, and with whom he had corresponded for years. The most powerful of Malcolm's friends—or he who ought to have been in such a case the most powerful—had not on similar occasions received sufficient encouragement from Ministers to make him very willing to solicit favors for his friends; but he never failed, when opportunity offered, to speak of his character and his services, and to assert Malcolm's claims to preferment. Time, however, passed away; no distinctive promises could be elicited, and many of Malcolm's best friends were of opinion that he would be more likely to obtain the object of his ambition by placing his foot again in the stirrup in India, than by haunting the passages of Leadenhall-street or the lobbies of Whitehall.

Moreover, by the very act of returning to India there was something to be gained, independent of all such preferment as Ministers could bestow. Sir John Malcolm was, at this time, what was technically called "high up on the list of lieutenant-colonels." By returning to India he might obtain "his regiment," be a "full colonel," reside in England on full pay, get a share of

the "off-reckoning fund," and go again to India or not, at some future time, as suited his purpose. It was little likely, however, that a man of his high character would be very long in India without obtaining one of those great diplomatic offices in which he had made his reputation. He might, indeed, add greatly to the claims which he had already established. He was in the full vigor of his years. He was younger than are most men at forty-six. He believed that he might yet render essential service to his country. So, after much thought with himself and much consultation with others, he determined, for a third time, to repair to India.

It cost him much to make the resolution. He was tenderly attached to his wife and children; but it was necessary that he should go alone. It is one of the dire penalties of the Indian services that separation, from all that he most dearly loves, is to the married member of either of them almost a condition of his existence. To have taken those young children to the enervating and destroying climate of the East would have been cruel; to separate them from their mother little less cruel. Malcolm felt as hundreds have felt in a like situation; he determined to make the sacrifice, and go to India alone.

He received many kind letters, when his determination was made known—none kinder than the following, which Sir James Mackintosh wrote to him. It is curious in itself, for it shows that the writer would not have been sorry to return to a country, in which people seem to think that he was miserably out of place:

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

Weedon Lodge, Monday.

My dear Sir John,—I learned very lately, with surprise as well as concern, the singular event at the India House, which has

induced you to visit Madras, though I hope that one circumstance attends it which deprives it of its worst effect. Canning is so deeply pledged to you, that I should consider him as likely to be as useful an agent, if a vacancy happens in your absence, as if you were in Europe. Your stay cannot be long, and you will refresh all your Indian politics. That there should not be now one man in the Board of Control, chosen for his knowledge of India, is a circumstance which characterises our Government. I own I thought that you would have been there. ——— is not worth excepting. The antiquated practical knowledge, that could find a place in a mind so contracted, is rather mischievous than useful.

When I say that I feel concern at your going, it is principally because you wished to stay, and partly because I shall feel more solitary when you cease to inhabit the same island. But it is not at all from dislike of India, to which, on the contrary, I am entirely reconciled by my residence in England. I wish that I had not left India, or that I were now well enough to return, especially with you. But I am better than I have been for these five years. Long walks, and, immediately after, long-continued friction of the whole skin, seem to have done me more good than anything I have hitherto tried. I now very much regret that I never tried the Hindostanee exercise, which there are, of course, no means of acquiring in England.

In the volume of "Bombay Transactions" about to go to press, there is one paper of your "Translations from the Persian, illustrative of the Opinions of the Sunni and Sheea Mahometans." Do you wish to see it? I am very busily employed on my History, and hope to get to press in the spring.

Wherever you go, my wishes for your happiness attend you. I have never known a more sincere and active friend. *Lady M.* heartily concurs with me in every good and kind wish. *We* both beg our best remembrances to Lady Malcolm.

I am, my dear Sir John,
Your faithful and affectionate friend,
J. MACKINTOSH.

Walter Scott wrote with no less warmth, saying, "I do most sincerely wish you all good things—health, happiness, and above all, a speedy return to Scotland, not

to leave us again. I sincerely hope that this will come to pass before we grow much older, and that you will get a snug corner on the Scotch Border to rest you in, after having labored so hard in the public service."

There were other compliments and congratulations, too, in store for him. The History of Persia had greatly extended his reputation, not only in England, but on the Continent. From Humboldt, and other distinguished men of European reputation, he received congratulatory letters; and the University of Oxford conferred a Doctor's degree upon him. On the 3rd of June, 1816, Dr. Hodson, Principal of Brazenose, proposed that the degree of L.L.D. should be conferred on Sir John Malcolm, *honoris causâ*, in the Convocation to be holden in the Theatre on the 26th of June. The motion was carried unanimously, and Dr. Hodson, communicating the substance of the resolution to Malcolm, said, "I really congratulate myself upon its having fallen to my lot to make a motion the effect of which will be to enrol in our catalogue of worthies a name high in literature as well as in diplomacy and war; and hope that it may be as acceptable to you to receive the honor as it has been to me to propose it."

Some little time before this, Malcolm had paid a visit to the University, and had made a most favorable impression alike on the old and the young. "I have heard much," wrote Mackintosh to him, "of the popularity which you have acquired during your late visit to Oxford."* On the appointed 26th of June, he repaired to the University to receive his academical honors. He was much pleased with the reception he met. "The commemoration was very grand," he wrote to his wife.

* The letter from which this is taken is dated January 2, 1815; but, as it speaks of the opinions entertained of the *History of Persia*, which did not appear till the July of that year, it was obviously written in 1816.

"——, a great judge, says, I was the most magnificent of the new doctors. A very fine speech was made upon my merits." From Oxford he went to his brother Gilbert's parsonage at Todenham. Thence he proceeded to Cheltenham, to meet the Duke of Wellington and his family. "I was with the Duke all day," he wrote from that place at the beginning of July; "that is, six hours in the morning, and four, including dinner, in the evening. He is completely recovered, and actually looking better than I ever saw him. I go with him to-morrow to Gloucester to the Corporation dinner. I proceed from that to Lord Powis's, at Walcot, near Ludlow, in Shropshire. I am not resolved whether I shall not return to London and start thence for Scotland, instead of going by Liverpool. If so, I shall have the last dinner with the Duke at Lord Westmoreland's, on Saturday."

This last scheme was carried out. He returned to London, and started thence, early in August, for Scotland. He was now paying his farewell visits. Reaching Burnfoot in time for the commencement of grouse-shooting, he spent no small part of his time on the old hill-sides, deep in the familiar heather. I know hardly any place or any occupation more likely to make a man indifferent to critics and reviewers. Malcolm was well braced up to encounter any adverse sentence that might have been passed upon his book. But there was nothing, indeed, to try his powers of endurance. It was on this last excursion to the North that he read the reviews of his History of Persia in the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*. "The *Quarterly*," he wrote, "has more of an essay than a review; but it is very well. The *Edinburgh* is better. On the whole, you may be thankful that I am so well through the fire."

The 14th of August saw him on his way southward. Paying visits, on the road, to Lord Buckinghamshire and

to Mr. Hankey Smith, Malcolm returned to London, and sorrowfully prepared for his departure from England. But he had determined upon the step he was about to take, after much consideration; he did not doubt that it was his duty; and he was a man, under such circumstances, to take always the most hopeful view of the life before him. He did the best he could, and left the rest to Providence. So having done all that could be done, both at the India House and the Board of Control, to secure for himself the reversion of the Bombay appointment, and having obtained many strong assurances of support, he bade adieu to his wife and children, and again cast his lot upon the waters.

The years which he had spent in England had not been lost to him. He set his face again towards India with increased knowledge and enlarged experience. He always said that there was fear in India of men becoming too local in their information, and too professional in their views. He had now enjoyed opportunities of studying the constitutions of European states, and the organisation of European armies, and of conversing with many of the most eminent statesmen and soldiers of the Western world, and others no less eminent, but in the more tranquil paths of literature and science. And he had turned these opportunities to the best account. He went back to the scene of his past labors a wiser man, with reinvigorated health and renewed energies; and if I were asked at what period of his career he was in the very zenith of his intellectual strength and efficiency, I should answer, at the point which this narrative has now reached.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CIRCUIT OF THE RESIDENCIES.

[1817.]

VOYAGE TO MADRAS — RECEPTION THERE — CORRESPONDENCE WITH LORD HASTINGS—VISIT TO CALCUTTA—POLITICAL AND MILITARY EMPLOYMENT—VISITS TO MYSORE, HYDERABAD, POONAH, AND NAGPOOR—MALCOLM JOINS THE ARMY OF THE DECCAN.

He started in October with a heavy heart; but he felt that the sacrifice he was making was for the benefit of those whom he left behind, and that the season of separation would be but brief. "Write me comfort about yourself," he wrote to his wife from the Channel. "The ship sails well. We shall soon be in India, and soon back again, never, I trust, to part again in this world. . . . . Think more of what we have of enjoyment than what we want. I am only sensible to misery when I think you unhappy." Strong contrary winds, however, presently set in; and Malcolm, landing at Portsmouth, paid a visit to Lord Keith at Purbrook, and spent some days there during the detention of the ship. He spoke with gratitude of the kindness of his reception, and I have no doubt that he made himself welcome to every inmate of the house, even to the little children. "The little girl, Georgina," he wrote, it need not be said

how characteristically, "is quite a delightful child. She comes every instant to me for stories; and she has had that of the Tigers in the Tree, the Elephant and the Gun, the Bear and the Looking-glass, and half a hundred others that are so approved by my own darlings. She has in return played me some nice tunes on the piano, and 'Rolly-polly, gammon and spinage,' charmingly."

But contrary winds do not last for ever, and Malcolm was soon afloat again. There was more bad weather, however, in the Channel, and strong winds and heavy sea off the Bay of Biscay; but, after passing Madeira, the vessel went steadily on with fair breezes, a quiet sea below and a bright sky above, and everything on board as pleasant and prosperous as the weather. As Malcolm always looked on the bright side of things, and seldom had a hard word to say of any one, it would have been strange if he had not written in high terms of the society on board ship; and as to the life there, I have no doubt he contributed greatly to its cheerfulness. How the time was spent may be gathered from the following passage in a letter to his wife. After describing his fellow-passengers one by one, he says:

"Such is our party; now for our occupation. I rise at half-past five, and every day, except Sundays, go through my exercises (gymnastics). I have from four to six scholars, some of whom have made great proficiency. I go to my cabin at seven, read in my flannel dress till eight, dress, breakfast at half-past eight, walk the deck till ten, return to my cabin, write. (Young Neave and young Becher are both excellent *Jems*,* and have each copied

* Jem was an Eurasian clerk, or writer, who had been a long time in Malcolm's service, and had been very useful as a copyist. In a postscript to one of the Duke of Wellington's letters to Malcolm, published in Gurwood's collection, is a passage which seems to have puzzled the editor, as the matter to which it refers puzzled the Duke. It stands thus in Gurwood: "There is one of your family whom I read as *Jera*, besides wife, child, and Arab horse." It should have been printed, as the Duke wrote, *Jem*. The allusion is to the copyist referred to above.

many hundreds of pages since we left Deal.) At twelve I break off for half an hour, when I commence work again, and leave off at half-past two; good dinner at three, break up at half-past four, walk the deck, read light books, or talk nonsense till six o'clock; drink tea; at seven go to cards—two whist-tables for steady ladies and gentlemen and one for the boys; leave off at ten, and all in bed by eleven. Next day the same course, except Sundays, when there are no gymnastics, no cards. If we have prayers upon deck, Captain C—— reads the service; I read lessons and sermon. If not on deck, my cabin is made a chapel that holds about twenty. Captain Dwyer reads the service; I, as usual, sermon, &c. . . . . Now to my studious occupations. I have finished the review on the *History of the Bengal Sepoys** in a manner that will, I trust, be approved. I have done it to my own satisfaction; and it was a subject on which it was difficult to please myself. I have finished five of the Indian Letters—Lady Powis's—and really they promise, when their number is doubled, to make an amusing volume, and one as full of information as entertainment.† I shall nearly complete them before I reach India."

At the end of the year the *Charles Mills* reached the Cape of Good Hope, and there Malcolm was received with much cordiality by the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, who was not sorry to find in his guest a man who knew almost as much about horses as himself. The brief period of Sir John's sojourn in the colony was spent very much as it commonly is spent by the Indian voyager, outward or homeward bound. "A picture of my life," he wrote to his wife, "since I came to the Cape, would be an account of rides to Newlands, the Governor's country seat, where I live, to Wyndburg, Simon's Town, Constantia, &c. I have been treated and

* This was a review of Williams's *History of the Bengal Army*, written for and published in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xviii., January, 1818.

† This contemplated work was never published or completed—a circumstance regarding which I have already expressed my regret. Some of the letters which were written for it have been quoted in vol. i., chap. viii.

feasted by every one, and all declare that they will take most special care of you if you ever visit this colony; and I am quite satisfied they will." He was naturally very anxious, whilst at the Cape, to learn what was the state of India, for his future prospects and arrangements depended much upon the events which were developing themselves in that country. "There is little news from India," he wrote; "all is apparently quiet; but I do not think it will long remain so." . . . . . And again, in another letter: "I do not know what to make of the Indian news; but I think it probable that I shall be soon home again. I shall not remain unless there is active service, or I have a good situation, or Sir Evan Napean leaves Bombay. In the latter case I will take my chance of the succession. I discover that nothing but the completest occupation in the field, or at all events in a way that promised reputation to myself and benefit to my family, could reconcile me to live without you."

Pleasantly as Malcolm was situated at the Cape, and abundant as were the sources of recreation and amusement, his detention there was extremely irksome to him. Horse-dealing was then much the fashion in the colony, and the captain of the *Charles Mills* having some business of that description to transact, was not prepared to sail out of Table Bay as expeditiously as Malcolm desired. The truth is, that Sir John was in a fair way to overstay his leave. The early part of January was slipping away, and it was necessary that he should touch Indian ground by the 1st of March, for on that day five years would have elapsed since his departure from Bombay, and that was the full period allowed by act of Parliament for the absence of officers from the Company's dominions. Regarding, therefore, the delay with much anxiety, he determined upon taking a passage in another ship to India—the *Minden*, which was to sail a

week before the *Charles Mills*. This he did; but his object was not gained. He was off the coast within the prescribed time, but he could not land. So there were still doubts and anxieties in his mind. On the 5th of March he wrote, off Trincomalee, to his wife:

"I am not only in high health, but in high order—thanks to the exercises which I have done almost every day since I left England. Though we arrived on this coast on the 1st of March, we are not yet at anchor; and I am in no slight alarm about the expiration of my leave, which was out on the 1st. I anticipated this on leaving Portsmouth, and wrote a strong letter to the Court of Directors on the subject. They must, I think, have noticed it.* If not, and any literal construction of the act should keep me out of employ a twelvemonth, I shall positively go mad. But happen what will, I must rejoice at having made a voyage which, taking things at the worst, secures my regiment. This is a fine ship. I am well accommodated, and Captain Paterson is a gentlemanlike, warm-hearted, generous fellow as ever lived. Our friends, John Elliot and Amelia, are very well; and they have three nice children on board with whom I play, and often think I am at home again. Would to God I were, for I can know no happiness away from you. Depend upon it, that unless my prospects are very high, nothing shall keep me away long. The sacrifice is too great. I do very well in the daytime. I have strong animal spirits and keep up well, but I am never alone, and particularly at night, but that I am constantly at Frant or in Manchester-street. In short, I have a longing to see you and yours again that I cannot describe."

The voyage of the *Minden* was not distinguished by any remarkable event, except a fire in the bread-room, which caused some temporary consternation in the ship. A trifling incident, however, of a more pleasurable kind, is worthy of mention. Off Trincomalee they sighted an Arab vessel. A boat was lowered, and the captain of the *Minden*, Mr. Elliot, and Malcolm, were rowed

* The Court sent out a letter which removed the difficulty.

towards the strange craft. Malcolm was the first to go up the side of the vessel; and "though dressed," as he said, "in an old blue coat and older hat," the captain and the supercargo of the vessel both recognised him before he was on deck, and cried out, with the liveliest demonstration of joy, "General Malcolm! General Malcolm!" The ship belonged to the Imaum, and the Arab officers had known Malcolm years before in the Gulf. They had now a thousand questions to ask, all of which Malcolm freely answered. But when he said that he was not returning to India to occupy any high station, they declared that they would not believe him. "I know better," said the captain; "we shall soon see something that no one is dreaming about." And he was not far wrong.

On the 17th of March, Malcolm again crossed the Madras surf, and was soon in the midst of friends at the Presidency. His sister-in-law, Mrs. Macdonald, was there with her husband—one of Malcolm's old Persian comrades,* and in their house he found a home second only to the one he had quitted. Nothing could have been more gratifying than his reception by the general society of Madras. "I am half killed," he wrote, "with returning visits. All seem delighted to see me; and I believe the great proportion are sincere." But all this kindness did not make him less anxious about his future prospects. His first care on landing had been to despatch a letter to Lord Moira, who had succeeded Lord Minto as Governor-General of India, forwarding strong recommendations from Mr. Canning and others, which, indeed, were not required; and asking whether his Lordship had any instructions. "I am in orders as returned to my duty," he wrote on the 29th of March,

* Afterwards Sir John Macdonald.

"waiting to hear from Bengal in answer to letters to Lord Moira; and if not called round (to Calcutta), I shall proceed forthwith to the Deccan, to command a brigade in Doveton's force, where I shall at least be in fortune's way. Depend upon it, if there is work, I shall have my hands full. Nothing but complete employment, and a feeling that I am making progress in advancing both the public interests and those of my own family, can reconcile me to this terrible separation."

Malcolm said that everything would depend upon the tenor of the first letter from the Governor-General. It was with no common anxiety, therefore, that one day in the middle of April he opened the packet containing the following important communication:

LORD MOIRA TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

Calcutta, March 30, 1817.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your very obliging letter, with Mr. Canning's despatch, and the other letters which you announce, have reached me safely. Mr. Canning refers me to a despatch from the Secret Committee, which has not yet reached me. I surmise, from what he says, it was only to assure me of support, should I have been obliged to take such steps against the Pindarrees as might entail hostilities with Scindiah. The forecast was not inapposite, for the measures which I did pursue might well have produced rupture, though they have not been apparent to the public eye. That hazard I believe to be entirely past, and satisfactory results are only postponed by the season. This hint is given to you confidentially, and will prove the terms of correspondence on which I wish to stand with you. Let me assure you that I justly appreciate your talents and energy, and I shall rejoice if I find a fit field for their employment. I fear that for five months to come we must be restricted to cabinet activity. Perhaps in that interval you may be tempted to pay a visit to Bengal, when the opportunity of giving you such an insight into matters as cannot be afforded to you by letter, may lead to your striking out a mode in which you may exert yourself with satisfaction. At any period

that may suit your own objects and convenience I shall be rejoiced to see you.

You gratified me highly by your account of William Elphinstone's health. I have a truly affectionate regard for him; and I am confident that he has a corresponding sentiment towards me. His two nephews, John Adam and Mountstuart Elphinstone, are very superior men; I know not that I have ever met persons of more sound practical ability.

It grieved me that Lord Wellesley's health was not equally firm, though his indisposition appears to have been of that transitory kind which may be expected to have soon passed away without leaving any dregs. He seems much wanted in England. Circumstances had given me considerable political intercourse with him latterly, and the result was a confirmation of all the opinions which I had previously entertained of his scope of mind and honorable character. You may judge how the impression must have been strengthened when I came to retrace on the spot the measures of his Indian administration.

Your sagacity well anticipated the effort I should make to plant our power in Nagpoor. I have the pleasure to tell you that our connexion is not the mere stipulations of the treaty, but that Madajee Bhoonsla, the new Rajah, gives himself to me with unbounded devotion. Knowing as you do how all in this country depends upon the individual at the head of a native state, you will feel all the value of that superaddition.

I have the honor, my dear sir, to remain, with great esteem,

Your very obedient and humble servant,

MOIRA.

Malcolm saw plainly now that his hopes were likely soon to be fulfilled—that important and honorable employment was not very far from him. He prepared at once to take ship for Calcutta, earnestly pondering the state of affairs in Upper India, and the probable development of future events. The more he thought of these things, the more certain it appeared to him that he had arrived in India at a time propitious to his own, and advan-

tageous to the public interests. There were events then evolving themselves which it was almost certain would take shape ere long in another Mahratta war. During the five years which he had spent in Europe or on the seas, great and significant changes had been unfolded in Hindostan. The Mahratta princes and chiefs had been fast becoming oblivious of the victories of Lake and Wellesley, and if they had not encouraged any wild hopes of bettering their condition by another appeal to arms, they had ceased to observe a line of conduct calculated to avert such an event.

But although it appeared to Malcolm, as he contemplated the aspect of the political horizon, that a war with the substantive Mahratta States was not very remote, there was another more immediate source of danger and inquietude out of which it was certain that hostilities must speedily arise. The lawlessness of the Pindarrees* had reached a point at which it was impossible any longer for the paramount power to look on without interfering for the protection of its own subjects, and the maintenance of the existing order of things which these predatory cohorts threatened to subvert. The Indian Government, under stringent instructions from the Home authorities, had suffered events to take their course, until it was difficult to divert them into a safe channel. But now at last Lord Moira had obtained a reluctant and conditional assent to the prosecution of a vigorous course of policy, and had determined upon the destruction of these predatory bands, and the establishment on a sure basis of the tranquillity of Upper India.

* The Pindarrees were bands of predatory troops — half soldiers and half robbers—who took service in time of war with the Mahratta chiefs, or carried on a desolating warfare, on their own account, against every petty state too weak to resist them. They had gradually increased in number and power, until they threatened to subvert all the minor principalities, and were continually making inroads into the Company's dominions.

That this great and necessary measure would embroil us in a war with the Mahratta States—with Holkar's Government almost certainly; with Scindiah's very probably; with the Governments of the Peishwah and the Rajah of Berar scarcely less probably; suggested itself more and more palpably to Sir John Malcolm, the more he considered the state and temper of these Courts, and the degree in which they would be affected by our hostilities against the Pindarrees. He had been many years absent from India, but during that interval of rest he had corresponded with Mountstuart Elphinstone and other eminent men, and had never ceased to take a lively interest in all that was going on upon the scene of his former labors. The troubles which had arisen were not wholly unforeseen or unpredicted by him and the other politicians of the same school. The imperfect settlement—the summary winding-up of affairs in 1805-1806 under the Governments of Lord Cornwallis and Sir George Barlow—had sown broadcast the seeds of future difficulty and danger, which were now bristling up everywhere—a crop ready for the sickle. During all this interval Malcolm had clearly seen that, sooner or later, the time must come for another armed interference in the troublous affairs of Upper and Central India; and now that the long-deferred crisis seemed really to be at hand, it was not without a justifiable emotion of pride that he felt there was not another man in the country who, in such a conjuncture, could render to the State the essential service which Lord Moira was now about to extract from Sir John Malcolm.

Full of these thoughts, Malcolm took ship for Calcutta, where he arrived on the last day of April. "I am well," he wrote a few days afterwards, "and have been received in the most warm and cordial way by Lord Moira, with

whom I am living; and I am on the point, I trust, of being employed. We are on the eve of trouble with the Peishwah, who has gone all wrong by supporting an unworthy favorite. If we go to loggerheads in that quarter, I shall, I trust, have 5000 men, with political powers, to keep in check the southern Jagheerdars—that is, the chiefs between Poonah and Mysore. If the Poonah troubles are well settled, which I hope they will be, great arrangements will be made to settle the Pindarrees this season. In that event, I think I shall go to the Deccan with Sir Thomas Hislop, who is likely to be sent. If this plan takes place, I shall be with him as I was with Lord Lake, with a chance of being also employed in a military capacity. . . . . Assure Mr. W. Elphinstone and Allan that all my counsels are for as much moderation as possible consistently with safety. This they shall be satisfied of by my papers, which I will send. But Lord Moira appears, as far as I have yet seen, as moderate as could be desired." On the 10th of May he wrote again in high spirits, saying that the Governor-General had that day mentioned in council his intention of naming him as Governor-General's agent in the Deccan, with the rank of Brigadier, and eligibility for military command. "This is the very summit of my wishes," he added, "the most active and prominent situation I could fill in all India, and on the best footing in every way. . . . . Lord Moira has been kind in the extreme. Though high and firm, he is moderate in his views, and will go no further than he is compelled."

These moderate views were declared, plainly and emphatically, in conversation and in correspondence with Malcolm, who concurred in opinion with the Governor-General. Both desired to root out the Pindarrees, but not, unless compelled by the force of events, to subvert any of the substantive states, or to extend our frontier

by a mile. Malcolm had prepared some papers on this important subject, which he had submitted on his arrival to Lord Moira, who, on returning them, wrote the following letter, which contains, in a few sentences, a summary of the policy he intended to adopt:

LORD MOIRA TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

May 6, 1817.

My dear Sir John,—Your papers have been read by me with great satisfaction, because they justify all my own opinions. It is gratifying to me to find that my notions on a subject so delicate and complicated as the mode of settling Central India should be thus sustained by your judgment, founded as it is on local observation and experience.

The augmenting our territory, unless where some particular defect in our frontier recommends the advancing to a natural boundary more easily defensible, or where some special danger is to be barred by the acquisition, must be an erroneous object. It is extension of influence, not of possessions, that is the solid policy for us; and even that influence would be delusive did it not bear directly on the point of precluding predatory associations. In this conception I have been solicitous to avoid all differences which should lead to the subversion of any of the existing native states, wishing rather to pursue a course which should promote the stability of even Scindiah's and Holkar's Governments. Were those chiefs, however, to make common cause with the Pindarrees, either openly or by covert assistance, they would discard their character as rulers of states, and must be dealt with as predatory aggressors. I make this remark to show that, in stating my principles, I am aware the more or the less of exactness with which it can be adhered to, in the stir now fast approaching, depends on events and exigencies not to be foreseen, or to be altogether controlled when they arrive.

I have the honor to remain, with great esteem, my dear Sir John, your faithful and obedient servant,

Moira.

On the 14th of May, Malcolm wrote again to his wife, saying that his nomination to the high office he had

before mentioned had now been definitively fixed, and that he was about speedily to embark for Madras. It had been resolved that Malcolm should visit the principal Native Courts, and ascertain their temper, and take counsel with the Residents, during the period which must necessarily elapse before an enemy could take the field. It was now the very height of the hot season; but he did not shrink from the long journeys which lay before him. The very thought of what he was about to do filled him with cheerfulness and courage to encounter anything. He was, indeed, as he said, in his element:

"My appointment is all settled—Governor-General's agent in the Deccan, and Brigadier in the Force serving in that quarter. It will be given me in a few days; and within two months of my coming to India I shall be in good employ and on the best allowances. . . . . I embark in five or six days, and make a trial to reach Madras beating against the monsoon. If the weather is too severe I shall land at Sangum, Vizagapatam, or Masulipatam, and go on by dawk. I shall not be more than a week or two at Madras. You will exclaim, 'Now he is happy—now he is in his element, flying about in the thick of work.' I will confess that, absent from you, I am delighted to be employed, and above all in a way that is useful to myself, and may, I trust, be also useful to my country."

Malcolm spent three weeks in Calcutta—or rather between the Government houses of Calcutta and Barrackpore—now writing elaborate papers on the Pindarrees, now in earnest counsel with the Governor-General, and now hot in billiards with his aides-de-camp. Of Lord Moira, who had a few weaknesses, but many fine qualities of head and heart, he wrote in terms of gratitude, affection, and respect:

"I find this place" (Calcutta), he said, in one of his letters to his wife, "much changed—great increase of buildings, many altera-

tions in society. With Lord Moira we dine at four o'clock, and go to bed at half-past nine. Up at half-past four. He works very hard, lives moderately, and looks strong and well in consequence. He is very popular, and deserves to be so; for no man can be more considerate, more kind, or more attentive than he seems to be to every one. I wrote you that I made my first appearance without epaulets.* He came out of his room yesterday in full dress, as he always is; and caught me, without coat or neckcloth, playing billiards with an aide-de-camp in similar costume. He smiled and made a bow. As he was passing on to Mr. Seton's (the councillor's) rooms, I said, 'You will find Mr. Seton, who belongs to the Supreme Board, and ought to know better, much worse than us?' He did. Seton had thrown off his waistcoat, and was not a little distressed. The lord laughed heartily, but made him remain as he was. I mention these trifles to show that there is none of the little nonsense remaining of which we heard so much in England, and which no doubt existed at first."

At the end of the third week of May, Malcolm embarked on board a small country vessel of two hundred tons burden, and commenced his laborious voyage to Madras in the face of a strong monsoon. The passage occupied a month, and by no means a pleasant

* I have not been able to find the letter in which Malcolm tells the story of the epaulets. It probably miscarried. He often alluded to the incident in after days. On his first introduction to Lord Moira, before dinner, I believe, on the day of his arrival, having dressed himself in a hurry, and it may be presumed without the assistance of a servant, he appeared in a full-dress coat without any epaulets. The omission was pointed out to him by an aide-de-camp just as he was about to address the Governor-General. Having heard much of the stateliness of Lord Moira's vice-regal court, the negligence at first seemed to be a serious matter, but recovering from his momentary embarrassment, he said, "You see I was in such a hurry to be presented to your Lordship, that I forgot an important part of my accoutrements."

In another letter Malcolm says: "Lord Hastings is really a fine fellow. He came to India with some magnificent ideas, and more nonsense was put into his head; but he has been cured of all fantasies, and seems to me much what he ought to be. The passion for representation does no harm in his present station, and he has no forms. At least I can say that I never got on better with any man; and God knows I did not study forms. He is remarkable for his kindness to every one. To me his kindness and confidence were unbounded. Lord Wellesley never evinced more decided partiality."

one. The time, however, he did his best to turn to account. He wrote a long letter to Lord Moira (now Lord Hastings) relative to the contemplated operations against the Pindarrees, covering two hundred sides of paper. But he was all eagerness to commence his active work. "I do not expect," he wrote, "to be more than seven or eight days at Madras. I proceed before Sir Thomas Hislop to Hyderabad, then to Poonah, then to Nagpoor. It is an object to communicate personally with the Residents and commandants of forces as soon as possible, and then to join Sir Thomas Hislop, who I hope will soon be on the Nerbudda. We cannot cross the river or commence active operations for four months yet. I cannot tell you how I long to attack these murderous freebooters the Pindarrees, and how grateful I am for being placed in a situation where I have an equal chance of distinguishing myself as a political and military officer."

He was detained, however, at Madras a few days beyond the time he had anticipated, for he was especially anxious to see and to take counsel with his old friend Thomas Munro, whose active participation in the great events which were developing themselves he deemed of the highest importance. On the 6th of July he wrote to John Adam, then Political Secretary at Calcutta:

"Colonel Munro will be here on the 9th or 10th, and *I am* detained for two or three days until he arrives. Sir Thomas Hislop, who is what I expected, a plain, sincere man, without any littleness or jealousy, thinks it quite essential that I should stay till this point is settled. . . . . If the arrangement is committed to such a maistry (workman) as Tom Munro I shall sleep all the way to Poonah, and the Commander-in-Chief can proceed as he ought, without another question, to Hyderabad. The Mahrattas will neither cheat nor beat Munro, and, besides, he will be the best man in the universe to look after the Jagheerdars. . . . . Munro has

applied for military command, and will have no patience at being excluded on small pretexts. These countries may probably be given over quietly; but the reverse is possible, and under any circumstance it is important a master hand should be the first to touch them. Any check or loss of impression at starting would be very hurtful; and the difference between Munro *solus* and the combined labors of Colonel —— (a respectable military officer) and Mr. Anybody (a respectable civil servant), is not to be estimated."

On the 9th he wrote to another friend in the same strain:

"Here I am at the old place; but how altered! Where is Close? Where is Webbe? Where is every one? However, we must not complain. Tom Munro, one of the school, will be here to-morrow. I have urged, and I trust with success, his appointment to the military as well as the civil power in the districts south of the Kishna, including Darwar and Khaursigul, which the Peishwah has ceded to enable us to pay the irregular horse of his own country and some infantry. I am only waiting to see Munro, and then start dawk for Bangalore, Hyderabad, Poonah, and Nagpoor; and having visited all these Residencies, seen the two forces under Smith and Doveton, I shall join Sir Thomas Hislop's somewhere near the Nerbudda, and have obtained all the information and all the opinions he can require. . . . . My situation is most flattering. As Governor-General's agent, all political work connected with our operations is in my hands; as Brigadier-General, I am destined for the most advanced force; and, what is really delightful, from the Governor-General down to the lowest black or white, red or brown, clothed or naked, all appear happy at my advancement. This general feeling, my dear friend, operates to check my presumption. I almost fear that I may not be able to fulfil the expectations which have been formed."

After a fortnight spent at Madras, in the comfortable residence of the Macdonalds, Malcolm started on his diplomatic circuit. Having ridden the first sixteen miles,

accompanied by his sister-in-law and her husband, he commenced his dawk-journey at Connatore. The companion of his travels was "little George Wareham," a boy whom he had picked up on his outward voyage, to act as amanuensis, clerk, servant, or, as Malcolm wrote, "factotum," in the place of "Jem," whose curt cognomen had so puzzled the Duke.* "Of the important occurrences," he wrote to his wife, "which happened between Connatore and Covrepauk, having slept all the way, I can say nothing. At the latter place, which is only ten miles from Arcot, I got out of my palanquin, and dispelled all the fatigues of it by a gallop to Captain Outlaw's, who lives in the house once occupied by our friend Dallas, on the bank of the river. As I came to this last stage it brought a thousand associations to my mind. There was pride in the recollection of having come past and galloped over the same ground with the Duke of Wellington thirteen years ago; and there was something better and more delightful than any emotion which pride can give in having travelled it with you ten years ago."

On the following day, Malcolm entered the Mysore country, and there he was among people who greeted him as an old friend, and were eager to do him honor. "I was welcomed," he wrote, "with horns and taum-taums, dancing-girls, amildars, peons, bazaar-men; in short, by high and low of every description. My vanity was not a little tickled to hear *Malcolm-Sahib* on every tongue." At Bangalore he spent a day or two in com-

* The boy's simplicity somewhat amused his master. An instance of this, at the very first start, is given in one of Malcolm's letters: "Just as we were starting, the little fellow came up to me, and casting a look at the crowd of palanquin-boys, mussaulchees, police-peons, and villagers, who were all talking loud in a language of which he knew not one word, whispered, 'Sir, you have forgotten something.' 'What is it?' I asked, with impatience. 'You have forgotten,' he added, in a lower tone, 'to load your pistols.' I could not help smiling; but thanking him, said we were yet a thousand miles from any place where it would be necessary to load a pistol."

munication with Mr. Cole, who was then acting as Resident at Mysore, relative to the contingent of Mysorean Horse to be supplied in aid of the approaching operations in the Deccan. On the 19th he resumed his journey, and entered again the Company's territories. Asking a native by the side of his palanquin through what province he was passing, he was delighted to receive for answer, "*Munro-ka-moolk*" (or Munro's province). He was in the ceded districts rendered memorable in the history of the Company's administration by the admirable management of his "friend Tom Munro," whose "name was in the mouth of all as a father and protector." The more Malcolm pushed his inquiries into the state of the country, the more satisfied he was with the information he received. "You know my talent for general communication," he wrote. "I have heard but one language on this point from rich Brahmin Tehsildars, police peons, palanquin-boys, and village coolies." With all he conversed freely as he went. Whether moving on in his palanquin, or halting by the way-side, he always found some one from whom information could be extracted, and with whom, therefore, he was eager to converse.

On the 24th of July, Malcolm found himself again approaching Hyderabad. In the capital of the Deccan, where he had commenced his diplomatic career, many old friends were still living—many old associations were to be revived. I give the record of the week he spent at the Residency in his own words:

"About three miles from the city I was met by Mr. Russell and the gentlemen of his family, and having mounted a horse, rode with them to the Residency. I had left the representative of the British Government at this Court fifteen years ago lodged in the house of a native nobleman, which was pleasant from being surrounded with small gardens and fountains, and had been

sufficiently modified by improvements to be rendered a tolerably convenient European residence. You may conceive my surprise to approach a palace, for such the present mansion of the British Resident of Hyderabad may be well termed. It is only surpassed in splendor and magnitude by the Government House at Calcutta. That at Madras cannot be compared to it. You enter through a lofty and fine arched gate, and approach through a garden laid out more in the Oriental than European style. The body of the house has much the appearance of the Government House at Calcutta, but on a smaller scale. It contains the public rooms, and you may judge of their size and splendor when I state that the dining-room is sixty feet long and forty broad, and that the dining-room up-stairs is sixty feet long, forty broad, and upwards of twenty feet high. This room, with two adjoining ones that are connected with it by arched doors, form a most splendid suite of apartments. You may judge of the style in which it is furnished when I tell you that the chairs and couches are all covered with crimson velvet with massive gilt arms and backs; that it is lighted by twenty-four girandoles and five lustres; and that the central one, which was made by Blade, and is considered the finest ever seen, cost 950*l. in England.* Such is the centre part of this fine building. The wings, which are removed by a terrace of about forty yards, consist each of an ante-room, a sitting-room, a bedroom, and closet. They are upon the same elevation as the dining-room, and are connected by separate stairs with offices below. These wings (one of which I occupy) are excellent houses. The sitting-room is thirty-six feet by twenty-four, and the others are in proportion. They are furnished in a plain way, and are quite to my taste. The palace I have described was built and furnished by the Nizam, and is kept up by him, as is much of the other parts of the state of the Resident.

"On the 25th, I paid a visit to the Nizam. On the 26th, I visited the English cantonment, which is five miles from the Residency. On the 27th, I dined with Mooneer-ool-Moolk.* The entertainment was very splendid. I was gratified at meeting my old friend Chandah (Maleekha), the celebrated dancing-girl. I had received several trays of fruit from this lady; she had also sent

* Mooneer-ool-Moolk was nominally the Prime Minister.

me her *picture*, with expressions of regard that were meant, she said, to revive pleasing recollections. The Court of Hyderabad is altered, and the dance and the song no longer prevail. A moody, melancholy sovereign, degraded and dejected nobles, and the impoverished retainers of a fallen Court, offer no field for the genius of Chandah; but even yet, changed as she is by eighteen years, she maintains considerable influence, and has the lion's share of all that is spent in dissipation. She has high titles, which give her rank among the first nobles, and she has the distinction of a noubut, or kettle-drum, rides on an elephant, and keeps up a good deal of state. She commands the principal sets of dancing-girls, and, now that her own bloom is past (she is above sixty), is the first monopolist in the market of beauty at the capital. She danced and she sang for upwards of an hour, but—*I know not how it is*—the *fine* tones, the *fine* acting, the faint, the recovery, the melancholy, the intoxication which she exhibited in turns, as she chanted her Hindostanee and Persian odes, did not charm me as they were wont. *After all*, eighteen years do make some difference in the appearance and feelings both of man and woman.

"We had walked through the extensive palaces and gardens of Mooneer-ool-Moolk, who lives in great luxury and splendor, and were saluted at one part by a guard of female Sepoys. I inquired if the Nizam still had any of this class of troops? Only five hundred was the answer; and these, said Mooneer-ool-Moolk, have lost that reputation they formerly enjoyed.

"On the 28th, I paid a visit to Fyze Begum, the celebrated lady of the late General Palmer, and was received with Oriental magnificence. She is living with her son, who is a merchant of much celebrity at this city. After this visit I went to attend an auction of the effects of Mr. Charles Russell. As an immense crowd were standing in one room, bidding for a double-barrelled gun, the floor gave way with a great crash. I was in the centre of the place that first broke, and was precipitated down with men, beer, china, tables on my head. The fall was not great, being only about ten or twelve feet; but I thought I should never have disentangled myself. I at last succeeded in doing so, and escaped with some slight cuts and bruises, and drenched with beer. Others were not so fortunate. Two natives are dead; and several

others, with one or two English officers, continue to suffer severely from wounds chiefly made by broken bottles.

"On the 29th, I reviewed Major Hayes's brigade of Nizam's battalions. There cannot be a finer corps. They are chiefly Hindostanee men, and are raised, paid, and officered by us. We are reimbursed by a stoppage of the tribute for the Circars which the Company pay the Nizam.

"On the 30th, in the morning, I reviewed the Company's European regiment, and was pleased to find it in such excellent order. I hope, for the honor of the service, it will be employed and distinguish itself. As I was walking near the Residency, a good-looking man, about forty-five years of age, made me a salaam. I recognised his face, but could not recollect his name. He said, observing this, 'Have you forgot Syud Ibrahim, whom you enlisted when in command of a company of Sepoys, and who was promoted by you to the rank of havildar?' 'I remember you well,' I replied; 'you deserted after I left the corps, with many others, to Monsieur Raymond.' 'Very true,' he said, smiling; 'but I neither forgot my old officer nor the salt I had eaten of the Company.' Nothing could be more true. In 1798, the day before the French battalions at Hyderabad were disbanded, I was sent by Captain Kirkpatrick to Monsieur Perron, their commander. As it was very hot, I went in a palanquin, and my horse was led after me. Just after I entered the lines a violent mutiny broke out. Several battalions came round my palanquin, which they took from the bearers, hoisted me on their shoulders, and endeavoured with it to force the gate of Perron's garden, which was defended by the first, or Pondicherry, battalion. I expostulated in vain against the violence with which I was treated. Though they did not mean to kill me, I was in imminent danger, as several balls fired in the confusion of the mutiny struck the palanquin. In this situation Ibrahim Khan, who was a leading mutineer, came to my aid. He, with several of his companions, extricated me from the crowd, and brought my horse, on which I rode away.* I have never since seen him, and was not a little delighted to find he was a commandant of five hundred men in the service of Shems-ool-Omrah, one of the first nobles of this country. I sent for him to my room, and gave him

* This incident is related, but less in detail, vol. i., chap. 5.

a pair of shawls. I also, at his earnest request, gave him a certificate of his conduct, upon which he appeared to set a great value. On the evening of the 30th, I went to a feast at Chundoo-Lall's,* which was very magnificent. Chandah was there. She had sent me in the morning her history of the Nizam and his ancestors, to which she has added a general essay on universal history. Though I knew this compilation had been made for her, I could not refuse her vanity, which increases with her age, the tribute of a compliment. 'You are certainly,' I said to her, 'one of the cleverest women of the age.' 'That observation,' the old lady replied, quite gravely, 'is one of the truest you ever made.' Her dress this evening was very splendid, but she looked haggard and old. Her eyes were painted overmuch, and their blackness, joined to a look of intoxication, which I fear was not feigned, made this celebrated woman an object of disgust more than of admiration.

"To-day, the 31st, I have been very busy. It is now eleven o'clock, P.M., and I start to-morrow at half-past three. I ride eighty miles, and go the rest in palanquin. I expect to travel ninety miles a day, and to arrive within four days."

But although Malcolm could find time to write these amusing journal-letters to his wife, and to take part in the social incidents they relate, he had much public business to perform, and he devoted himself assiduously to it. With Mr. Henry Russell, the Resident, he was in constant intercourse, devising the best means of turning the resources of the Hyderabad State to good account in the coming struggle. The disposition of the irregular troops of the Nizam was arranged; the important question of supplies was discussed; the points at which depôts were to be established were fixed; the means of collecting sufficient carriage-cattle determined; and the officers best qualified by their local information and experience to carry out these details, were summoned to Hyderabad. Sir Thomas Hislop was then on his way to the Nizam's

* Chundoo-Lall was the Dewan, or Finance Minister—really the Prime Minister of the country.

capital, which was the great central rallying-point of the army of the Deccan; and Malcolm drew up for his information a secret memorandum, setting forth the information which he had collected on all these subjects, and suggesting the arrangements which it would be expedient to adopt. On the 26th of July, he wrote to Mr. John Adam that all this important business was favorably progressing:

"All was settled properly at Mysore. All here that relates to the public service will be settled as it should be. I shall proceed to Poonah on the 1st, and return on the 13th or 14th. This hard travelling agrees well with me. . . . . What with visits to the Nizam, and memorandums for Sir Thomas Hislop, and arrangements of different kinds, I am much hurried. . . . . All I have yet seen or heard in this quarter confirms me in what I before stated, that we must speak plainly and act decidedly. This is not more justice to ourselves than to Scindiah and the other chiefs, with whom we may have to negotiate. Our power to dictate is complete. It will be weakened by any show of reluctance to use it. I am certain to be always with the most advanced corps. My duties require it, and it is the only reward I ask for any labor I may undergo."

On the 1st of August, Malcolm started on horseback from Hyderabad; rode the first forty-two miles of the road, and then continued his journey in his palanquin. Posting onward with all possible speed—stopping only for a little while twice a day, to eat a piece of bread and to drink a cup of milk—he reached the Beemah river on the morning of the 4th, and there found some Mahratta troopers posted to escort him into Poonah. Mounting one of their horses at each stage, he rode into the Camp of the British Residency, where Mountstuart Elphinstone came out to meet him with the cordial greeting of an old friend. Malcolm had galloped sixty-four miles in eight hours, and had accomplished the entire distance—three

hundred and sixty-four miles—in three days. "I may add," he wrote, "that I was not at all fatigued; a proof of the health I am in, and which, by the blessing of God, I will by diet and exercise preserve, that I may prove equal to the great duties that are opening upon me."

His reception at Poonah by men of all classes and all characters was most gratifying. The natives of the place were scarcely less delighted to see him than were his own countrymen. In this he rejoiced on public grounds, for he believed that it would greatly increase his influence, and therefore his utility. But that which most gladdened his heart, was the opportunity of being again in familiar intercourse and under the same roof with Mountstuart Elphinstone. Their last meeting had been merely the meeting of two friends, with common social and literary tastes. They were busy then as brother authors; but now they met as fellow-craftsmen in the great political workshop, with labor of no common magnitude before them. There were then two men in India likely to compete with Malcolm for the great prizes of the service —perhaps to stand in the way of the advancement he so much coveted. They were Mountstuart Elphinstone and Thomas Munro. But ambitious as was Malcolm and eager for promotion, he never lost an opportunity of bringing forward the services and discoursing upon the merits of his two distinguished friends. How anxious he was that Munro should take part in the great operations then in progress has been already shown. Whilst at Poonah on the 6th of August, he wrote a long letter to Mr. William Elphinstone, an influential member of the Court of Directors, setting forth in strong language the great claims of his nephew Mountstuart to public reward:

"The Peishwah, who is seventy miles from this, has just inti-

mated his earnest desire to see me. It is some distance for a morning visit; but I proceed with pleasure to pay it, as Elphinstone thinks it may do good. I am one of his earliest friends—used to laugh with him as well as talk politics, and gave him a beautiful Arabian mare, of which he was very fond. All these associations have kept me in his memory, and Elphinstone thinks he means to unbosom his griefs. There never was such an instance of infatuation as his; but he gave himself up for the moment to evil counsellors, and fell as many a prince has done, the dupe of his own passions and a wicked favorite. He has suffered his punishment, and appears from his conduct to be sensible of his error, and desirous of retrieving it. I shall give him what consolation and what good advice I can; and most anxiously do I hope, if he perseveres, the Governor-General will have an opportunity of proving he is as forward to reward and to elevate as to chastise and depress. It is, I conceive, as essential a principle to seize any opportunity of raising our allies as of destroying our enemies.

"I wrote you before about Elphinstone. Lord Hastings has, I understand, made a strong appeal to the Secret Committee for some proportionate reward for his eminent services. If this is not attended to, who can expect notice? I know not in what shape his recompense will come. But if his Prince grants honors, you should grant something to support them. He is the oldest as well as the most distinguished of your Political Residents, and he has not, I regret to say, more than 10,000*l.*; and this, believe me, is owing more to the disinterested generosity of his character than to any extravagance. The Duke of Wellington will tell you of the early promise he gave, and the records will inform you how amply that has been fulfilled. I state this from warm feelings of private regard—but also from a strong feeling of the necessity of such notice and liberality on every consideration of the public good. High motives must be cherished and examples given of your attention to such men and such services, or the tone of this branch of the public service will be lowered, and nothing could be worse for your interests."

On the day following that on which this letter was written, Malcolm set out from Poonah on his visit to

Badjee Rao, the Peishwah. Of his journey and his reception he wrote fully to his wife:

"On the night of the 7th I commenced a journey in my palanquin, to visit the Peishwah. I started at ten o'clock at night, and was rather astonished to awake at three in the morning and find myself only twelve miles from Poonah, half-way up a rugged hill, and seven out of twelve bearers with which I had started run away. I was compelled to walk, and found, on getting to the top of the hill, Major Ford, who had started with me, had been waiting on the road two hours. What with tramping over the rocks and the aid of his people, we got on to one stage, and finding there fresh bearers, proceeded to a place called Jerouh, about thirty-five miles from Poonah, which we reached at half-past twelve o'clock. We had still upwards of fifty miles to go in less than seven hours, as I had promised to be with the Peishwah by seven o'clock on the evening of the 8th. His Highness's anxiety to see me was evident by his personal riding-horses being laid at every stage. I mounted one of them and galloped away fourteen miles to the foot of a very high and abrupt pass (called the Cumbant Ghaut), over a range of mountains. Over this it was impossible to ride, and we had to lead our horses. The heat was extreme, and I felt, before I was at the top, very much fatigued, but the fine fresh breeze we found when there, and the beautiful elevated valleys of Whye and Sittarah, which lay before us, relieved our spirits. We found capital horses at every stage, and galloped along at a merry rate. A few minutes before seven we reached the residence of the Maharajah at Mahanlee, a village situated at the confluence of the rivers Yena and Kistnah, three miles from the far-famed hill-foot of Sittarah, which has for more than a century been the prison of the ancient sovereigns of the Mahratta Empire, the lineal descendants of their founder, Sevajee.

"The attentions of the Prince whom I was visiting increased as I approached near. I found an immense tent prepared for me, and a feast of grain, vegetables, and fruits, ready spread. The former I occupied, and the latter was divided among some servants who had been three days in performing the journey, and were that instant arrived.

"I had a visit from Moro-Dikshut, the Prime Minister, who

earnestly entreated that I would remain till next morning; and as I found it was a fast-day with Brahmins, and the Peishwah consequently too exhausted for a long conference, I consented, but stipulated for a very early interview next day. The Minister kept me talking till twelve at night, and I was awakened at five o'clock on the morning of the 9th with a message that the Peishwah expected me at six. I was kept by the ceremonies of previous visits from Goklah and other of the Mahratta military chiefs with whom I was acquainted till seven, when I went to the Maharajah. Six years, which is the period since I saw him last, had not changed him much, but he looked careworn. He received me with apparent joy, said I was associated with Generals Wellesley and Close in placing him on the Musnud, that I had proved I had still a warm heart towards him by coming so far to see him, and that he was delighted to have an opportunity of unburdening his heart to one in whom he had such confidence. I had an interview of three hours and a half—what passed is *secret and political*, but the result was satisfactory."

Of Malcolm, Badjee Rao had always thought as of an old friend—one to whom he might turn as a present help in trouble, and who would surely sympathise with him in all his sorrows and afflictions. Many years had passed since they had first met—years which had painfully developed the weakness and unworthiness of the Peishwah's character. If he had only availed himself of the advantages of his position, he might have rendered it one of respectability and independence. The British Government had acted towards him with scrupulous good faith; and there had been for many years at his Court an English gentleman, as much distinguished for his wisdom as his integrity, ever ready to give him advice as sound as it was disinterested. But he had listened to men whose counsel was neither sound nor disinterested; and believing that the British Government would continue to support the prince whom they had restored, he had taxed their forbearance to the utmost.

Much of time and much of space would it take to tell all the several acts by which Badjee Rao had incurred the just and reasonable displeasure of the Government to which he owed so much. It is very probable that he had no settled design to provoke the hostility of the British; but the nature of the alliance was distasteful to him; he felt the irksomeness of the restraint it imposed; and we do not commonly most love those to whom we are most indebted. He was a weak rather than a vicious prince; but his dissimulation was profound. He was always ready with professions of friendship, and yet he always secretly rejoiced in anything which tended to our disadvantage. His common declaration was that the enemies of the English were his enemies; and yet he was continually favoring and supporting them. At last, in the spring of 1817, the measure of his folly seemed to be full. If he had not secretly fomented, he had connived at insurrectionary movements intended to embarrass and annoy us; and had aided and sheltered that most bitter and most criminal of our enemies—Trimbuckjee Danglia—with whose enormities every reader of Indian history is familiar. The forbearance of our Government had been thus tried to the utmost. Decided measures became necessary. So, early in May, the terms of a new treaty were submitted to him, prefaced by an undertaking to surrender Trimbuckjee Danglia within a month; and, as a security for the fulfilment of this preliminary, three of the Peishwah's forts were demanded to be given up within two days. Badjee Rao hesitated—asked for longer time for consideration—and not until his capital had been surrounded by British troops did he consent to surrender the forts.

He was stung to the quick by this humiliation. But the decided conduct of the British Resident proved that there was nothing for him but submission or destruction.

The treaty which was offered to him was duly signed in the course of June; and he was still brooding over the indignity which he had brought down upon himself by his own misconduct, when Malcolm was invited to visit him. He was full of complaints and of professions. He declared that he had always been the friend of the British —that he had never forgotten the time when Wellesley, Close, and Malcolm had proved themselves to be his true friends in the midst of adversity; and when Malcolm spoke of the operations which had been undertaken for the suppression of the Pindarrees, he made large promises of assistance. He spoke freely of the difficulties of his position—of the many surrounding circumstances which rendered him so likely to be misunderstood—of the suspicious conduct of others which brought him into disrepute. But he repeated that he was faithful to the British alliance, and that he had been harshly treated by his friends. He was obviously both vexed and dispirited. Malcolm exerted himself to soothe and encourage the unhappy Prince, whose faults were mainly those of feebleness of character; and, knowing that his fears were his greatest enemies, said all he could to allay them. There were those who thought that the opportunity would be a good one for asking or demanding new concessions; but Malcolm had made up his mind to abstain from everything calculated to excite the alarm or increase the discontent of the Peishwah; and he believed that he left his Highness comforted, if not assured. At all events, it was only in accordance with Malcolm's disposition to look upon the bright side of things, hopefully and confidently, and he yet believed that the Peishwah would be true to his word.

Badjee Rao may have been sincere at the time. He may have recognised, in Malcolm's presence, the sound-

ness of his friend's advice; and believed that the English alliance was the one which would tend most to the support of his power. But he was utterly without steadfastness of character. There was really no reliance to be placed in his professions. And when Malcolm returned to the Residency to narrate what had passed at this confidential interview, Elphinstone, who had been for some years closely watching the crooked ways of the Peishwah, could not be persuaded to see anything in his promises and professions but the boundless dissimulation which was so large an ingredient in his character. The two friends were long engaged in amicable discourse on the character and designs of Badjee Rao; and each confidently trusted to Time to prove the soundness of his opinions.

From Poonah, Malcolm returned to Hyderabad, where he arrived on the 16th of August, and commenced at once the work of completing his arrangements for the supply and movement of the army of the Deccan. Sir Thomas Hislop had fallen dangerously ill—a circumstance which had increased the burden both of Malcolm's labors and responsibilities. "The eighteen days that have intervened since my arrival," he wrote to his wife, on the 3rd of September, "have been an unvaried round of hard work, during which I can assert that I have been every day employed incessantly from five o'clock in the morning till eight at night, in making arrangements and preparations to put the forces in this quarter in motion. The confidence of Sir Thomas Hislop gave me the laboring oar before he was taken ill, and since that I have had it still more. He is now, I think, out of all danger, but too weak to make it probable he will be able for some time to come to attend to business; but our arrangements are complete—my tents and baggage are thirty miles on the

road to Nagpoor. I follow to-night. I expect to be at Nagpoor on the 20th, and to take command of two divisions of the army—the Commander-in-Chief's and my own—and to conduct them to a position on the banks of the Nerbudda, between Hindiah and Hussungabad."

It was with much elation of spirit that he turned his back upon Hyderabad. The encampment of his escort* and his political suite was some thirty miles distant from the city, and Malcolm proceeded to join it, "delighted," as he said, to get away from the bustle and distraction of Hyderabad to his own home; "for such," he added, in a letter to his wife, "I must term my camp for a long time to come; and if I cannot be with you and the darling little ones, I prefer my tent to a palace."

He was not without pleasant companions. His political assistants — Captains Josiah Stewart and John Briggs, of whom I have spoken already in connexion with the last mission to Persia—were with him in camp. The immediate members of his family were Lieutenant John Low, his aide-de-camp; Cornet Max Elliot (a son of Hugh Elliot, the Governor of Madras); and Lieutenant Bell, "a gentlemanlike young man," who had accompanied him from Bengal—subaltern officers attached to his escorts—and Lieutenant Laurie, an Eskdale man, who was surveying the route. He had, moreover, at this time, some guests in his camp—amateurs, anxious to see something of the country and a little of stirring life under such good auspices. There

* Malcolm's escort was composed of motley materials. In one of his family letters he says: "I forgot to tell you that, besides eighteen select troopers, I have thirty picked horsemen of the Nizam, thirty Mysoreans, thirty from Poonah, and I shall have thirty from Nagpoor. Each of these parties is commanded by an intelligent and distinguished officer; and besides furnishing collectively a good escort, they are means through which I communicate with the countries and armies to which they belong."

was Colonel Leicester Stanhope, son of Lord Harrington; Captain Henry Elliot, another son of the Madras Governor; Dr. Gordon, of the Nagpoor Residency; and Mr. Williams, of the civil service, who had been one of his assistants in Persia, but was then attached to the Residency at Baroda. "I am taking him," wrote Malcolm, with reference to the last of these gentlemen, "the round of the Indian Courts, and going to show him a camp, and I hope a campaign. He is a manly and sensible fellow, and well qualified to fill any situation to which he may be appointed."*

Their march lay through "the heart of the ancient province of Telingana," part of the Nizam's dominions.† Malcolm rode principally on an elephant, a mode of travelling best suited to the state of the country, which was intersected by water-courses greatly swollen by the heavy rains. The streams, indeed, were continually interrupting their progress, and many diverting and some vexatious incidents of travel were the result. At all personal inconveniences Malcolm laughed, and he had a good-natured enjoyment in the temporary discomfiture of some of his friends, knowing that such rough treatment might do them good. "——," he wrote, "who understands comfort, has one of these petty rivers between him and half his cot, half his servants, and all his keys. As to poor ——, neither his clothes nor horses have yet

* Mr. Williams afterwards became Resident at Baroda.

† "The people," said Malcolm, "are a broken and oppressed race. I am, indeed, disposed to believe that no country was ever more miserably governed. What, indeed, can be expected when the prince (the Nizam) is a melancholy madman, and the minister (Chundoo-Lall) a low Hindoo, who owes his power to the support of our Government, and pays the price of subservience to our Resident for continuance in office? Where power is without pride there can be no motive for good government. I am told it is impossible to maintain our connexion on a better footing. I can only reply, it is impossible there can be a worse; but after all it is right that we should form our judgment on this point by a view of comparative evils."

come in; we conclude that they are following some twenty miles in the rear." But, eager as he was to push on, the detention was a serious annoyance to him. "I should go mad," he said, "with such work before me to be stopped at a petty village for even two days." Such stoppage, however, he could turn to profitable account, and when he was unable to move forward, he busied himself with inquiries into the old Hindoo village communities, the maintenance of which he believed, in common with many great Indian statesmen, to be essential to the happiness and prosperity of the people.*

Wading, as he said, through a beautiful country, in high health and spirits, living abstemiously, taking much exercise, shooting quails wherever he could find them, laughing at the petty misfortunes of his friends, and being laughed at in turn, Malcolm splashed on to the banks of Godavery, which he reached on the 12th of September. On the following day, after a scene of tumultuous noise and confusion, in the midst of which he seated himself close to the river's edge and wrote a dozen public and private letters, he crossed the swollen waters and continued his march. But on the 16th he was stopped by a torrent, which it seemed almost impossible to pass. Detention at such a time was vexatious in the extreme. He wrote to the Chief Secretary, saying:

"Here I am stopped by a vile nullah that is swelled into a

* One passage at least on this subject may be given from Malcolm's private correspondence. "I have just had," he wrote on the 7th of September, "a long inquiry into the village government of this country; and find precisely the same establishment as is mentioned by Wilks in his *Southern India*. . . . . The system is not destroyed. It has continued whole and well understood through all the revolutions which have afflicted this country. It remained for us, in the pride of reform, to sweep away this useful and ancient institution, which I will venture to say, protected by our justice, was more calculated to make our territories in India flourish than any plan our wisdom will ever suggest. It is a great secret to allow men to be happy in their own way; and what we term blessings become punishments when they are inflicted."

river, but expect to pass it to-morrow morning. You will judge of my vexation, when you read the enclosed and see how we are expediting our troops to the Nerbuddah, that there may be no possibility of our enemy being too early for us. I don't know exactly in what direction I shall move from Nagpoor. It will be determined by circumstances; but I shall be on the river with the first of our troops, and ready to carry into effect any instructions I may receive. . . . . I trust they will be early and particular. I conclude that we shall be told to be as orderly as possible—to conciliate the inhabitants, but to suffer no insult to pass unpunished. I state this, because it is the manner in which I shall act, and direct those under me to act, in the absence of instructions. In loose Governments, like those of the Mahrattas, there is no other mode of proceeding. I have seen the Duke of Wellington (who conciliated as much as any man) more than once order a storming party to parade for the attack of a fortified village of our good ally the Peishwah, and it has been on its march to the attack, before the gates were opened or supplies granted. . . . . I am more vexed than I can express at the delay I have encountered; but I am now proceeding with one tent, and will be stopped by nothing that an elephant can pass."

He had made up his mind to cross, and he carried out his resolution. After exploring the stream for some distance, he found a place where it seemed possible for an elephant to pass. "For seven or eight hours," he wrote, "three of these animals kept going backwards and forwards through the stream, loaded with baggage, men, women, and children. Besides what were on their backs, half a dozen held on by ropes from them, and other ropes fastened to these animal-bridges hauled over horses and camels. The whole was a scene for the pencil of Hogarth." It was something better too—it was a great obstacle bravely overcome. Malcolm was all eagerness now to push on; so, taking with him only his aide-de-camp Low, and Williams the amateur, with one small tent for the accommodation of the three, he left his camp

behind him, and rode on as rapidly as the state of the roads would allow him to advance. He was "nobly mounted on a grey Persian horse called Sultan, of great beauty, strength, and spirit." On those wearisome marches, he said, he could not bear to find himself on the back of any other horse, though he had several noble animals with him.

On the 20th of September, Malcolm and his companions entered the province of Berar,* and on the 24th he arrived at Nagpoor. "After the wettest and one of the most fatiguing journeys," he wrote, "which I have yet had—during which I was forty hours in going ninety miles, on horseback, in a palanquin, and on an elephant —I reached (on the 23rd) the tents of my old friend Jenkins, the Resident of Nagpoor, who had come out twelve miles to meet me. Next morning we moved towards the city. The Rajah, Appa-Sahib (a young man of twenty†), came out to welcome me. We alighted at one of his gardens, where he gave us a very excellent dinner, and made me the usual presents."

At Nagpoor, Malcolm spent eight or nine days—days of incessant and laborious activity. His work differed little from that which had occupied him at Hyderabad. He had to make, or rather to complete, the arrangements which were being made for the supply of the army with money and provisions. In the performance of this duty he encountered no small amount of intrigue and cupidity. There were some eager, from political motives, to thwart

* Concerning the state of this country, Malcolm tells the following anecdote: "I asked a Jemadar of Horse, who is a native of the province, in what state it was. 'Much impoverished,' was the reply. 'True,' said an old Mysore horseman, who was riding near; 'it is impoverished. But the poverty of Berar resembles the wealth of other countries.'"

† In another letter, Malcolm describes Appa-Sahib as "a good-looking young man of about twenty-two years of age—of pleasant countenance and manners—very inquisitive and intelligent. He is, however, young and inexperienced, and from desiring to rule himself he becomes a shuttlecock of different parties."

our endeavours; and others who held back in the hope of obtaining higher prices. But Malcolm had long experience in the art of collecting supplies for an army; he knew how to treat with the dealers; and he was not one, in such a conjuncture, to allow any considerations of economy to obstruct the completion of arrangements of vital importance to the State. In Mr. Jenkins he found an old friend and an able associate. And the Rajah*—nephew of that Ragojee Bhoonsla whom Wellesley had beaten at Assye—professed friendship and promised assistance. Every one, indeed, seemed rejoiced to see him; and the kind attentions of his friends did much to lighten his toil.

On the 4th of October, Malcolm prepared to depart from Nagpoor. He had completed his circuit of the three great Courts of the Nizam, the Peishwah, and the Bhoonsla; and was eager now to join the army which was assembling on the banks of the Nerbudda. Though the rain had ceased to fall, the country was still flooded; rapid progress was impossible—progress of any kind difficult and laborious. But he pushed on—never in better health, never more capable of exertion—his heart now

* The following account, in one of Malcolm's letters, of a conversation with Appa-Sahib, is amusing and characteristic: "The Rajah was uncommonly kind to me, and at the last visit, though his wife was very ill, and he really looked sorry, I succeeded in making him laugh aloud in public durbar. He inquired about my family. 'A wife and five children.' 'Sons or daughters?' 'One son and four daughters.' 'How old is the son?' 'Eight years of age—a fine boy—very wicked.' (A laugh.) 'Why were not my family with me?' 'The children were educating.' 'What! daughters!' 'Yes—our ladies were educated, and became as clever, often cleverer, than our men. We admitted female succession to the throne. It was probable that ere long a female would wear the British crown—as several had done before.' 'Strange!' (With smiles.) 'Why was not my wife with me?' 'It was fortunate, at present, she was not.' 'How?' 'Her absence made me more able to execute the orders of my own State and of the Rajah. For instance, I meant to march to Aumeer on the following day—fifty-six miles, and horrid roads. If I had a wife, she would take five days for such a journey.' A loud laugh, and the Maharajah concluded by saying, 'Malcolm-Sahib makes fun of everything!'"

stirred by great thoughts of martial triumphs, and now by tender recollections of the beloved circle at home. On the 10th of October, a packet of letters from England reached him on the march, and filled him with delight. "A week's sunshine," he said, "after our terrible rains, has not so elevated my spirits as this delightful despatch; and I turn from official letters to Governor-General, Commander-in-Chief, Residents, and Brigadiers-General, to the more important subject, as far as my happiness is concerned, of Manchester-street and Frant." There is only one drawback to the happiness which such letters impart—the thought of all that may have happened since they were written; written in May, read in October. But this is often forgotten in the tumult of delight. The sight of the beloved handwriting, as it annihilates space, makes us also oblivious of time, and we see, without a doubt or misgiving, the treasures, which we bring from a distant country to light up the solitary bungalow or the lonely tent, in all the vivid colors of present reality.

"I push on with a small party," he wrote on the 15th of October, "to Hussingabad, on the banks of the Nerbudda, where the principal part of the Bengal force is assembled. All the preparations and operations of the advanced corps are committed to me, which, with the political arrangements, give me enough to do; but I never was in better health, or capable of more work." On the 19th, after a march of "nearly sixty miles through a dreary forest, without a human habitation except one collection of twenty or thirty huts," he reached the valley of the Nerbudda; and on the following day entered the cantonment of Hussingabad, which lay on the banks of the river. From that place he wrote to his wife, under great depression of spirits. Death had been

busy among his friends. "I have no heart to write to you a long letter," he said. "I heard, five days ago, of your old friend Thompson's death. Two days ago, I was shocked by that of my old and esteemed friend Colonel Walker, who was my second in command; and this morning I heard of the death of my old and faithful Brahmin, Kishem Ram, whom you will well recollect at Mysore. This admirable man had an estate of eight hundred pounds a year, which was granted as the reward of public service. I wished him to send a younger brother; but he would not hear of it. 'I will march, if I die, with my old master,' was his reply. And now he has fallen, the victim of his attachment."

At Hussingabad, where General Adams's division was assembled, Malcolm was received with distinguished kindness by the officers of the Bengal army. His heart was still heavy with the thought of the sickness around him, which had smitten so many of his friends; and he wrote that he seemed to be almost the only healthy man in camp. But stirring thoughts of the great work before him soon raised his energies to their accustomed pitch. The rains were over. The fighting season had commenced. There were again the clear skies, the crisp fresh air of the early winter. The troops were marching to, or had already reached, their appointed rendezvous. The Pindarree leaders had been bracing themselves up for the encounter; and Malcolm was eager to find himself before them. "I would glory more," he wrote, "in being the means of contributing to the annihilation of this system of murder and plunder, than in all the great victories that were ever achieved."

On the 26th of October, Malcolm resumed his march. His own division—the third—of the army of the Deccan had been assembling at Hurda. Colonel Walker, whose

death had so touched the heart of his chief, had been instructed, upon the breaking up of the rains, to move upon that place; and Malcolm now proceeded thither to assume command of his troops, and also of the first division of the army, pending the arrival of Sir Thomas Hislop, who now, with recruited health, was on his way to join the army.

But intent as Malcolm was on the future, he had some tender recollections to bestow upon the past. The first day's march brought him to the grave of an old friend. The incident cannot be related in more touching language than his own:

"My first march was to Doloreah, where I arrived late at night; but went immediately to pay an almost devotional visit to the tomb of my former friend, poor Webbe, of whom you often heard me speak, and who, persecuted by the wicked, whom his virtue had attacked, and by the ignorant whom his knowledge had confounded, was driven to a life foreign to his habits, and unsuited to his constitution. He followed the Court of Dowlut Rao Scindiah, to which he was appointed Resident, to relieve me, in 1804, and died at Doloreah. A tomb was erected to his memory by the late Sir Barry Close, and a Fakir, or Mahomedan priest, was left a small salary to guard it. The employment has proved profitable, and the same man still continues in office. The allowance and the donations of travellers have enabled him to make a garden around it, and to keep a lamp burning at the tomb. I gave him money to build a small house, and sink a well. I cannot express the feelings with which I contemplated this spot. The remains not merely of one of my dearest friends, but of the most virtuous and the ablest man I had ever known, were interred amid a wild waste from which human beings had been driven by the leopard and the tiger, and their precursor and ally the merciless Pindarree, who had for many years chosen as his den the opposite banks of the Nerbudda. Yet it seemed to me as if the spirit of Webbe would approve the spot. The speck of cultivation that is near his tomb has begun, since his countrymen came last year to this

quarter, to spread. A few inhabitants have returned to the neighbouring village, and his monument is a shrine which no one can pass without hearing the story of his life; and that is one which cannot be heard without stimulating the coldest to exertions in the cause of humanity and his country."

On the 29th of October—having been met on the preceding day by his friend Captain James Grant, at the head of 4000 Mysore horse belonging to Malcolm's division—the General arrived at Hurda, and assumed command of the troops. He flung himself at once into his work—visited all the posts in the vicinity—improved the communications with the different fordable parts of the river—and put everything in readiness for a forward movement at a moment's notice. "I do not contemplate," he said, "that the Pindarrees will resist us. Scindiah has, I may say, submitted; and ruin must attend any tangible power that opposes us; but still we shall have much work, and I am to have (for which I thank God) more than a common share. . . . . I am delighted with the work I have, the object of which is, beyond all wars, to give peace and prosperity to a miserable people and a wasted country." One of his first acts, on assuming the command of the troops, was to issue an order calling upon them to abstain from plundering or molesting the people, and from inflicting any injury upon the industrial resources of the country through which they might pass. The protection of the peaceable inhabitants was ever, indeed, his first care.

By the officers of the Madras army he was received with enthusiasm. Public dinners were given in his honor. But, amidst all the festivity, he sate sorrowful and afflicted; for Death had not yet ceased to be busy among his friends. "Amidst all the gratification," he wrote to his wife, "which this kindness affords, my heart

is broken. I wrote you in my last of poor Kishem Ram's death. Many have followed. But, to complete my distress, I learnt yesterday from Hussingabad that poor George Wareham,* of whom I have so often written you, must die. Never did a boy unite such warm affections, such noble principles, and such extraordinary talent. I weep over his fate as I would over that of a son."

On the 10th of November, Sir Thomas Hislop joined the army, and on the 15th, at the head of a light field force, Sir John Malcolm crossed the Nerbudda in pursuit of the Pindarrees. "You would be delighted with my camp," he wrote. "There never was a set of finer fellows, and they are in trim for anything. Many old friends are with me—James Grant, Colonel Russell,† Josiah Stewart, Briggs, Williams, Cadell,‡ &c.—but we are all alarmed lest we should have an intangible enemy." After crossing the river, Malcolm made a rapid march to Talyn, hoping to beat up the quarters of the notorious freebooter Cheetoo, who fled at his approach. But James Grant was sent after him with twelve hundred Mysore horse, with which he surrounded the place, and made prisoners of the garrison and Cheetoo's adopted son. On the 30th, Malcolm wrote from Talyn to his wife, saying, "I march to-morrow, eighteen miles, to a place called Sarraignpore, from which I commence, on the 3rd of December, a pursuit that you and your children

* See *ante*, for notice of this boy, p. 160.

† Now General Sir James Russell, K.C.B.

‡ Now Colonel Cadell—one of the most respected citizens of Edinburgh. He was Assistant Adjutant-General of Malcolm's division. When he waited upon the General, on his first joining the force, for instructions, Malcolm said to him: "You have been in the Adjutant-General's office at Madras, and know more about routine than I do. The only advice I have to give you is to keep every one in good humor, and we are sure to do well."

must pray may be successful." Time and space annihilated again. "I have only a small force," he added; "but they have one heart, and are ready to do anything that men can do, and will neither shrink from fatigue nor from danger." The next family letter which I can find is dated the 24th of December. The interval was a most momentous one. I must devote to it a separate chapter.

CHAPTER V.

MEHIDPOOR.

[1817.]

OBJECTS OF THE WAR—EXTENT OF OUR OPERATIONS—UNEASINESS AT THE MAHRATTA COURTS—CONDUCT OF THE PEISHWAH AND THE BHOONSLA—PROCEEDINGS IN HOLKAR'S CAMP—ADVANCE OF SIR JOHN MALCOLM'S DIVISION—NEGOTIATIONS WITH HOLKAR'S WAKEELS—THE BATTLE OF MEHIDPOOR—DEFEAT AND PURSUIT OF HOLKAR.

It has been said that the war of 1817 was undertaken primarily for the extirpation of the Pindarrees. But it was seen, from the first, that it was likely to swell into a war against the substantive states of India. They affected to co-operate with us; but it was doubted whether they did not in reality sympathise with our enemies; and whether, if fit occasion presented itself, the Mahratta confederacy would not support the banditti whom we called upon them to suppress.

The temper of the Courts of Scindiah and Holkar had long been suspected; but some faith had been reposed in the assurances of the Peishwah and the Rajah of Berar. If in the summer, when Malcolm visited these princes, they had determined on assuming a hostile attitude, they cautiously veiled their designs. But as the year advanced, it became more and more palpable to those who watched the signs and symptoms of disaffection at the Mahratta

Durbars, that our suspected allies were fast growing into open enemies.

Our military preparations were on so grand a scale that these threatening appearances at the Native Courts were regarded fearlessly by all—hopefully by many. The magnificent army, or, rather, the two magnificent armies which had taken the field, were equal to any human emergency that could arise. They covered so immense an area, and their several components were so judiciously disposed—our combinations had been altogether made with so much skill and so much forethought, that it lay in our power to crush any native state that might break out into hostility; and many believed that, as the settlement of Upper and Central India would be accelerated by such an assertion of our power, the sooner these still turbulent Mahrattas brought down destruction upon themselves, the better for the stability of our rule, and the general peace and prosperity of the country.

Let the reader place before him any map of India, and contemplate the expanse of country lying between the Kistnah and the Ganges rivers. Let him glance from Poonah in the south-west to Cawnpore in the north-east; mark the positions of the principal Native Courts, and think of the magnificent armies—the very flower of the three Presidencies—which were spreading themselves over that spacious territory, closing in upon Hindostan and the Deccan, and compassing alike the Pindarree hordes and the substantive states in their toils. The sportsmen of the day, indeed, regarded it as a grand *battue* of the princes and chiefs of India; and we cannot be surprised if those princes and chiefs looked upon the matter somewhat in the same light, and thought that the Feringhees, after a long season of rest, were now again bracing themselves up for vigorous action, and were putting forth all their immense military resources in one

comprehensive effort to sweep the native principalities from the face of the earth.

The Mahratta was roused. He had been uneasy. He was now alarmed. The whole history of our connexion with India shows that for a native prince to apprehend danger is to precipitate it by his own conduct. He is more often ruined by his fears than by anything else. He does not know the virtue of quiescence. In his suspicion he becomes restless; in his restlessness defiant. He plunges into intrigue, collects his army, and, thinking only in the first instance of self-protection, is soon hurried into the offensive by some evil counsel or some dangerous mischance. He commits himself to hostility before he is aware of it; and when all is over—when, prostrate and helpless at the feet of his conqueror, he declares that he had no intention to provoke the war which has destroyed him, there is often more truth in the words than we are wont to admit. It is said, in such cases, that our diplomatists are duped and overreached, because they have not perceived hostile designs before they were formed, and known more about the future movements of our enemies than was known, at the time, to themselves. It is not a want of good faith, so much as a want of consistent counsel and steadfast action, that has brought so many of the princes of India to the dust.

So it was, it appears to me, with the Peishwah and the Rajah of Berar. They were alarmed by the gathering and the advance of our armies. They did not believe that these immense military preparations had been made simply for the suppression of the Pindarrees. They thought that whatever the primary and ostensible object of the campaign might be—a campaign conducted by the Governor-General himself in person, at the head of the Grand Army—it would eventually be directed against the substantive Mahratta states. And this was no base-

less suspicion. The probability of another Mahratta war, as the sequel of the Pindarree campaign, was the subject of elaborate State papers and the small gossip of our camps. Statesmen solemnly discussed it at the council-board, and soldiers joyously predicted it at the mess-table. Had the whole scope of our policy been fully understood at the Mahratta Courts—had they known that we were really acting in good faith towards them, and that our steady friendship could be secured by honestly co-operating with us for the suppression of the Pindarree hordes, whilst no real danger threatened their independence but that which they might bring upon themselves by their own rashness—they would not have suffered their fears to hurry them into aggression. But they only knew that we were putting our armies in motion from all points, and that in every cantonment of India the talk was about the probability of another war with the Mahrattas.

It would have been wonderful if, under such circumstances, there had not been another war; if, considering the character of these princes, the evil councillors by whom they were surrounded, and their limited understanding of the views and intentions of the British Government, they had not regarded the movements of our armies with suspicion and alarm, and concerted the means of resisting our probable aggressions. They had at least as good a right to prepare for contingencies as we had. If, when the British Government first took up arms, and calculated the scale on which it would be expedient to conduct its military operations, the contingency of a Mahratta war was duly provided for, and that provision is to be considered demonstrative only of wisdom and forethought, we must surely be blinded by our national self-love, if we would denounce as treachery, or as folly, a like provision on the part of the Mahrattas, who were in much greater danger than ourselves. We

surely cannot expect all the world to dismount their guns whilst our own are loaded and primed, and the portfire is burning in our hands.

In this conjuncture, when it seemed that the Mahratta empire was threatened by the armies of the encroaching Feringhee, it was natural that the eyes of all the princes and chiefs should be turned towards the Peishwah, as the head of their tribe. In accordance with the common fashion of Eastern Courts, he was a weak prince under the influence of wicked favorites. He was easily led astray; easily persuaded that it was his duty and his interest to prepare to resist the aggressions of the English. When, in August, Malcolm was importuned to visit him, he had appeared to be really sincere in the expression of his desire to stand fast by the British alliance; but he had then been much exasperated by recent transactions —an unwelcome treaty had been forced upon him—and it was not difficult, in this frame of mind, to persuade him that the sovereignty of the Mahrattas was threatened; and that his true interest lay in hostility to the British Government. So the troops which he had collected avowedly with the intention of aiding our operations, were now held together for the purpose of resisting them.

Such a gathering of troops at Poonah could have but one result. A large body of ill-disciplined Mahratta soldiers were little likely, under any circumstances, to remain quiescent in the neighbourhood of the capital. It was necessary that they should commit excesses of some kind; and the temper which they manifested in the autumn of 1817 rendered certain the direction in which those excesses would be committed. Their minds had been inflamed by false representations of the hostile designs of the British. They believed that their very existence, as a military body, was threatened, and that there

would soon be nothing but "Company's Service," from one end of India to the other.

Against this concentration of troops at Poonah, the Resident, Mr. Elphinstone, remonstrated in vain. It was obvious that a collision was approaching. The Mahratta soldiery had encamped all round the cantonment in which the British brigade was posted. The position was a dangerous one; and the Resident moved the British force to the neighbouring village of Kirkee. The Residency then lay between our troops and the Mahratta camp. On the 1st of November this movement was accomplished. All hope of preventing a rupture with the Peishwah had then departed. Badjee Rao, repudiating the wise and moderate counsel of Moroo Dikshut, his chief minister, who was really friendly to the British, had suffered himself to be led astray by one of our bitterest enemies. This man, Gokla by name, a chief of an evil disposition, overflowing with bitterness against the Feringhees, had become paramount in the councils of the Peishwah. Unfortunately, he was on the popular side. He persuaded the Peishwah that it was the wish, as it was the interest, of the Mahrattas to resist the European power to the utmost; and he induced him to suffer insolent demands to be made in his name—demands which could only result in a prompt refusal, and a subsequent rupture. An answer worthy of Elphinstone and of the nation he represented was returned; and the Peishwah's troops then attacked the Residency. The battle of Kirkee was fought. The Mahrattas were beaten. And before the Peishwah's troops could recover from the effects of this disaster, reinforcements were sent to the assistance of Elphinstone and the Brigade. The Mahratta camp was attacked; the enemy were dispersed; Poonah was occupied by British troops; and the Peishwah was a fugitive.

Whilst the months of October and November saw these events passing at Poonah, others of kindred import were developing themselves at Nagpoor. Appa-Sahib had, since his interview with Malcolm, watched with eager interest the progress of affairs at the Peishwah's capital; and whilst he had professed to deplore the duplicity of Badjee Rao, he had been secretly intriguing with him, and preparing to make common cause with the head of the family of Mahratta princes. Like Badjee Rao, he was mistrustful of the designs of the British, fearful of his own safety, and stimulated by evil counsellors. He had no settled purpose. At one time inclined to be firm to the English alliance, at another disposed to break out into open enmity, he halted between two opinions, and at last turned to the worse. Before the end of November, the Bhoonsla, like the Peishwah, was our declared enemy; and, like him, after an attack on the British Residency, beaten and a fugitive. Both relied on their numbers—both believed they could overwhelm the handfuls of British soldiers posted at their capitals—and both were beyond measure astonished and dismayed when they found their best troops scattered and their countries at our mercy.

These events, which had been developed at Poonah and Nagpoor whilst Malcolm was operating against the Pindarrees on the banks of the Nerbudda, were soon followed by others, with the results of which he was more personally concerned.* When the British army first took the field, our statesmen had been more doubtful of the temper of Scindiah and Holkar than of the course that would be pursued by the princes of

* It has been necessary to write this much of the proceedings of Badjee Rao and Appa-Sahib in the autumn of 1817, that the reader may understand their position at a later period, when they became associated with the incidents of Malcolm's life, as related in the two following chapters.

Poonah and Nagpoor. Dowlut Rao, with whom Malcolm had frolicked some fifteen years before, was still the head of the Scindiah family. Alarmed, and not without substantial reason, by the vast military preparations of the British Government, he had been thrown, like the other chiefs, into a state of dangerous incertitude; and, without resolving to join the Mahratta confederacy, he had contemplated and prepared for the possibility of such an event, and had intrigued not only with the Peishwah, but also with the Court of Catamandoo. Instead of putting forth his strength for the extermination of the Pindarrees, he had harbored them and received a share of their spoils. But the advance of the Grand Army upon Gwalior seemed to render it so certain that nothing but ruin could result from a hostile demonstration, that Scindiah's Durbar reluctantly accepted the conditions offered by the British Government, and on the 6th of November a treaty was signed,* by which Dowlut Rao undertook, among other engagements, to place his troops at our disposal, with a British officer at the head of each division; and, as some security for his good faith, to make over to us temporary possession of the forts of Hindiah and Asseerghur. The former was given up at once; but the transfer of the latter was delayed, owing to the alleged contumacy of the commandant, and remained

* *After the signing of the treaty,* Lord Hastings issued the following order to his troops. It proves how little he desired to conceal the fact that the army were longing for a war with the Mahratta States:—"The Governor-General has great pleasure in announcing to the army that the Maharajah, Dowlut Rao Scindiah, has signed a treaty, by which his Highness engages to afford every facilitation to the British troops in their pursuit of the Pindarrees through his dominions, and to cooperate actively towards the extermination of those brutal freebooters. In consequence, the troops and country of his Highness are to be regarded as those of an ally. *The generous confidence and animated zeal of the army may experience a shade of disappointment in the diminished prospect of serious exertion;* but the Governor-General is convinced that the reflection of every officer and soldier in the army will satisfy him that the carrying every point by equity and moderation is the proudest triumph for the British character."

a convenient refuge for our enemies, until the capture of the place by our troops, some eighteen months afterwards, brought the second Mahratta war to a close.

But it is more immediately to the Court and Camp of Holkar that it is necessary now to call the attention of the reader. Jeswunt Rao Holkar, who had been so conspicuous an actor in the first Mahratta war, had disappeared from the scene. Strong drink had carried him to his grave. In his place sate his son, Mulhar Rao Holkar, at this time (1817) a boy, who had numbered some eleven years. The Regency was vested in a woman named Toolsee Bhaee, who had been the favorite, though not the very legitimate, wife of Jeswunt Rao, and who assumed the management of affairs when the continued intemperance of the Maharajah had brought him to a condition of idiocy so complete that it was necessary to remove the administration from his hands. She was young and beautiful, with more than common ability for public affairs; but she was licentious and vindictive, and her evil passions had rendered her extremely unpopular in the state. Her chief favorite was one Gunput Rao, who was associated with Tanteea Jogee in his ministry; but almost all real power had passed from their hands into those of the Patan leaders, who controlled the soldiery; while the Regent and her party were suspected of a desire to betray the state to the English. The suspicion was not wholly without foundation. Holkar's Government was plunged deeply into financial embarrassments, from which there was no means of extrication except through the intervention of some more affluent state. The soldiery were clamoring loudly for their pay; and a question arose as to the best means of obtaining the assistance by which alone their demands could be satisfied, and the rapid disorganisation of the state

arrested before it had reached a crisis of absolute dissolution.

It is doubtful whether the Regent or her ministers had any definite policy or any settled purpose. They were hanging on the skirts of Circumstance. Necessitated to play a secondary part in the drama, they hesitated to commit themselves irrevocably either to the Mahratta confederacy or to the English Government, but watched the progress of events, and were prepared to sell themselves to the highest bidder.

In this eventful autumn of 1817, the eyes of all the Mahratta States were turned with eager expectancy towards the Court and capital of the Peishwah. All were more or less prepared to follow his example, and to throw off the mask as soon as he declared himself. Though their loyalty was of no very fine temper, they never wholly forgot their allegiance to him, and were always ready to assert it when it served their interests to rally round him as the chief of their tribe. The decided course which Badjee Rao had now taken, coupled with a prospect of the arrears of pay due to the troops being paid by the Peishwah's Government, soon evolved a crisis in the councils of Holkar's camp. Whatever might be the views or the intentions of the Regent, the military leaders had resolved to make common cause with the Mahrattas of Poonah and Nagpoor, and to resist the encroachments of the Feringhee. Tanteea Jogee was accused of a design to secretly favor the English, and was forthwith removed from office. Gunput Rao remained nominally at the head of the Government; but the military chiefs held in their own hands the actual direction of affairs, and were dominant in the Court as in the Camp.*

* Prinsep's *Political and Military Transactions in India*, vol. ii.

It was on the 24th of November that Tanteea was deposed. The chiefs had already begun to concentrate their troops, and about this time they commenced their march from Rampoora to the southward. It was their intention to march down, along the banks of the Sepree river, to Mehidpoor, and to proceed thence to Holkar's capital, Indore, where it was said their arrears of pay would be disbursed to them. From Indore they were to march onward to the Nerbudda, cross the river, and form a junction with the Peishwah's army. The military chiefs were now ripe for action; the soldiery were well disposed to follow the Sirdars; and everything promised a speedy collision with the army of the Deccan, two divisions of which were in their near neighbourhood, ready to give them battle.

It is never easy to compute the numerical strength of a native Indian army. It is stated by the best cotemporary authority,* that Holkar's Government could bring into the field some 45,000 men, with 200 guns. Of these, more than 30,000 were horsemen. It is not to be supposed, however, that the army which was now marching on Mehidpoor comprised so large a number of men, nor are the whole of them to be regarded as well-equipped and well-disciplined troops. In every native army there is a considerable proportion of what we are wont to call "rabble." They are very serviceable as marauders. They hang upon the skirts of our armies, attack our out-lying pickets, and are great in the art of lifting cattle at graze. But they are of little use in a general action. An English commander does not, therefore, much concern himself about the numerical strength of

* Colonel Blacker—*Memoir of the Operations of the British Army in India during the Mahratta War of* 1817, 18, 19. The Colonel was Quartermaster-General of the Madras army, and employed with the army of the Deccan. In this capacity it was one of his duties to supply "intelligence" of this description.

the army which it is his duty to attack. When, therefore, Sir Thomas Hislop and Sir John Malcolm saw that it would soon become their duty to attack Holkar's army, although they believed it was equal, if not superior, to any native force that could be brought against them, they knew that to attack would be to destroy it.

Leaving Holkar's army, early in December, on its march to the southward, it is time that I should now return to trace the movements of Sir John Malcolm. The dawn of December found him with his light division in pursuit of the great freebooter Cheetoo. But, rapid as were the English General's movements, he was outstripped by the unencumbered Pindarree; and it is doubtful whether he was, at any time, within fifty miles of the fugitive chief.* But there was other and more important work to divert him from the pursuit. Tidings reached his camp that Holkar was advancing, and evidently with no friendly intent. Scarcely anticipating any other result than war, but still determined, in the cause of humanity, to do his best to avert it, Malcolm addressed a letter of remonstrance to Holkar's Durbar, pointing out the folly and danger of the course they were pursuing, and suggesting, that if they had any grounds of complaint, or any communications to make to the British Government, they should send their agents to our camp.

Having done this, Malcolm prepared to unite his force

* Sir John Malcolm to Sir Thomas Hislop, December 13, 1817: "On the 3rd instant I marched towards Auggur, with the double view of keeping in check a force of Holkar's, which I understood to be assembling to the north-east of it, and of preventing the chance of Cheetoo, who was said to have turned a little to the southward, being received by that Prince, as I thought it probable that this movement would have considerable influence on the conduct of the latter, unless he was prepared, under all circumstances, for an open rupture with the British Government. I arrived at Auggur on the 4th of the month. On that day, Cheetoo reached Johud, on his way to Cumbulnair. I never was within fifty miles of the freebooters; and their flight was too rapid to afford me the least chance of reaching them."

with that of Sir Thomas Hislop, who, with the head-quarters of the army of the Deccan, was then at Oujein. A private letter, received from Major Agnew on the 6th of December, had first intimated to him that it was Hislop's intention to direct the third (Malcolm's) division to join and co-operate with his own. Information at the same time came to Malcolm that Holkar was continuing to concentrate his forces. A body of troops which had previously been posted at Baroo had been summoned to Mehidpoor, where it seemed that the Mahratta army purposed to make their stand. Clearly perceiving, under these circumstances, the immense importance of placing at the immediate disposal of the Commander-in-Chief such a force as would enable him to dictate terms to Holkar's Durbar, Malcolm determined to anticipate the orders of Sir Thomas Hislop, and to draw his force towards head-quarters by the route of Naudir and Tooranah, and at the same time to intercept what he had already begun to call the "enemy," in the event of their moving southward from Mehidpoor. But at Tooranah, which he reached on the 8th, he learnt that Holkar's army had not marched. Unwilling, therefore, to give to the operations of his division the appearance of anything resembling a retrograde movement, and expecting to receive definite instructions from the Commander-in-Chief, he halted during the two following days, and on the 11th marched to Taujpoor, where the expected orders were put into his hands. Sir Thomas Hislop was still at Oujein; and there, on the 12th of December, Sir John Malcolm, with the third division of the army of the Deccan, joined the head-quarters of the force.

At Oujein, Hislop and Malcolm halted for two days, and on the 14th of December marched northward, along the high road to Mehidpoor. Re-crossing the

Sepree on the evening of that day, they took up their position at a place called Gunnye, where they waited the issue of negotiations which were little likely to result in anything but a pitched battle between two armies, which were now encamped within a score of miles of each other, and were both eager to be led to action. Still, however, was the policy of Holkar's Durbar, outwardly at least, dubious. The answers to Malcolm's letters contained general expressions of friendship, and the Durbar had responded to the invitation to send envoys to our camp, by deputing thither three Wakeels, who, on the 15th of December, were received by Sir John Malcolm. He was too old a diplomatist to expect from them anything more than evasions and excuses. The usual tortuous character of Mahratta diplomacy contrasted strongly with Malcolm's straightforward discourse. He told them that the British Government had watched, not without reasonable suspicion, the proceedings of Holkar's Durbar—its vacillating, undecided course of policy—its apparent sympathy with our enemies, not yet expressed in any acts of open hostility, but seemingly only wanting fit occasion for an outburst of defiance. He told them that the British Government had a right to be offended by their negotiations with the Peishwah—by their avowed intentions of marching upon Poonah—and by their disregard of the communications which had been made to them by the Governor-General and the Resident at Delhi. In the face of such acts as these, what, he asked, were mere verbal professions of friendship? He demanded that they should enter into specific engagements with our Government, pledging themselves, among other things, not to aid our enemies, but to furnish their quota of troops for the furtherance of the general objects of the war. And hopes were held out to them that, if they complied with our conditions, arrange-

ments would be made for an advance of money to liquidate the balances due to the troops.*

The terms which were thus proposed to them the envoys affected to receive with respect. But, alleging that they had no power to accept or reject them, and being, doubtless, in genuine awe of the military chiefs, they placed themselves in frequent communication with the camp at Mehidpoor, and, after the old fashion of Mahratta diplomacy, succeeded at least in gaining time. Always humane and forbearing, Malcolm was unwilling to precipitate the crisis, and he would have averted it if he could; but there was a limit beyond which he could not suffer the Wakeels to protract the negotiations. The two armies were encamped, it has been said, within twenty miles of each other. Parties of Mahratta horsemen were flitting about the outskirts of our position, attacking our foraging parties, and carrying off our cattle. It was truly said, that if we hesitated any longer, the Mahrattas would believe that we were shrinking from the encounter. So, on the 19th of December, the proposed treaty not having been accepted by Holkar's Durbar, and no definite pledges given, the Mahratta envoys were dismissed from the British camp.

Whilst these fruitless negotiations had been going on, a terrible tragedy had been acted in Holkar's camp. There had been sharp internal dissension in the Durbar. Gunput Rao, still supported by the Regent, was nominally the chief minister; but the real direction of affairs had fallen into the hands of the military chiefs, who had

* Nearly two years before this time, Lord Hastings had anticipated the necessity of paying Holkar's troops, as a means of securing the alliance of that Government. "I should not require any subsidy," he wrote, on January 6, 1816, to Mr. Metcalfe, "because I must know that it could not be paid. . . . . Of course I should bind Holkar's troops (who must, perhaps, be brought into order by some pecuniary advances from us) to be at our disposal."

long been suspicious of Tilsee Bhaee and her favorite. It may be doubted whether, at that time, their suspicions were well founded. Before the middle of December, the desire for the English alliance seems to have passed away; but the chiefs still believed that the Regent and her paramour were willing to sell them to the British, and determined to baffle the treacherous design. So, on the evening of the 19th of December, they seized the Regent and the minister; placed them in close confinement; and held a council, at which the best means of disposing of their prisoners was warmly debated. The crisis was imminent; the excitement was great; there was no mercy among the councillors. As day broke on the 20th, Tilsee Bhaee was taken from the tent in which she had been confined, and carried down to the banks of the Sepree river, where the beautiful head of the unhappy woman was struck from her body, and her bloody remains cast into the stream. Many looked on while this foul murder was committed; but not a hand was raised in her behalf. The war party had now baptised their triumph in blood, and panted for the inevitable encounter.

Already they were upon the eve of it. The dismissal of the Mahratta envoys from the British camp was the signal for the commencement of immediate hostilities. In the British camp at Gunnye were the first and third divisions of the army of the Deccan. The force was composed of two brigades of cavalry, two brigades of infantry, a brigade of horse artillery, some details of foot artillery, and a rifle corps. With the exception of the flank companies of the Royal Scots, a detachment of the 22nd Dragoons, the Madras European regiment, and a part of the artillery force, they belonged to the Company's native army. The divisions, which were accompanied by a body of Mysore Horse, were considerably weaker than when they had been originally brigaded; for some of

their components were absent on duty in Candeish; some at Beitool, Hindiah, and Nagpoor. But though comparatively few in numbers, they were in good condition, good spirits, and ripe for action. It was the finest, the most bracing, the most exhilarating season of the year—the season when men revive and are reinvigorated after the languor and exhaustion engendered by the summer heats and the autumnal damps. For many weeks had these divisions been looking for an enemy. They had heard of the successes of their comrades at Poonah and Nagpoor, and longed to earn equal laurels. And now they were about to come face to face with Holkar's army. His cavalry were reported the best in the service of any native state; and it was known that he had brought nearly a hundred guns into the field. It was no contemptible enemy that we were about to attack. But still the victory was certain.

On the 20th of December, the British divisions encamped at Hurneah. The morrow's march was to bring them to the enemy's position at Mehidpoor; so the day was one of busy preparation and eager excitement. Reconnoitring parties were sent out to ascertain the nature of the ground on which the Mahrattas were encamped, and the best road by which our troops could advance upon them. Our Indian armies have ever, in critical conjunctures, wanted correct information of the movements and positions of the enemy; and the army of the Deccan was now no exception to the rule. The windings of the river perplexed the reconnoitring parties; and the villagers, deceived themselves by the movements of detached bodies of Holkar's troops, which they mistook for the main army, deceived our officers by representing that the enemy had crossed the river, and were not on the bank on which we had expected to find them. That we were in the near neighbourhood of the enemy was plain. Already

were Holkar's horse beginning to display their activity against our pickets; and it was little doubted that in the course of a few hours we should be in sight of the main body of Holkar's army.

When day broke on the following morning, it found our divisions already in motion. Every necessary preparation had been made on the preceding day;* and the troops, with Sir John Malcolm at the head of the advanced guard, defiled, through the dim twilight of the early December morning, along the road which led to Mehidpoor. As the army advanced, a messenger came from Holkar's camp, bringing letters to Malcolm from the Durbar, containing strong remonstrances against our hostile movements. One of the dismissed Wakeels, Meer Zuffur, wrote also to Sir John Malcolm, that if the British troops would persist in advancing, it were well that they should bear in mind that they were advancing upon the army of Holkar.† The only answer which could be sent back to this, was one which Malcolm had already prepared. He wrote back, that the British Government were still willing to afford Holkar an asylum, if he would throw himself upon their protection; but that nothing short of this could arrest the forward movement of the army.

Of this there was no hope—no prospect. War was certain; and the army advanced upon Mehidpoor. The

* Colonel Blacker says, that "if the position of the army on the 20th was in some respects favorable, it had one disadvantage—the difficulty of quitting it. In order to facilitate the accomplishment of the operation, before daybreak on the following morning openings were made from the left of each brigade to the great road. This work, superintended by the officers appointed to conduct them to their places in the line of march, occupied the pioneers till it was dark; and much of the night was spent by the troops in those preparations which had been ordered for the following day."

† Major Stewart to Mr. David Malcolm. [*MS. Correspondence.*] Mr. Prinsep states that these letters were answers to others despatched on the preceding evening from our camp "to invite the Durbar to submission; and another to the agent employed to negotiate, to know why communications had been so abruptly broken off."

town lies on the right bank of the Sepree river. It was believed that the main body of the enemy were on the left bank. Eager to ascertain the precise nature of their dispositions, Malcolm pushed forward; and soon after nine o'clock on that fine December morning, ascended an eminence from which he could obtain a view of the surrounding country. The town itself was masked by a fine avenue of trees; but he could see the windings of the river, and the open ground on the other side. There, on that left bank, the windings of the river forming a sort of circular ravelin with a wet ditch, was the main body of Holkar's army encamped. They could hardly have been in a finer position, for the river well-nigh encircled them. This was apparent from the first, and presently a more effectual command of observation having been attained, our officers could see through their telescopes that the enemy were drawn up in two lines, fronting the bend of the river: the infantry and artillery in front, the cavalry in the rear. They seemed to be well prepared for us. A formidable battery of some fifty guns commanded the only good ford by which our troops could well cross the river. And to render the passage more difficult, they had sent a considerable body of horse into the plain on the right bank, to harass our advance, and, if possible, to work round to the rear of our line, and attack our baggage.

It was necessary that these horsemen should be dispersed before the passage of the river was attempted; so Malcolm was sent forward with a strong body of cavalry and some guns to perform this service. It was expedient that he should not prematurely entangle himself in an engagement, which might have delayed the crossing of the Sepree, and the attack on the main body of the enemy; so Malcolm, using his guns with good success, dispersed the Mahratta horse on the right bank so effectually that

there was no need to try the sabre upon them. Our line then moved down upon the ford, and commenced the passage of the river, molested only by the batteries on the opposite side, which poured in upon us a heavy enfilading fire from their long line of well-served guns.*

Our advanced brigades crossed beneath the meridian sun. The cavalry and artillery followed. Under the left bank of the river, near the end of the ford, was a long dry ridge of sand, very favorable for the reception and formation of our troops, after their completion of the passage. And from this sandy level two ravines opened into the enemy's country, and favored our advance, without the difficult process of ascending a bank between twenty and thirty feet in height, under the fire of the enemy's batteries. These ravines were speedily occupied; and then our dispositions were made for a general attack on the enemy's position.

The passage of a river by a large force is necessarily a protracted operation. It was wisely determined, therefore, to commence the attack before all our troops had crossed the Sepree. Promptitude, indeed, was everything on this occasion; for the enemy's guns were playing with good success, and their heavy metal—an old tale, and often told—soon silenced the horse-artillery battery which we had advanced to the front of the ford. So Sir Thomas Hislop, yielding to Malcolm's solicitations, gave him the personal command of the two leading brigades, and permitted an immediate advance upon Holkar's position.

* There was another ford higher up the river, and for some time it was a question which should be tried. But the dispersion of the enemy's skirmishers proved its inutility. "For," says Colonel Blacker, "though conveniently situated for the retreat of the enemy's horse, it could be seen that none of them returned by it. A further circumstance of much importance in favor of the left ford, was a long spit of sand under the opposite bank, which, as the stream flowed close to the near bank, offered a convenient situation for the partial formation of the troops."

The enemy were drawn up in line, the infantry in front, covered by a battery of fifty guns, and forming, as it were, the cord of the arc made by the winding of the river; the cavalry were formed in seven or eight detached bodies in the rear. About the centre of the enemy's line was a ruined village, which afforded an advantageous shelter to a considerable body of their infantry. This village and the left of the enemy's line were now to be attacked by the advanced brigades under Sir John Malcolm. The troops which he thus led into action were those of the light infantry brigade, consisting of a rifle corps and two light battalions,* all of the Madras native army, whilst the flank companies of the Royal Scots and the Madras European regiments, supported by a native battalion, composed the first brigade, under Colonel Robert Scott—Sir John Malcolm commanding the whole.

An opportunity long coveted was now before him. Malcolm was a soldier to the very core; but, continually employed, as he had been for many years, in detached diplomatic situations, he had seen little of actual military service since the days of his youth; and he never before held any important military position in the field. He had often longed to participate in the excitement and the glory of a general action, and had never ceased to deplore his accidental absence from Assye. A great opportunity was now before him—an opportunity of enrolling his name among the soldiers, as it already was among the statesmen and diplomatists, distinguished in the annals of our Indian Empire—and his heart pulsed eagerly with the thought of realising the dreams of his early manhood.

The occasion was one which required rather coolness and resolution in a commanding officer than much strategical skill. He was to carry at the point of the bayonet the village in the centre of the enemy's position, and the

* The 1st battalion of the 3rd, and the 1st battalion of the 16th Native Infantry.

left of their line; and this was to be effected only by a gallant charge in the face of a galling fire from the Mahratta batteries, to which we could give no reply. Our troops, it has been said, ascended from the river by a ravine, which afforded them temporary shelter; but as they emerged thence, and began to form line, preparatory to the attack, the enemy's guns poured upon them a heavy, well-directed fire, from a distance of some seven hundred yards; and it was plain that no time was to be lost. Malcolm wisely determined, therefore, not to wait for the formation of both of his brigades, but, taking those battalions which first cleared the ravine, to move forward at once upon the enemy's position, and to leave the rest to form as a reserve.

An action of this kind is soon described. Two years before, the Duke of Wellington had told Malcolm that he won the battle of Waterloo by hard fighting. It was to hard fighting that Sir John now trusted. At the sound of the bugle, the whole line rose as one man, and moved forward upon the enemy's batteries. It was an inspiring sight; and Malcolm, all his enthusiasm roused within him, took off his hat, and with a loud cheer, responded to along the line, galloped forward, and encouraged his troops to follow. The men were beginning to run forward, when Colonel Scott, a strict disciplinarian of the old Drill school, pricked his horse alongside of Malcolm's, and said, in a somewhat excited tone, "Oh! Sir John, let us not lose an age of discipline at a time like this." "I beg your pardon," returned Malcolm; "let us all be composed."* The Mahratta guns, well posted,

* Malcolm's coolness throughout the engagement was extreme. He observed everything that was going on, as well in the enemy's ranks as in our own. When the Europeans were within some twenty yards of the batteries, perceiving a Mahratta gunner quietly depressing his gun and taking aim, whilst at the same time he signalled to the man at the breach to reserve his fire, Malcolm said, as he pointed out the action to Colonel Scott, "Egad, that's a cool fellow." At that instant the gun was discharged, sweeping away, with a

and admirably served, poured a destructive fire of grape on our line, and struck down many a brave fellow; but on went our troops, Europeans and natives vying with each other, right up to the muzzles of the guns, shooting down or bayoneting the gunners at their post. The infantry fled at our approach; the guns were taken; and our line swept on to form upon the ground which the enemy had occupied in the morning.

It rejoiced Malcolm's heart to see his men move on so gallantly to the attack. Never before or since has the native soldier shown a more resolute spirit. The Sepoys had faith in their commander, and the commander trusted in his Sepoys.* From the moment that they advanced, steadily confronting the Mahratta batteries, victory was certain. Malcolm never doubted the result. As he rode forward, full of enthusiasm, surrounded by his staff—Josiah Stewart, John Briggs, Borthwick, Caulfield, Low, and others—Malcolm turned to the last named, who was acting as his aide-de-camp, and said, "A man may get a red riband out of this!" "I hope in God," said Caulfield, who thought his chief was moving forward too impetuously, "we may get you *safe* out of this;" and implored him not to expose himself unnecessarily to danger. But it was not easy to persuade a man of Malcolm's temperament to keep himself discreetly in the rear. He still continued to push forward; and wherever good service could be rendered, regardless

shower of grape, the leading section of the grenadiers of the Royal Scots. It may be remarked, that throughout the action the enemy depressed their guns so much, that Malcolm and the mounted officers of his staff enjoyed an extraordinary immunity, considering how greatly they were exposed.

* Mr. Prinsep tells the following characteristic story in his account of the battle: "Sir John Malcolm, observing a Sepoy battalion stop and fire in its advance, turned round to the men, and said, 'My lads, there is little use in that; I think we had better give them the cold iron.' Whereupon he was answered with characteristic bluntness from the ranks, 'Yes, your honor, I think we had;' and the line advanced with shouldered arms, in high glee, notwithstanding the destructive fire then playing upon it."

of danger he was sure to be there. Seeing at one time that the line was irregular—at some parts jammed two or three deep, at others loosely extended—he rode to the front, endeavouring to rectify the irregularity, at the risk of being shot by his own men, when his native aide-de-camp, Syud Ibrahim, galloped up to Captain Borthwick,* and said, "Look at the General!—he is in front of the men, who are firing. For God's sake bring him back." It need not be said that Borthwick rode to the front to point out the danger of his chief.

The main position of the enemy being carried, and their long line of guns in our possession, the battle of Mehidpoor may be said to have been fought and won. But our cavalry, which had now come up, and done good service on the enemy's right, were eager for the pursuit; and Malcolm, ever ready for the chase, taking with him also two light battalions, assumed the command of the pursuing force. The sight of the enemy's camp, where it was probable that the Mahrattas would make another stand, arrested for a while the forward movement of the regular troops, while the Mysore Horse continued the pursuit. The camp fell into our hands. Malcolm then pushed forward, and, some miles onward, came up with a party of the enemy, who, with their few remaining guns, seemed inclined to make a last desperate stand. The resistance, however, was but feeble; the guns were taken; and then, while the remainder of our force encamped on the battle-field, Malcolm, with his light detachment, crossed the river, and moved along the right bank of the Sepree, while the Mysore Horse moved down the left. The victory was now complete. The military power of Holkar was utterly broken, and the Prince himself a miserable fugitive, at the mercy of his European conquerors.

* Now Colonel Borthwick, of Georgefield, Eskdale.

The battle of Mehidpoor, one of the most decisive ever fought in India, or any other country, great as were its results, had in itself few noticeable features. The description, indeed, *mutatis mutandis*, might serve for a considerable proportion of our Indian battles. We are almost invariably overmatched by our native enemies in the number and weight of their guns; and we commonly gain our victories by advancing, in the face of a deadly fire, and carrying their batteries at the point of the bayonet. It is not contended that at Mehidpoor, any more than on other great Indian battle-fields, there were any skilful strategical operations. But it may be doubted whether our loss would not have been greater, and our victory less decided, if any other than this headlong mode of attack had been favored by our generals.* It was said afterwards that Malcolm clubbed his battalions. On this being repeated to him, he laughed and said: "Well, if I did, it will be acknowledged that I used the club to some purpose."

Nothing could have been better than the conduct of the troops at Mehidpoor. The battle was fought mainly by Sepoys; and the intrepidity with which they advanced to the attack of the enemy's position, in the face of a murderous fire from the Mahratta guns, is a fine illustration of the fidelity and efficiency of the native army when led to battle by men whom they trust. The forward courage of the Madras Rifle corps† could not have been excelled by the finest European troops in the world.

* There are some very sensible observations in Colonel Blacker's Narrative relative to the strategical aspects of the battle of Mehidpoor. After showing that the ford by which our troops crossed the Sepree was really the only practicable one, the historian observes: "After the army had crossed, any flank movement would have been absurd. They were within range of large grape from heavy guns; no situation could have been worse, and the shortest way out of it was by a direct attack. This succeeded, as it has always succeeded with British troops on a plain. It is conformable to their genius; and there is more science shown by consulting under such circumstances this natural disposition, than in the display of an acquaintance with the stratagems of war."

† The military reader who may be

The frightful gaps which were made in their ranks by the Mahratta grape as they advanced, struck no terror into the hearts of the survivors. Onward they went to victory. They were inspired on that day with a feeling of devotion which sustained even the wounded and the dying in their agonies. Many touching anecdotes are told of the gallantry and self-forgetfulness of our native soldiers on this bloody field. One man — a subadar of the rifle corps — whose legs had been shot away, said, when Malcolm stopped to address him with a few words of compassionate inquiry, "Never mind, Sir; I shall do very well. The Company will give me my pension; and oh! General, have not the Rifles made a great name on this day?"* Another, who was sinking fast, said that he died happy, for his children would say that he had been killed doing his duty under Malcolm-Sahib.

But heavy as was our loss,† the enemy's was far greater; and their dispersion and rout were complete. The pursuit, however, was less successful. Abandoning everything — their guns, their elephants, their camp-equipage, and much valuable property, they fled precipitately across the river. The first opportunity of cutting up the fugitives having been lost, owing to some want of concert between the cavalry brigadiers, it was never subsequently regained. Malcolm, with the light infantry battalions and some horsemen, had pricked on, after the

surprised by the statement that a rifle corps and two light infantry battalions were employed to storm the enemy's batteries, is referred, for some judicious observations on the subject, to the work of Colonel Blacker, referred to in the preceding note.

* The same gallantry and devotion were exhibited by the Europeans. They were few in numbers; but their bravery was conspicuous. During the charge on the enemy's guns, the moaning of a wounded soldier of the Royal Scots attracted the attention of Sir John Malcolm, who stopped to address to him a few words of consolation. "Never mind me," said the poor fellow; "my pain will soon be over; but there lies one of the best and most gallant officers that ever breathed"—pointing to Lieutenant Macleod, who was dying of a grape-shot wound by his side.

† Our loss was, in round numbers, 800 killed and wounded; the enemy's about 3000.

battle, in chase of the Mahrattas, eager, if possible, to gain possession of the person of young Holkar, who had been brought into action on the back of an elephant, and is said to have burst into tears when he saw his army retreating. But the enemy were too far ahead, and were altogether too adroit in flight, and too expert in crossing rivers, for the pursuers to be able to give a good account of them. So at nightfall Malcolm returned to the battle-field, to encamp on the ground which had now become famous in History.

Another effort, however, was to be made to beat up Holkar's retreating army, which was making its way to the northward, it was supposed to Rampoora. The blow which had been struck was to be followed by another and another, until the Durbar, and the military oligarchy who ruled it, were brought to throw themselves upon the mercy of the British. Arrangements were made for the despatch, in advance, of a light force, under Malcolm, on the 26th of December, whilst the main body of the army followed by easier marches. Meanwhile there were returns to be made and reports to be written. It was with a feeling of mingled pride and gratitude, that, on the day after the battle, Sir John sate down to write the following report to the Commander-in-Chief:

SIR JOHN MALCOLM TO THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE ARMY.

Camp at Mehidpoor, Dec. 22, 1817.

SIR,—I have the honor to report, for the information of the Commander-in-Chief, the conduct and result of an attack which his Excellency yesterday directed me to make upon the left of the enemy's position, with the 1st brigade, the four companies of the Rifles, and the 3rd and 16th battalions of Light Infantry.

The light troops had been placed under cover in a ravine, near the bank of the river, previous to the arrival of the 1st brigade, and while I advanced with the latter. I found the ground would only admit of the two grenadier companies of his Majesty's Royals, and

the four companies of the Madras European regiment, and four companies of the 2nd battalion 14th regiment of Native Infantry, forming on the right of the light troops; and on being informed that the Horse Artillery and corps on the left were suffering severely under the enemy's fire, I determined to advance rapidly the moment this part of the 1st brigade was formed in line, directing the remaining part of the 2nd of the 14th Native Infantry and the 1st battalion of that regiment, which had not room to form, to advance as rapidly as they could as a reserve. The attack was commenced by the Rifles, the 1st of the 3rd, and 1st of the 16th Light Infantry, who were directed upon the left of the ruined village, that formed a strong part of this point of the enemy's position, and near which he had planted his heavy batteries. The moment the Rifles and two battalions of Light Infantry commenced moving from the ravine, the advance part of the 1st brigade were ordered to storm the guns on the front and left of the enemy's position, and while the Rifle corps carried the right battery of the enemy's guns, the 3rd and 16th Light Infantry were directed upon the village, from which the enemy kept up a heavy fire of musketry. The rapid charge upon the guns made by the whole of the corps under my orders was successful at all points; but the loss, I lament to say, has been very severe, for, though ill supported by their infantry, the enemy's artillery was pointed with the most destructive aim, and the fire continued till the brave men who served them were bayoneted at their guns.

I beg you will inform his Excellency that nothing could exceed the gallantry of the troops employed on this part of the attack. The character of the British soldier was on this occasion nobly supported by the flank companies of the Royals and the Madras European regiment. The Rifles, 1st of the 3rd and 1st of the 16th Light Infantry, and part of the 2nd of the 14th Native Infantry, pushed forward with the most determined resolution through the hottest fire. Part of the 2nd and the 1st battalion of the 14th Native Infantry, who advanced to support the attack, evinced an equal share of ardor; but the heavy loss* which the

* Out of 419 Europeans and 1560 natives who were engaged in this part of the attack, 94 of the former, and 390 of the latter, with 26 officers, making a total of 510, were killed and wounded in less than a quarter of an hour.

troops sustained in the charge will best show his Excellency the character of the contest in which they triumphed.

All the enemy's guns on the left were taken; the troops which had been separated in the different parts of attack formed in line in the greatest order, and any further opposition of the enemy would, I am assured, have only given them another opportunity of signalising themselves.

Though every officer under my orders behaved in a manner that has entitled him to my warmest gratitude, I feel it my duty to bring to his Excellency's notice the names of those who, from their rank and the situation in which they were placed, had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves.

Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, who commanded the 1st brigade, evinced upon this trying occasion all those military qualifications which have so often recommended him to notice; and I received throughout the day the greatest aid from the judgment and experience of this gallant and able officer.

To Major Bowen, who commanded the light brigade, my thanks are also due; and when that officer was wounded, his place was ably supplied by Major Knowles.

To Captain Hulme, who commanded the flank companies of his Majesty's Royals; Major Andrews, who commanded the Madras European regiment; Major Snow, commanding the Rifles; Captain Walker, who, when Major Knowles took charge of the brigade, succeeded to the command of the 3rd Light Infantry; and Captain Cuffhy, who commanded the 16th Light Infantry, I am particularly indebted. The behaviour of these corps in the charge furnishes the best eulogium of these officers; and the highest merit is also due to Majors Smith and Ives, commanding the 1st and 2nd battalions 14th regiment of Native Infantry, for the rapidity and order they brought their corps into action.

I have to regret that an accident from a fall from his horse deprived me of the aid I should otherwise have had from Major Caddell, assistant adjutant-general of the 3rd division. To Lieutenant A. Stewart, assistant quartermaster-general of that division, I am much indebted; and to Lieutenant Gibbings, of the same department, who was wounded in advancing upon the guns. I consider it also my duty to bring to the notice of the

Commander-in-Chief the active exertions of my extra aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Low, Brigade Major Borthwick, and my acting aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Bell.

To Captain Josiah Stewart, my first political assistant, I feel very grateful for the assistance he gave me throughout the day. Captain Briggs and Lieutenant Hodges, of the same department, are also entitled to my best thanks. Captain Evans, paymaster of the 3rd division, left me before the action to act as brigade major to the light brigade, where he was wounded, and his conduct entitled him to every praise. Lieutenant Laurie, at his own request, was permitted to join the 1st brigade, where he remained throughout the action, and was actively employed as staff to Lieutenant-Colonel Scott.

I request you will state to the Commander-in-Chief my obligations to Captain Caulfield, of the 5th Bengal Cavalry. This officer volunteered his services as my aide-de-camp, and I had the benefit of his active exertions in that capacity during the whole of the day.

It may appear presumption in me to mention the name of any of the general staff of the army, but I beg to be permitted to express my high sense of the conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel M'Gregor Murray, Deputy Adjutant-General of his Majesty's Forces, who gallantly accompanied the Europeans of the right brigade in the attack upon the batteries, and continued with them throughout the action, rendering the most useful assistance.

I have the honor to be, &c. &c.,

JOHN MALCOLM, Brigadier-General.

The battle of Mehidpoor is a prominent incident in the life of Sir John Malcolm—it would be a prominent incident, indeed, in any man's career—but I find little mention of it in his papers. There is no memorable event in all his history of which he appears to have written so little. To his wife he sent a copy of the foregoing letter, with an enclosure to the following effect:*

* To his son, George Malcolm, then a child at school, he wrote, two or three months afterwards: "You bade me promise to write to you if ever I went to battle. I have been at battle. Mamma will tell you I have tried to

SIR JOHN MALCOLM TO LADY MALCOLM.

Mehidpoor, Dec. 24, 1817.

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,—On the 20th, at night, I thought of you and the little ones. On the 21st, if ever you came across my mind, it was only how to prove myself worthy of you; but this even, I must confess, was only for a moment, for I was wholly absorbed in the scene and in my duty. You will see by the *Gazette* account, and by my report of the attack of which I had charge (a copy of which accompanies this), what my task was. I ascended the bank of the river with proud feelings. I never before had such a chance of fair fame as a soldier; and if the countenances of white and black in this gallant army are to be trusted, I did not lose the opportunity afforded me. J. Stewart, who was with me all the day, and who is a first-rate fellow, and as calm in battle as at his dinner, has written an account, he tells me, home; he has also sent one to Macdonald. I have no leisure to write, being occupied with a hundred arrangements; but you need have few more alarms, Charlotte. We have taken seventy pieces of cannon, killed and wounded between three and four thousand, and dispersed all their infantry. Their cavalry may give trouble, but there is comparatively no danger with these fellows. I hope to proceed in person to-night with the cavalry, as I hear they are within fifty miles, quite broken down and broken-hearted.

Your ever devoted,

J. MALCOLM.

behave so that you should not be ashamed of papa. If you become a soldier, you must recollect this, and behave so that papa will not be ashamed of you." What follows is too characteristic to be omitted: "I have a little horse not bigger than a mastiff dog. He trots into the tent, and eats off the table, which he can just reach. I take hold of his fore-legs, he rears up, and walks on his hind-legs round the tent. We have a monkey who sometimes rides this pony. It is such fun. I often wish that you were here. I was running after him and the monkey, some days ago, when my old Moonshee (Persian writer) came out and looked quite pleased. A gentleman asked him the reason, and he said: 'This sight brings back to my mind old times—twenty-six years ago, when I first came to my master—only, that it is but seldom he plays in this way now. Then he did nothing else.' I have a number of fine horses; and I hunt almost every day—hares, foxes, and jackals. Four days ago I started an elk as high as a horse. I rode after him more than three miles, till he was quite tired, and then coming up, I threw a large spear into him, which killed him on the spot. There are many nice gentlemen who live with me; and play and hunt with me. But not one that is not a good scholar. So take care and be a good scholar, or papa will not let you play and hunt with him."

To the family at Burnfoot he sent also (a month afterwards) a copy of the official letter, saying:

"I send this because there are Eskdale names in it, whose friends will be gratified that they were with me. Josiah Stewart is again in high political employ, and will get on famously. Tell Sandy Borthwick that his brother is proper stuff, and that I will do my best for him. Young Laurie is a fine young man; he has now a staff situation, and I will endeavour to find him a permanent one. . . . . I have no taste for grandeur, and I affect none; but I am not insensible to the satisfaction of having had an honest share in a war that better deserves the name of holy than any that was ever waged; for its sole object has been to destroy cruel and lawless freebooters, who annually ravaged all the settled country in this vicinity, and committed the most merciless and horrid acts of barbarity on the inhabitants."*

The services which Malcolm had rendered to his country on the battle-field of Mehidpoor were promptly acknowledged by the higher authorities. Writing to the Governor-General, Sir Thomas Hislop said:

"Your Lordship is too well aware of the high professional character and abilities of Brigadier-General Sir John Malcolm, to render it necessary for me to dwell upon them; I shall, therefore, merely express my admiration of the style of distinguished conduct and gallantry with which the assault on the left of the enemy's position was headed by the Brigadier-General, and my warmest thanks for the great and essential aid I have derived from his counsels, as well previous to as during the action of the 21st instant."

The Governor-General, in an order issued upon re-

* In this letter also there is a characteristic passage, in reference to Malcolm's sporting pursuits: "I long, my dear Nancy, to be at home again. I have just returned from shooting and hunting all the morning. I had seven or eight fine Arabians to ride, fifty people to beat for game, and all appendages of rank. But I would ten times sooner have been stumping over the moors, with Jemmie Little cutting jokes on Parson Somerville's shooting-jacket."

ceipt of intelligence of the victory, thus publicly expressed his acknowledgments:

"His Excellency is requested to impart to Brigadier-General Sir John Malcolm his Lordship's warm applause of the ardor and intrepidity with which that officer led the attack on the enemy's principal battery. Such an example could not but infuse invincible spirit into the troops."

But this official acknowledgment by no means expressed the full measure of Lord Hastings's appreciation of Malcolm's services. He directed, at the same time, his political secretary, John Adam, to write to the General a special letter of thanks—a task which we may be sure Adam performed with no common gratification. In this letter the writer said:

"I am instructed to express to you the very high sense which the Governor-General entertains of your merits and services throughout the late transactions in which you have borne so distinguished a share. His Lordship has viewed with no less approbation the ability, energy, and judgment displayed by you in conducting, under the authority of his Excellency Sir Thomas Hislop, the measures productive of so speedy and advantageous a termination to a war, towards the brilliant and rapid success of which your personal exertions and gallantry in the field had already contributed in so eminent a degree. His Lordship is satisfied that he will continue to derive the greatest benefit from your useful and zealous labors in the task which has been assigned to you, of establishing the distracted government of Holkar so as to render it an instrument in our hands for restoring and maintaining the peace of India, of which it has for a series of years been one of the most active disturbers."

One other tribute was paid to Malcolm—a tribute which, although it was the source of some painful contention, he appreciated, perhaps, even more than all the rest. After the battle of Mehidpoor, the Mysore Horse, under Captain James Grant, had captured a large quantity of

booty, among which was Holkar's sword. It was, in truth, no great affair. It had a velvet scabbard, and a jewelled hilt. But the jewels were of no great value, and the intrinsic worth of the whole would have been highly estimated at a hundred pounds. The Mysoreans, however, were naturally proud of their capture. As a relic of the victory, surrounded by historical associations, it had a value which no jewels could enhance. With this impression, the Buckshee (or military paymaster) of the Mysore Horse presented it to Malcolm, who declined to accept it. The sword was then carried by the captors, as a trophy, to the Rajah of Mysore, who, in his turn, was eager to present it to Malcolm, in recognition not only of the fact that, on that memorable day, he had led the troops to victory, but also of the kindness and consideration he had shown, from the commencement of the campaign, towards the Mysore auxiliary troops.

The compliment was very grateful to Malcolm; but there were obvious reasons why he should not accept the gift, without the consent of the Supreme Government. The question was referred, therefore, to Lord Hastings, who thinking, doubtless, that Holkar's sword could pass into no hands so fittingly as into those of Sir John Malcolm, readily consented to the proposed disposal of the trophy. Nearly a year had passed since the capture of the property when this reference was made. It was not, indeed, until the 26th of December, 1818, that the Chief Secretary wrote to Malcolm, saying: "I have had the honor to receive your despatch of the 29th of last month, reporting your having been apprised by Mr. Cole* of the desire of the Rajah of Mysore to present you with a sword and belt, taken by his Highness's Sillahdar Horse at the battle of Mehidpoor; and I have the satisfaction of conveying to you the permission of the Governor-General

* The Honorable Arthur Cole, who was then Resident at Mysore.

in Council for your acceptance of this flattering token of the Rajah's personal regard and acknowledgment of your attention to his troops while serving under your immediate superintendence and direction."

But in the mean while this proceeding had been viewed with little favor at Madras, whither Sir Thomas Hislop had returned to take his seat at the Council Board. The Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Deccan thought that it became neither the Rajah to give, nor Malcolm to receive, this trophy of the victory of Mehidpoor; and he therefore recorded a minute, in which he said:

"I do most solemnly protest, on the part of the army, and in my capacity of Commander-in-Chief thereof, against the right of the Rajah of Mysore to make away with, or dispose in any manne whatever, of any description of property which may have been presented to him by his Buckshees as having been taken by them, or the Horse under their command, from Holkar or his army. The further disposal of the whole booty of which the Sillahdars became possessed on that occasion having been referred for the decision of the Supreme Government, and assuming that their decision upon the present reference will proceed upon the same principle as that described in the former instance, in the letter from Mr. Secretary Adam of the 29th of August, 1817, as Commander-in-Chief of the late army of the Deccan, I deem it my province respectfully to urge that the sword and belt in question shall be placed at my disposal, to be applied in the same manner as if it had come into my possession on the field of battle, in which case I should have felt it an indispensable act of duty to reserve it, without regard to its intrinsic value, from the spoils to be distributed to the troops, as an article of regalia, and consequently a suitable trophy to be laid by me at the feet of his Royal Highness the Prince-Regent, confident as I am that this measure would be the most gratifying to the feelings of every soldier of the army."*

* The Adjutant-General of the Madras army was also ordered to ask Malcolm why he had not reported the circumstance to the Commander-in-Chief. To this Malcolm replied, that it had not occurred till after Sir T. Hislop had left the army of the Deccan, and that therefore he reported it to the Supreme Government.

On the correspondence which then arose between Sir Thomas Hislop and Sir John Malcolm I need not dwell. The Governor-General approved the gift of the sword to Malcolm, and it is now an heirloom in his family. In a strictly military point of view, all plundered property belongs to the army, and every article taken in battle should pass into the hands of the prize-agents, and be duly accounted for by them. But exceptional cases will arise, especially when, as in this instance, troops of different states are acting together, and different customs of war are followed; and it appears to me that this was a case in which the wishes of the Mysore Rajah might well have been complied with, without any offence to the army. I doubt, indeed, whether there was a man in it, beyond the Commander-in-Chief's own staff, who did not think that Holkar's sword was destined to find its way to the right hands.—But in this I am anticipating the course of the narrative.

Christmas-day was spent in camp at Mehidpoor; and on the following day, Sir John Malcolm, taking with him a brigade of cavalry, two light infantry battalions, four horse-artillery guns, and a thousand Mysore Horse, set out in pursuit of the enemy, who were moving to the north-west.* The main body of the army of the Deccan were to follow in a few days.

A rapid march was Malcolm's delight; and he pricked forward with surprising rapidity, expecting to beat up the enemy at Mundissore; but hearing that they had proceeded further in a north-westerly direction, probably to Mulharghur, he marched on to Narghur, which place he reached on the 30th. There he learnt that Holkar had doubled back to Mundissore, to put up his heavy baggage and bazaars, which he had outstripped in his flight. The opportunity seemed a good one for a sur-

* A detachment from the Guzerat force subsequently joined him.

prise. So, early on the morning of the 31st, Malcolm despatched Captain James Grant, with a body of Mysore Horse and a squadron of native cavalry, with instructions to fall suddenly upon the enemy's camp—a service which was admirably and most successfully performed. For under the walls of Mundissore, Grant surprised the Mahratta force, and captured their baggage, their cattle, and bazaars. A few hours afterwards, the main body of Malcolm's force arrived at Mundissore. The General soon learnt that Holkar was eager to sue for terms; and when on the following day intelligence arrived that the head-quarters of the army of the Deccan was approaching,* Malcolm rode out to meet Sir Thomas Hislop and his Staff, and, taking off his hat, announced to them that the war with Holkar was over.

Note.—THE BATTLE OF MEHIDPOOR.—The historical authorities to whom reference has been made in the course of the composition of this chapter are Colonel Blacker, Mr. Prinsep, Mr. Thornton, and Professor Wilson. In the *Asiatic Journal* for July, 1818, I find an account of the battle of Mehidpoor, written by an eye-witness, a day or two after the victory, which bears so strong an impress of accuracy, that I am induced to append it; the more especially as it contains some details not given in the text:

"The baggage being now pretty well up, the line advanced along the road leading to the ford of the Sopra, about half a mile south of the town of Mehidpoor, and Sir John Malcolm moved down with a brigade of guns and a regiment of cavalry, merely to attract the notice of the enemy's horse, the better to secure the safe deposit of the baggage on the left. Whilst we were making this demonstration, we kept an equal pace with the line, and joined it again when within half a mile of the ford where we were to cross; two corps of light infantry and the rifle corps were then pushed across the river, and posted in a ravine which runs out of it at right angles and close to the ford; the artillery followed, and were

* The army had marched in a direct line from Mehidpoor to Mundissore, while Malcolm, in the pursuit of the enemy, had gone considerably beyond that place, and had countermarched.

posted about fifty yards across, a situation which they had no sooner reached, when the whole of the enemy's artillery, from which we had hitherto received but a few shots directed at the body of the troops crossing the river, opened upon all troops that were within their sight. The cavalry crossed next, and were immediately moved up the bed of the river to the left, under cover of the left bank; and after going off in that direction about half a mile with the Mysore Horse on their left, they were halted until the infantry could arrive to attack the guns. The left brigade arrived next at the ford, and were moved off to the left of it, when they were also halted until the right brigade, consisting of 420 Europeans and the 2d battalion of the 14th, should arrive to be formed on the right. The fire by this time, both round and grape, was extremely heavy from the front and right, particularly from a ruined village in that direction, about five hundred yards from the ford where we crossed; Sir John Malcolm then proposed, as the greatest part of the infantry had arrived, that he should be sent with the right brigade to storm the ruined village and take the guns, and the Commander-in-Chief might at the same time order the attack on the left, for which they were all ready. The proposal was immediately assented to: orders were sent to the left, and Sir John immediately brought the Europeans up the bank. We no sooner showed ourselves than the men were knocked down very fast, and Sir John, finding that the rifles and light infantry were close at hand, and that they were suffering severely in the Nullah, ordered them to take the place on the left of the Europeans that was at first intended for the two battalions of the 14th, which could not come up the bank for some minutes more; and he immediately ordered the advance on the guns, the rifles being directed on the enemy's battery on their right of the village, the light infantry on the village itself, and the Europeans on their left battery; four companies of the 14th also arrived in time to charge with the Europeans. The charge was made in the most gallant manner possible; the enemy's guns were so well served, that the dust was constantly knocked up in the men's faces, and great numbers of them hid every instant, but there was not the slightest appearance of hesitation anywhere; on the contrary, all continued the most steady advance, and Sir John Malcolm encouraging them when he got about half way with a huzza, they rushed on and carried all before them; the enemy's Golandauze standing many of them to be bayoneted at the guns.

There were not less than forty-three guns at work on the right and left of this village, besides some infantry in the village itself. The havoc made upon our men in the advance was great, as you will see in the subjoined extract:

	Went into action.	Killed and wounded in advance.
The flank companies of the Royals	169	31
Madras European Regiment	250	63
16th Light Infantry	500	72
3rd do. do.	460	107
Rifle Corps	300	130

"The horse artillery also suffered a very severe loss; almost all their guns were dismounted by the enemy's shot.

"The left brigade moved out at the same time we did, and attacked a battery of twenty guns, supported by a body of infantry; the enemy at that battery, however, soon deserted their guns and retired upon their infantry, and our cavalry, on seeing their guns in possession of the left brigade, charged the enemy's infantry, and cut great numbers of them down. The enemy's cavalry were well mounted, and as they started off the moment they saw the advance the infantry made on their guns, they escaped almost entirely untouched, with the exception of a few overtaken in the pursuit by the Mysore Horse under Captain James Grant, who captured seven elephants, upwards of two hundred camels, and a great many tattoes and bullocks. The infantry in rear of the guns which Sir John Malcolm stormed behaved very shabbily; they gave their brave Golandauze no support whatever, so that after the guns were taken we had little to do on the right. We advanced immediately afterwards to the infantry camp, where we expected they would be drawn up, but on the contrary we found but a few empty tents; beyond that was a battery of thirteen guns, from whence we had a few rounds at a distance, which did little execution, and when they were taken possession of the battle may be said to have ceased.

"Sir John Malcolm went in pursuit with a brigade of cavalry and two battalions of light infantry, across the Sopra, about four coss, but with no success. We were much detained by the passage down to the river being very narrow and the ford bad; and the enemy had too great a start of us. The Mysore Horse pursued to the N.W. without crossing the river, and were more fortunate, as I mentioned before."

CHAPTER VI.

THE SURRENDER OF THE PEISHWAH.

[1818.]

THE TREATY WITH HOLKAR — SETTLEMENT OF THE COUNTRY — APPROACH OF BADJEE RAO — OVERTURES — NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE PEISHWAH — TERMS OFFERED — VACILLATION OF BADJEE RAO — HIS SURRENDER — DISCUSSIONS WITH THE SUPREME GOVERNMENT — THE TERMS CONSIDERED.

THE new year found Malcolm with the sword sheathed, but ready to his hand; and the portfolio of the diplomatist open before him. The victory of Mehidpoor had given the death-blow to Holkar's power. His army was broken and dispersed; the young Prince himself a fugitive and a suppliant. There was nothing left for him but to send his emissaries into Malcolm's camp, and to sue for such terms as the mercy of the conquerors might grant him.

The army of the Deccan was in the vicinity of Mundissore; and at that place Malcolm received the chief Minister of the fallen Prince. Already acquainted with the views of the Governor-General, he submitted to the Mahratta Envoy the terms on which the British Government would consent to negotiate a peace. Large cessions of territory were demanded—cessions to be made in part to Ameer Khan, the Rohilla chief, who had been

detached with his Patan levies from Holkar's cause; in part to Zalim Singh, of Kotah, who had been for many years a friend of the British; and in part to the East India Company.* In return, it was promised, on the part of the British, that they would take Holkar's remaining territory under their protection, and maintain a sufficient force there to preserve internal tranquillity and repel the aggression of foreign enemies.

In vain the Mahratta Envoy remonstrated against these hard conditions. In vain he pleaded that to strip his master of territory and to confer it on a servant, as was Ameer Khan, was humiliating to him in the extreme; in vain he pleaded that the country which we were taking from him was the most ancient and the most cherished part of his dominions; in vain he pleaded that the war had not been provoked by Holkar's Government, but by a council of military chiefs acting against the advice of the Ministers and in defiance of their authority; in vain he dwelt upon the tender years of the young Prince, and his claims upon the generosity of a great nation like the British. Malcolm answered that every consideration would be shown to the youthful chief himself, but it was impossible to separate the acts of his army from the acts of his Government; and that the peace of India required that he should be stripped of the means of again appearing in arms against the paramount power. The country that was left to Holkar

* "The terms proposed were the confirmation of the engagements with Ameer Khan—the cession to the Company of the claims of Holkar's Government upon the Rajpoot States—the cession to Zalim Singh, Rajah of Kotah, of four districts formerly rented by him—the confirmation under the guarantee of the Company of his jaidad, amounting to nearly four lakhs of rupees per annum, to Guffoor Khan and his heirs, on the condition of his maintaining a quota of horse; the cession of the tribute of Naisinghur—the cession to the Company of all Holkar's possessions within and to the south of the Sauthpoora range of hills, including Candeish, Ambu Ellora, and all his other possessions in that quarter."—[*Sir John Malcolm to Mr. Adam, January* 6, 1818.]

might yield in its present state but a slender revenue; but much of that which was taken from him had yielded none; and Malcolm pointed out that the continuance of peace and due attention on the part of Holkar's Government to affairs of internal administration would soon place his finances in a better position than before, and increase both the prosperity of the State and the happiness of the people.

Finding all his arguments and all his entreaties useless, the Mahratta Envoy then besought Malcolm to delay for the present all specific engagements, and urged that the young Prince would throw himself unconditionally upon the protection of the British, leaving the terms of the treaty for future negotiation. But he had to deal with too old a diplomatist—with one too well acquainted with the depths of Mahratta guile—to consent to such a proposal as this. It would have been in effect to suspend hostilities whilst Holkar's Government was watching in safety the progress of events, and taking advantage of the chapter of accidents. So, after some further attempt on the part of the Mahratta Envoy to obtain a modification of certain of its articles, the treaty was executed on the 6th of January. "I have concluded a treaty with Mulhar Rao Holkar," he wrote to his wife, "including every advantage that could be desired, and our late enemies* are now encamped within two miles of me, quite in good humor. The Pindarrees are almost all dispersed or destroyed, except one Cheetoo, after whom I detach James Grant, who will march towards the frontier of Guzerat. . . . . Sir Thomas Hislop is sent

* Writing more correctly in an official letter to Mr. Adam, Malcolm says: "Mulhar Rao Holkar came *with the remains* of his army to the vicinity of my camp," &c. It is doubtful whether Holkar's Government was much concerned at this reduction of the force, for the regiments were greatly in arrears of pay, and the treasury was empty. The battle of Mehidpoor wiped out a heavy balance against Holkar.

south, and I am left with a division in Malwah; and with full political powers to settle Holkar's Government."

The nature and variety of his duties not permitting Malcolm to be continually in the immediate vicinity of Holkar's Court, he directed Major Agnew, his first assistant, to reside there as the channel of communication with the Mahratta Prince. To that officer he wrote instructions, pointing out that "whilst it was meant to exercise that influence over the State which is best calculated to preserve it in peace, and to establish its prosperity on a ground that will promote the interests of the British Government, it was very important that it should be done in a way which would neither affect the temper nor hurt the pride of the Prince or his Ministers." The restoration of order to Holkar's dominions, and the settlement of their internal administration, was to be the great object aimed at, and that by no overt acts of interference, but by the exercise of an authority as much unseen, and an influence as much unfelt, as judgment, tact, and delicacy could render them. The *parcere subjectis* maxim was never absent from Malcolm's mind.

"Much pains had been taken," he wrote to the Political Secretary on the 26th, "during the period of negotiation, to preserve temper as far as could be done without a sacrifice of essential interests; and certainly the reception of the mission of Major Agnew, and every subsequent act of the Ministers and followers of Mulhar Rao Holkar, proved that this had been in a great degree attained. I have, to promote this desirable object, purchased the favorite elephants of the young Prince, which were among the captured property, and am in hopes of rendering his family a still more acceptable service by recovering their household images, which were plundered on the same occasion."

Whilst Malcolm was thus carrying out his measures

for the settlement of Holkar's Government, he was moving from place to place with the corps which he commanded, keeping in check another Mahratta chief, Jeswunt Rao Bhao, one of Scindiah's viceroys, who had revolted against his own master, usurped a considerable tract of country belonging to one of the Rajpoot protected States, and was harboring Pindarrees. He wrote in excellent spirits. There was fine bright frosty weather; good sport on the line of march; and every one was in good humor. "I wish we had you here," he wrote to his wife. "I would show you that I have realised all my plans of making men work and fight, and do everything men ought to do, and yet be happy and make no complaints.* The Pindarrees have gone from this quarter. I do nothing on the march but shoot and hunt. A Bengal corps came near me four days ago. Several officers came to see me; among others, a son of Robert Burns, a very fine young man. We had a grand evening, and I made him sing his father's songs. He has a modest but serious pride of being the son of the bard of his country which quite delighted me." Burke and Burns were Malcolm's favorite authors; and he seldom travelled about anywhere without a volume of the latter.

"The Pindarrees," he wrote in another letter, "are now giving themselves up by hundreds. Where are now the fools who said we could not do this thing? Never was a more glorious result. The noble views of Lord Wellesley of establishing general tranquillity are now nearly accomplished; and if we have firmness and wisdom to preserve and maintain the great advantages we have gained, India will long enjoy an undisturbed

* An officer who was on Malcolm's military staff at this time, told me, in 1854, that going, on his first appointment to the general, for instructions, he was told to keep everybody in good humor. "I need not tell you anything else," it was said. "You have come from a Government office, and might instruct me. Keep everybody in good humor; and you will not go wrong."

peace. I continue in excellent health. Moderation and exercise are my secrets. When we march, I hunt on the flank. When we do not march, I rise at daybreak, and hunt over ten or twelve miles of country. I have famous horses, and am, you know, very prudent." These last words are underscored, and intended to be taken in a negative sense. He needed good horses, for he rode fifteen stone, and he rode hard; and was only prudent inasmuch as that he rode well, and seldom contrived to hurt himself.

At this time Malcolm was in pursuit of Jeswunt Rao Bhao, who had fled into Mewar. Thither Malcolm followed him, sent a summons to him to surrender, on pain of being declared a freebooter. On the 11th of February, the chief intimated his intention to place himself under Malcolm's protection, and on the 14th he appeared in the General's camp. His arrival was welcomed with great joy by Malcolm, who wrote on the 15th:

"This is my lucky year. Jeswunt Rao Bhao, a rebellious feudatory of Scindiah, who had provoked an attack, had fled into Mewar. I followed him, and he yesterday saved me further trouble by coming into my camp, and surrendering himself. I expect Kurreem, the chief of the Pindarrees (or at least coequal with Cheetoo), will do the same to-morrow."

Being in the vicinity of Chittore, he rode over to see a place surrounded with so many historical associations, and on his return wrote the following account of it to his wife:

"I left my corps this morning to come twenty miles to see this celebrated fortress of Chittore, once before despoiled by Mahomedan conquerors, the seat of Hindoo glory. It stands on a high detached hill, which lies north and south, is between four and five miles long, and apparently (for I have not yet examined

the interior) from half a mile to a mile in breadth. The whole is surrounded with a wall, which is strengthened by a great number of bastions. In many places the perpendicular rock gives the appearance of a double rampart, and adds to the imposing grandeur of this mountain fortress, whose antiquity appears in the ruins of palaces, of turrets, and of temples, that are seen above its walls.

"I inquired the date of Chittore from an old Brahmin, who was sent to give me information. It was built, he said, by the Panduans (five brothers, the fabulous heroes of the Mahabwas), who flourished five or six thousand years ago. The family of the present Rana of Oudipore claimed possession of it two thousand years ago, and it is more than five hundred years since it was taken by Allah-oo-deen. It was then the ancient capital of the Marrahs, contained all their wealth, and was defended (though without success) by all the army of their country. It now can only boast a miserable lower town, surrounded by ruins, and a fortification falling into decay, defended by about five hundred men. Twenty thousand would hardly man its walls. Oudipore, which is between sixty and seventy miles from this, has long superseded Chittore as the capital of Mewar; and the latter has not even the advantage it would derive from being the residence of a degraded prince and impoverished court. To give you an idea of the change in the fortunes of the present Ranas of Oudipore, I need only state they do not realise two lakhs of rupees per annum from a country which produced eighty lakhs, and of which they are still the nominal sovereigns. Till of late they were respected from their high descent, even by their conquerors. Madajee Scindiah, when he despoiled the father of the reigning Prince, carried his palanquin, to mark his respect for the first of Rajpoots. Jemsheed Khan, a Patan soldier, possessing the small jagheer of Nemahera (where I have been encamped for some days), lately made the reigning Rana come out of Oudipore several miles to meet him—a positive mark of inferiority; but old Scindiah was a wily Mahratta, and cherished Hindoo feeling; while the barbarous Patan, considering all of a contrary religion as 'Infidels,' exulted in degrading one of the highest of that class. I have sent a message to the Killadar to be allowed to visit the buildings in the upper fort, but am doubtful that his jealousy will not

grant my request; and yet he must feel awkward in refusing it, as he knows I yesterday sent orders for the delivery of two forts for his master, the Rana."

Kurreem Khan having surrendered as was anticipated, and some refractory chiefs in the neighbourhood having been reduced, Malcolm proceeded to Holkar's camp, where he arrived on the 26th of February, and was received in a friendly and respectful manner. The natural kindness of his heart, his tender compassion for fallen greatness, and his delight in young people, rendered him of all others the person most likely to become personally popular at the Court of the boy-Prince, to lighten the distresses and to smooth down the animosities of his late enemies. "I have been lately with my young *ward*, Mulhar Rao Holkar," he wrote, "and certainly the change of a few weeks is wonderful. The fellows that I was hunting like wild beasts are all now tame, and combine in declaring that I am their only friend. All the chiefs of Holkar are in good humor. The boy himself is at present delighted with a small elephant (which he lost, and I recovered and sent him) that dances like a dancing-girl; and a little Pegu pony, of which I made him a present, and which ambles at a great rate. I went out to hunt with him a few days ago, and we had great fun. The little fellow, though only eleven years of age, rides beautifully. He mounted a tall bay horse very fairly broken, and taking a blunt spear nine feet in length, tilted with two or three others in very superior style, wheeling, charging, and using his spear as well as the rest of them. He expressed grief at my going away, as he discovered that I was very fond of play and hunting."

But Malcolm did much more than hunt and play. His efforts to settle the country were strenuous and success-

ful. Other Pindarree chiefs came in to him, and were soon established as peaceable inmates of his camp. He moved from place to place with a motley assemblage of troops—representatives, as it were, of nearly all the states of India—soldiers of the Company; soldiers of the Peishwah; soldiers of the Nizam; veterans of Mysore; Sikh horsemen from the Punjab; Rajpoots of the Kotah State; Mahrattas in Holkar's service, our old enemies; and bodies of tamed and tattered Pindarrees, made up the diversified procession. His regular force—now detached from the main army, and made an independent command—was now at Mehidpore, and thither Malcolm, after leaving Holkar's camp, proceeded to join it. On the 8th of March he wrote to his wife that he had once more pitched his tent on the old battle-field. "And I inwardly thanked God," he added, "who had preserved me to you and the dear little ones; and more than that, who had, by inspiring me with strength to do my duty, rendered me worthy of the great blessing I enjoy in having such a family."

From Mehidpore, Malcolm moved to Oujein. There was still some active work before him; there were still Pindarrees to be brought into his camp. Kurreem Khan had come in; another, named Rajun, surrendered in the course of April. But there was one chief, Cheetoo by name, a man of great energy and daring, who could not consent to become a pensioner upon our bounty, and to be despatched to what he called a distant and dreadful country. Malcolm at one time declared that if he caught Cheetoo he would hang him, and that he would do his best to catch him. But more compassionate feelings came over him, and he wrote a letter to the chief, offering him terms if he would come in; but the proud spirit of the Pindarree was not to be humbled, and he still kept his seat in the saddle and trusted to his

fate. His followers were dispersed; he himself was powerless. But he wandered about with a few attendants, now on the hills, now in the jungles, seeking protection from our enemies, spending miserable days and nights in constant fear of surprise, never dismounting from his horse, even for sleep, only to encounter at last a more remorseless enemy than the British.

Meanwhile, Malcolm's efforts to restore order and tranquillity to Holkar's disturbed country had been attended with good success. In the Soandwarree districts several refractory Zumeendars had been reduced, and his detachments had penetrated into all parts of Malwah, from Hindiah to Moheysir. "It is six weeks since I left Oujein," he wrote on the 10th of May to Lord Hastings, "and from that date to the present moment this force has been divided into small detachments, which have traversed every path and every ghaut of the forests between Hindiah and Moheysir, and it is a remarkable fact, that though the country abounds with Bheels and robbers, under numerous chiefs, alike celebrated for their habits of rapacity and violence, not a rupee of property has been stolen or a camp-follower hurt. These plunderers have, on the contrary, sought my camp and that of officers whom I detached, and expressed their earnest hope that I would take their condition into consideration, and provide means of livelihood less criminal and hazardous than that to which they had long been compelled by necessity. I am now engaged in a very minute inquiry into their real or supposed rights, and I hope I may be able to effect some arrangement that will preserve the tranquillity of the country."

He rejoiced in nothing so much as in this work of pacification. His letters to his family show how truly his heart was in it. There is something very pleasant

and characteristic in the following, addressed at this time to his wife:

"You will rejoice to hear all my undertakings succeed. I have just tranquillised, by beating some and petting others, the most troublesome province in Malwah; and during my operations against the few remaining Pindarrees in this quarter, though the country is covered with mountains and forests, though my detachments have marched everywhere, and through countries so infested with robbers and lawless mountaineers that our troops, from past suffering, dreaded them, I have not had a rupee's worth of value stolen, and not a follower wounded. This, my dear Charlotte, I am proud of, for it is the result of good arrangement, and of a general impression, which even the most lawless own, of my being neither unmerciful nor unjust. I am the general arbitrator and pacificator of the whole country. I support my title to these names by accessibility at all hours to the peasant as well as the prince. The labor is great, but its result is delightful. Out of forty-six villages within ten miles of this only seven were inhabited six days ago, when I declared it was my intention to cantoon here. The rest were in complete ruins, every house roofless. The inhabitants of twenty have already returned to their homes, and are beginning to rebuild. The whole I trust to see flourishing in a few months. Nadir-Bheel, the mountain chief, who has committed all these devastations, and is the terror of the country, has already sent his only son, a fine boy, just the age of George, and promises to come himself. I gave the young plunderer knives with six blades and a nice little Arab pony. He has taken a great affection for me, is going to settle in my camp, to hunt, shoot, and play with me, and to learn cultivation instead of plundering; and he insists that I must take a pet elk that has been broken in to ride, and can run faster up a stony hill, the little fellow says, than a swift horse! As your friend Colonel Russell and I were yesterday walking from the place where I am building a little bungalow to my tent, we were met by a joyous-looking group. A young lad, dressed in red, with his eyes painted, fine ear-rings, &c., was brought forward by an old man, while a troop of females, half hiding their faces, among whom was a little girl of eight years of age, gaily dressed, came behind. A

boy with an old drum, another with a rude flageolet, and some friends, made up the party. They came forward and addressed me by name. I asked them what they wanted? It was a marriage, and had been put off for two years, because no one dared to go to the village in the hills, ten miles from my camp, and sixteen from their home, where it must be celebrated; but now Malcolm-Sahib had brought peace to all, the wedding would go on. They, however, wanted two of my men to guard against accidents. 'Horsemen or footmen?' This gave rise to a curious dispute among themselves. They thought they might have to feed the soldiers, and the *economists* were for foot; the *dignity-men* for horsemen. The latter carried it, by representing how fine the horses would look parading about at the marriage ceremony. They went away delighted."

But interesting as were such incidents as this, and consoling as were the thoughts of the good that he was doing, the depths of his ambition were stirred, in the midst of his pacificatory labors, by tidings which were presently brought into camp, to the effect that the Peishwah, with the remains of his force, was moving to the southward, and that there was a chance of the Malwah force having the privilege of giving him battle. It was better for the tranquillity of India, better for Badjee Rao himself, that he should try conclusions with us at once, than that he should hover about in a state of inglorious uncertainty with regard to the future, half a prince and half a fugitive, unsettling the minds of other chiefs, and raising in the breasts of their followers, perhaps, some vague hope of the restoration of the Mahratta power. But it was better still, in Malcolm's opinion, that the Peishwah should voluntarily throw himself on the protection of the British Government, and finish the war by the surrender at once of his person and his dominions.

Whatever might have been, at this time, the Peishwah's intentions — whether he were advancing, intent

on war or on peace, Malcolm prepared himself to meet the emergency. He made his military dispositions, and delayed the removal of Holkar's Court to Indore. "The approximation of the Peishwah to this quarter," he wrote, on the 17th of May, to Major Agnew, "whether with amicable or hostile views, requires that every element of intrigue should be kept as much as possible at a distance; and whilst I should feel my military operations clogged by the presence of Holkar's Court at Indore, I should still more fear having any negotiations I entered into with Badjee Rao disturbed and interrupted by its being in the immediate vicinity."

It was soon apparent, however, that it was with diplomacy, not with war, that Badjee Rao was to be met. Late on the 17th of May an emissary from the Peishwah arrived in Malcolm's camp at Mhow with a letter from his master. The conference between the Mahratta Envoy and the British General lasted during a great part of the night. Everything that could be urged in favor of the Peishwah was urged, but with no avail, by the former. Malcolm could not hold out any hope that the British Government would consent to restore Badjee Rao even to a state of nominal sovereignty. He had forfeited by his conduct all claim to title or dominion. But immediate submission, it was added, by hastening the termination of the war which he had so unjustifiably provoked, might even then induce them to consider with all clemency and generosity his fallen state. Finding that he could not move the officer, the Mahratta agent then endeavoured to touch the heart of the man. He appealed to Malcolm's old feelings of personal friendship. "That friendship," it was answered, "was disregarded when it might have saved. I warned him of his danger, but my advice was thrown away. I shall still, however, be rejoiced to be the instrument of saving him from total ruin.

All opposition is now fruitless. Let him throw himself upon the bounty of the British Government, and he will save himself, his family, and his adherents, from total destruction."

The Mahratta Envoy then, instructed by his master, implored Malcolm to visit the Peishwah in his camp. But the proposal was peremptorily rejected. "It would have shown," said Malcolm, "a solicitude for his submission which would have operated against the object which it was meant to promote. Besides, it would have removed me from the position where I could best employ the means at my disposal for the reduction of the Peishwah, if I had been driven to war." Instead, therefore, of himself proceeding to Badjee Rao's camp, he despatched a confidential officer to communicate upon his part with the Peishwah, and especially to urge upon him the necessity, as a preliminary to negotiation, of moving forward from the position which he then occupied in Scindiah's dominions and in the neighbourhood of Asseerghur, a fortress held by a party of our enemies, which we were afterwards compelled to reduce.

The officer whom Sir John Malcolm selected to perform the delicate task of inducing the Peishwah to fling himself upon the protection of the British was Lieutenant John Low, of the Madras Army, whom, some time before, he had appointed his aide-de-camp, and whose energy and ability had soon recommended him for higher and more responsible duties.* The instructions with which he set out were full and precise. Malcolm, who knew by painful experience what were the evil consequences of proceeding on any mission without ample instructions from superior authority, always furnished his own delegates with written orders, which only the crassest igno-

* Afterwards Colonel John Low, for many years Resident at Lucknow; and now General Low, member of the Supreme Council of India.

rance could misinterpret. Low was, therefore, now instructed to intimate to the Peishwah that, although he could never again be restored to sovereignty, and never allowed to reside in the Deccan, his safety, if he would throw himself upon the protection of the British, should be guaranteed; that he should be treated with respect; that he should enjoy personal liberty, and be allowed as much latitude in the choice of his future place of residence as might be deemed compatible with the general peace of India. It was to be intimated also to the Peishwah that Sir John Malcolm was advancing to Mundlasir, and that if the Prince, detaching himself from his followers, with the exception only of his family and immediate personal adherents, would advance to that place, the English General would visit his camp unattended, and there negotiate the terms of his surrender.

Lieutenant Low started, accompanied by Lieutenant Macdonald, another of Malcolm's political assistants; and the General then, making such a disposition of his troops as would enable him completely to surround the Peishwah's position, and prevent all hope of escape, prepared to move down to the banks of the Taptee river. But new perplexities which arose in this conjuncture required new diplomatic counsels and new military combinations. Whilst Malcolm was concerting his measures to compel the surrender of the Peishwah, intelligence came into his camp to the effect that Appa-Sahib, the Rajah of Berar, who had been placed in mild restraint at Nagpoor, had escaped. It was felt that this event might unsettle the mind of Badjee Rao, raise new hopes in his breast, and prevent the peaceable settlement which Malcolm had so much at heart. It would have been easy to beat him in the field, and, if he were not slain in battle, to seize his person, and to carry him a prisoner to Calcutta. But

Malcolm reasoned that neither of these results would so advantageously contribute to the general pacification of India as the voluntary submission of the Peishwah. "The opportunities I have had," he wrote to the Chief Secretary, "of judging the state of feeling of every class, from the prince to the lowest inhabitant of this extensive empire, now and formerly subject to the Mahrattas, makes me not hesitate in affirming that so far as both the fame of the British Government and the tranquillity of India are concerned, the submission of Badjee Rao and voluntary abdication of his power are objects far more desirable than either his captivity or death. . . . . Should he be slain, his fate would excite pity, and might stimulate ambition, as the discontented would probably, either now or hereafter, rally round a real or pretended heir to his high station. If he were made prisoner, sympathy would attend him, and the enemies of the English Government would continue to cherish hopes of his one day effecting his escape. But if he dismisses his adherents, throws himself upon our generosity, and voluntarily resigns his power, the effect, so far as general impression is concerned, will be complete, and none will be found to persist in defending a cause which the ruler himself has abandoned."

With these opinions strong in his mind—opinions, the soundness of which cannot be gainsaid—Malcolm redoubled his exertions to induce the Peishwah to surrender. He judged rightly that intimidation would be the most cogent instrument he could use. The advance of our troops filled the unhappy prince with measureless alarm. "Badjee Rao," wrote Malcolm to Lord Hastings, "has from the moment he made the first overture been naturally anxious to prevent the advance of our troops; but to have paid attention to such a desire would have been not only to sacrifice a real advantage

in pursuit of a very doubtful one, but to have lessened the operation of the only motive from which we can expect success in a negotiation which commences in requiring from a ruler the abdication of his throne. His distress may be very great, but the concession is one that can only be expected under a feeling of the most imminent alarm for his personal liberty or life. Having from the first taken this view of the case, I have never concealed the nature of the terms that would be exacted, nor given reason to think that our military operations would be relaxed for a moment till the object was accomplished."

These military operations were nearly pushed to the extent of an attack upon Badjee Rao's camp. Brigadier-General Doveton was at the end of May ready to advance from Boorhanpore and fling himself upon the Peishwah's army, when a letter from Lieutenant Low, announcing that negotiations were in progress, suspended the hostile movement. Malcolm in the mean while had moved up to the vicinity of the Mahratta position, preparing for an interview with the Peishwah, which he believed would result in the Prince's surrender. It was a moment of intense excitement; but in the midst of it his mind reverted to his wife and children at home, and even the near prospect of an event which would ensure the general pacification and settlement of Central India, to which he had been looking forward with eager humanity for years, and the thought of the great duties and responsibilities which rested upon him, could not keep down the corroding anxieties inseparable from the condition of the absent husband and father. On the 28th of May, dating his letter from "Camp, 30 miles north of Asseerghur," he wrote thus to his wife:

"Look at the date, and think of me in a murky jungle, in

rather an old tent, with the thermometer above 120 degrees, a terrible land wind blowing; but on the other hand, thank God, I am well, and that the grilling I am undergoing, with many fine fellows in this part of the world, is likely to terminate the war. My two assistants, Captain Low and Alexander Macdonald, are actually to-day with Badjee Rao, settling for his meeting me to-morrow, or the day after. We have got troops all around him, and he can only protract the war by going among the hills, and leading, for a period at least, the life of a common freebooter, and for this cause neither his habits of body nor mind are adapted. Subadar Syud Hussein, my native aide-de-camp (whom you will recollect commanding my escort), returned from Badjee Rao's camp yesterday. He represents that great but fallen and unhappy Prince as raving about me, repeating ten times in a minute that I am his only friend in the world, and that he has no hopes in this earth beyond my favor and friendship. I have a bitter pill to offer him. He must resign both the name and power of a sovereign. After that he will enjoy comfort and affluence, and as much liberty as can be granted consistent either with his good or our safety. A few days will determine my success. If I can reconcile this Prince to his fate, and terminate the war, I shall be the most fortunate of men. All that I could have seen in my dreams will have occurred within a short twelvemonth. To drive these murderous Pindarrees from their haunts—to have the most conspicuous part in the proudest action that has been fought—to run Holkar down, and settle the peace with him—to receive the submission of Kurreem Khan, the principal Pindarree chief, Handu Bukish, and several others, and to send them into Hindostan to be settled—to employ the few corps left with me in Madras in a manner that, with the aid of my Political Settlements, has restored, in the short space of three months, peace and confidence to a country that has been in a state of disorder and internal warfare—and to conclude all this good fortune by receiving the submission of Badjee Rao, and carrying or sending him to repent at the holy city of Benares, would be quite enough: I could desire no more.

"While in the midst of these scenes, a letter from Mr. Campbell of the 28th, enclosing your delightful letters to the 18th of that month, alarms me by saying Lady Malcolm has been detained

at Frant by the illness of one of the children. I trust in God this darling child is better. How completely do such communications awaken me from every dream of ambition, to tell me whom all my happiness is treasured up in—you and my little ones. The thought of one of you ailing makes me unhappy. I cannot bear to contemplate any reverse in this fortunate part of my condition. I have been spoilt by everything hitherto going to my wish. I am become unreasonable, and expect more than God gives us; but this I cannot help. I pass days of toil and anxiety—I am almost weary of my existence. But I retire at night, and when alone build castles, every room of which is inhabited by you and my children, and am happy.

"I sat down to write a long letter, but a despatch from Low—this moment received—has obliged me to break off. The negotiations commence, of course, in delays and vexations, but I shall, please God, work it through, and should it fail, I have collected the means of his destruction on this side, while General Doveton is still stronger upon his rear. I shall write you the moment the die is decided."

Three days after the date of this letter, Malcolm, attended by the members of his Staff, and an escort of three hundred men, went out to meet the Peishwah, who had moved down to a village named Keyree, with about two thousand horse, eight hundred infantry, and two guns. Many doubted the prudence of a step which seemed to place the English General at the mercy of his enemies; and some of Malcolm's native friends warned him that the danger of treachery was great. But the General had no fear. He reasoned otherwise with himself. The Peishwah had long declared that Malcolm was his best friend; and what could assure him more of the fact than his appearance, thus fearlessly and confidingly, in his camp? What was more likely to still the alarms and allay the suspicions which his councillors had endeavoured to excite in his breast? There was much

to be gained by receiving Malcolm as a friend; everything to be lost by offering violence to his person. Even the chiefs by whom the Prince was surrounded, and who would have resisted if there had been the least hope of success, now felt that their best hopes of obtaining liberal terms for themselves centred in Malcolm. He went, therefore, among them without misgiving. In such cases, to be fearless is to be safe. Hesitation in such a conjuncture would have been fatal. But the Peishwah and his friends now saw in the resolution of the English General that their fate was sealed, and that it was useless to struggle against it.

On the 1st of June, as I have said, Sir John Malcolm and Badjee Rao met in the camp of the latter, near the Keyree village. The Peishwah appeared in a low and dejected state, and at the public conference did little more than inquire after the health of his visitor, and make a few complimentary speeches. The ceremonials over, Malcolm asked the Peishwah if he desired to speak to him in private, and an answer having been returned in the affirmative, he was invited to a small tent, pitched for the purpose. The Mahratta Prince was attended by two of his confidential advisers. The British General went alone.

The interview was a painful one. The wretched Peishwah spoke long and earnestly of his sorrows and his fears—his wrongs and his tribulations. He declared that his situation was truly deplorable. He had been, he said, involved in a war not of his own seeking, and treated as an enemy by a Government that had been the friend and protector of the Peishwah for two generations. He protested that he deserved commiseration, and needed a true friend. His flatterers had turned their faces away from him. His most cherished adherents had shrunk from their allegiance; and even

the very members of his family had been forgetful of the ties of relationship and blood. In such a melancholy condition, he said, he could turn to no other friend than Malcolm, whom he now entreated, with tears in his eyes, to commiserate his fallen state, and to administer some relief to his sufferings.

To this Malcolm, deeply pitying the unhappy state of the fallen Prince, replied mildly but firmly, that he was really the friend of Badjee Rao; but that he should ill perform the offices of friendship if he should inspire him with false hopes. As a friend, he could only tell him that the time had come for him to exercise all the fortitude and courage he possessed, and to bear his misfortunes with manly resignation. It was of little use, continued Malcolm, to revert to the past. The fiat had gone forth for the utter expurgation of the Poonah sovereignty then and for ever from the catalogue of substantive states, and that the residence of the Peishwah, under any terms, in any part of the Deccan, was thenceforth an impossibility. "There are periods in the lives of men," he added, "when great sacrifices are demanded of them. The tribe to which your Highness belongs has been celebrated in all ages for its courage. Brahmin women have burnt upon the funeral piles of their husbands. Men have thrown themselves from precipices to propitiate the deity for themselves, or to avert misfortune from their families. You are called upon for no such effort. The sacrifice demanded from you is, in fact, only the resignation of a power which you do not possess, and which you can never hope to regain; and your abandonment of a country which has been the scene of your misfortunes. This is all that you sacrifice; and in return you are offered a safe asylum, a liberal provision for yourself and such of the most respectable of your adherents as have been involved in your ruin."

To all of this Badjee Rao assented; but he could not cease from the struggle, vain as it was, to obtain some modification of what he called the hard condition of resigning even the name of power, and being banished for ever from the home of his fathers. "I have come to your Highness's camp," said Malcolm, "mainly to assure you with my own lips that there is no hope of any relaxation of these essential conditions. The sooner you determine your course, the better. Every moment of delay is a moment of danger. You should either throw yourself at once on the generosity of the British Government, or manfully resolve on further resistance." "Resistance!" exclaimed Badjee Rao. "How can I resist? Am I not surrounded? General Doveton is at Boorhanpore. You are at Meetawul. Colonel Russell at Bourgaum. Am I not enclosed?" "Truly," returned Malcolm, "you are. But how can you complain? From the first you have been met by a frank declaration of the only terms upon which my Government would guarantee your safety. Did you expect to be allowed time to recruit your army and recover your strength, whilst we were looking on inactive? Besides, where could you have gone, or where remained, without encountering our armies? You could but have become by escaping, then as now, a wanderer and a freebooter. Is this better than accepting the liberal provision offered to you by the British Government?" "No," said the Peishwah. "I have found you, who are my only friend; and I will not leave you. I had once three friends—Wellesley,* Close, and Malcolm. The first is in Europe, a great man; the second is dead;† you alone remain. Would the shipwrecked mariner, having reached a desired port, wish to leave it?" But although he spoke thus, it was plain to

* The Duke of Wellington.

† Sir Barry Close died in 1813.

Malcolm that the unhappy Prince was still undecided. He used every possible pretext to obtain even a few hours' delay, and implored Malcolm, by the memory of their old friendship, to give him one more meeting. But the General was not to be driven by these appeals from the resolution he had declared. On that very evening, he said, the propositions he had to make on the part of the British Government should be sent in, and that if they were not accepted within twenty-four hours the Peishwah should at once be treated as an enemy.

Malcolm rose to depart, but the Peishwah implored him to be seated; and again and again renewed the conference, and strove to prevent his withdrawal. When he went at last the wretched man whispered to him, as a secret to be imparted to no one, that he had no longer any power or authority over his troops. "I fear every moment," added Badjee Rao, "open disobedience, even from my oldest adherents. My great reluctance to suffer you to depart is occasioned by the feeling that it is only in your presence I am secure of my liberty and life."

It was ten o'clock at night when Malcolm returned to his tent, and at once prepared to forward the propositions for the acceptance of the Peishwah. Immediately upon the breaking up of the conference, Badjee Rao had returned to the summit of the hill-pass from which he had descended, there to form a junction with the remainder of his troops, and to be protected by the guns in his rear. He had previously sent in much of his property to the fortress of Asseerghur, the commandant of which, a servant of Scindiah, was willing to resist the authority of the British. And there were other indications which rendered it extremely doubtful whether the unfortunate Prince was not rushing headlong to his destruction.

At break of day the propositions were forwarded to the Peishwah's camp, couched in the following terms:

"First.—That Badjee Rao shall resign for himself and successors all right, title, and claims over the Government of Poonah, or to any other sovereign power whatever.

"Second.—That Badjee Rao shall immediately come with his family, and a small number of his adherents, to the camp of Brigadier-General Malcolm, where he shall be received with honor and respect, and escorted safe to the city of Benares, or any other sacred place in Hindostan that the Governor-General may, at his request, fix for his residence.

"Third.—On account of the peace of the Deccan, and the advanced state of the season, Badjee Rao must proceed to Hindostan without one day's delay; but General Malcolm engages that any part of his family that may be left behind shall be sent to him as early as possible, and every facility given to render their journey speedy and convenient.

"Fourth.—That Badjee Rao shall, on his voluntarily agreeing to this arrangement, receive a liberal pension from the Company's Government for the support of himself and family. The amount of this pension will be fixed by the Governor-General; but Brigadier-General Malcolm takes upon himself to engage that it shall not be less than eight lakhs of rupees per annum.

"Fifth.—If Badjee Rao, by a ready and complete fulfilment of this agreement, shows that he reposes entire confidence in the British Government, his request in favor of principal Jagheerdars, and old adherents who have been ruined by their attachment to him, will meet with liberal attention. His representations also in favor of Brahmins of remarkable character, and of religious establishments founded or supported by his family, shall be treated with regard.

"*Sixth.*—The above propositions must *not only be accepted* by Badjee Rao, but he must personally *come into Brigadier*-General Malcolm's camp within twenty-four hours of this period, or else hostilities will be recommenced, and no further negotiations will be entered into with him."

Never, perhaps, in all his life, did Malcolm, accustomed as he was to the atmosphere of great events, pass a more anxious day than that which followed the transmission of these terms to the Peishwah. That memorable 2nd

of June, 1818, was remembered to his dying day with feelings that he found it difficult to describe. The result was extremely doubtful. Surrounded as he was by adherents whose fate depended upon his own, the Peishwah might at any moment, under the influence of a present fear, determine to break off the negotiations, or he might be hurried into hostilities by the despairing madness of his soldiery. A little thing might turn the scale in favor of war; and the sword once drawn, nothing less could follow than the massacre of the Peishwah's army. Malcolm had so made the disposition of his troops—had so hemmed in the Mahrattas on every side—that escape was an impossibility. On that day he made some alterations in the distribution of the different components of his force, which rendered the circle of enclosure still more effectual; and an express was sent off to General Doveton, who was at Boorhanpore, exhorting him by all possible means to intervene between the Peishwah's camp and the fortress of Asseerghur, and at once to attack Trimbackjee's force. Badjee Rao had repudiated his Minister, whose atrocities had placed him wholly out of the reach of the mercy and forgiveness of the British.

Whilst these military arrangements were being made for the destruction of Badjee Rao, in the event of his rejecting the propositions, Malcolm was assailed by numerous messages from the Peishwah himself, and overtures and applications from his principal adherents. Great as was his experience of the native character, he had never before, in all his life, seen it displayed in so many varieties of shade, "from the lowest to the highest principle," as he said, "that can actuate the human mind." "I never," he added, when narrating these incidents in a letter to his wife—"I never had such a task, and I trust that I never shall again." There was selfish intrigue on the one extreme, and generous devotion on

the other. There were some who had not a thought beyond their own immediate interests, who would have basely sacrificed everything to their own greed; and there were others willing to abandon everything to share the fortunes of their master, and, if need be, to die by his side.

It was a day of intense excitement throughout Malcolm's camp. News of passing events was eagerly sought and earnestly discussed. The issue of the negotiations might hinge upon some incident occurring at a distance. "Much," wrote Malcolm, in a long and deeply-interesting letter to his wife, "was supposed to hang on passing events. The fall of the strong fortress of Chandah, the escape of Appa-Sahib, the ex-Rajah of Nagpoor, and the complete defeat of the Peishwah's troops at Salapore by our friend Tom Munro, made more than amends for a check we received at the Fort of Malaghur, in Candeish. I made no secret of any event that had occurred. I refused to listen to any unworthy plots. I used no arguments to the more respectable part of the Peishwah's adherents but what were calculated to satisfy them of the impossibility of further resistance; and while I told them that their future welfare depended upon his submission (as a consideration of them was included in my proposition), I pointed out the necessity of their using that influence which their well-proved allegiance had given them, to bring the vacillating mind of Badjee Rao to a decision that was alike necessary for their good, for his, and for the general peace of India. Having brought the feelings of all whom I could see or reach in any manner to bear upon one point—having satisfied the mind of Badjee Rao that I had confidence in him—having placed all the corps in the position in which they could act with effect—I proclaimed, at twelve o'clock on the night of the 2nd, my intention to march next

morning. I told them that General Doveton would move at the same time, and that another corps, under Colonel Russell, which I had before detached, would march also; and that any attempt to retreat would be destruction. I also wrote to the commandant of Asseerghur, a fortress of Scindiah's, warning him against receiving the enemies of the British Government."

There was then at Malcolm's head-quarters a confidential agent, or news-writer, of Badjee Rao, whom the English General had permitted to lay posts, and send out messengers in all directions to report what was going on in the British camp. The greatest obstacle to the successful termination of the negotiations resided in the extreme timidity of the Peishwah, who was suspicious of all our movements, and apprehensive of a sudden attack on his position. To allay these alarms, Malcolm had encouraged the news-writer to communicate freely with the Mahratta camp; but he now sent for the man, and told him that there was no longer any need of his services—that he must return at once to his master, and never show his face again to the British except in the suite of the Peishwah. "Tell your master," added Malcolm, "that at six o'clock to-morrow morning I march to Keyree; and that if he intends to accept my terms, he must leave the hills, and pitch near my tent by noontide. After that hour I can only regard him as an enemy."

Having sent out horsemen along all the roads which led to his camp to turn back any envoys or messengers from the Peishwah who might be coming with new overtures or excuses for delay, Malcolm prepared to move forward at the appointed hour. By nine o'clock he had reached the ground at the foot of the hill on which Badjee Rao was encamped. At a short distance from our camp one of the Peishwah's principal agents

was seen advancing upon horseback. He was about to dismount, when Malcolm arrested the movement. "Is your master coming?" he asked, eagerly. "It is an unlucky day," replied the envoy. "It will, indeed, be an unlucky day for the Peishwah," cried Malcolm, indignantly, "if he is not here within two hours." "He is afraid of guards and sentries," said the envoy. "He thinks that the orders of the Governor-General may compel you to place him in personal restraint, which will degrade him in the eyes of his people. Send some one to assure his mind, and he will come." "What nonsense is this?" asked Malcolm. "The Peishwah is no fool. He cannot suspect us of placing guards and sentries over him to prevent his escape from the best situation in which he could be placed. I have received no such orders from the Governor-General. I have ventured, in anticipation of my instructions, to offer him the most liberal terms. But what does he do in return? After calling me from Malwah, after proclaiming me his only friend, he finishes by making me his dupe. It is the last time that he will ever be treated with by an English agent. Begone!" added Malcolm in a loud voice, and in the presence of a large concourse of hearers, "and tell your master what I have said."

The envoy hesitated to depart. He had still another appeal to make. "Will you not," he said, "send one of your Brahmins to the Peishwah to satisfy his mind?" "If," replied Malcolm, "he is really coming to my camp, I will not only send one of my Brahmins, but my assistant, Lieutenant Low, shall go out to meet him; and I will myself visit him unattended, whenever he approaches my camp." The envoy departed, mounted his horse, and galloped to the Peishwah's camp. The Brahmin speedily followed. Soon tidings came in to the effect

that a cavalcade was approaching, and that Badjee Rao himself was one of the party. On this, Low was sent forward to meet them, and by ten o'clock on the morning of the 3rd of June the camp of the Peishwah was close to the British lines.

Malcolm waited upon him. The fallen Prince appeared gloomy and desponding; he spoke of his hard fate—of the misconduct of others, which had forced him into this humiliating position—of the sufferings that were before him. But Malcolm spoke cheerfully and consolingly to him; said that, although further resistance might have delayed the hour of his final downfall, that fall would have been, when it came at last—and nothing could prevent its coming—far more calamitous both to himself and his adherents; that now he was received as a friend of the British Government a liberal provision had been made for him, and he would pass the remainder of his days in security and comfort; whereas another appeal to arms could have had but one result—it would have involved himself and his friends in irretrievable ruin, and made them outcasts and wanderers for the rest of their days.

In the vicinity of Malcolm's camp the unfortunate Prince soon found that all the promises he had received were abundantly realised, and he speedily began to emerge out of his depression. The cordial, cheery manner of the man whom he regarded as the last of his English friends, did much to reassure him; and Malcolm, a few days after the surrender of the Peishwah, was talking merrily and laughing with him. "I am delighted to see you happier," said the General. "When you want me, you must say '*Come;*' when you are tired of me, '*Go.*' For the last year I have been in the woods of Mewar and Malwah; I have lost all form and ceremony,

and have become a Rangree."* "I, too, will become a Rangree," said Badjee Rao, with a smile. And from that time he began rapidly to regain his tranquillity of mind.

The surrender of the Peishwah was a great event. It had put an end to the war. "I am engaged," wrote Malcolm on the 6th of June, "in getting rid of Badjee Rao's followers. He had when he surrendered only 5000 horse and 3000 or 4000 infantry. But the name of Peishwah was in itself a host; and the aid and protection the commandant of Asseerghur afforded him was too indicative of what his master, Scindiah, would have done, had Badjee Rao thrown himself on his protection, as he would have done if driven to complete despair. He would, I am positive from what passed, have been welcomed into Asseerghur; and if he had, it must have ended next year in a war with Scindiah. Besides, while Badjee Rao was loose, troubles excited in his name were to be expected from the frontier of Mysore to Malwah. Now all is terminated. We shall have provincial settlements, in which troops must be employed; but the war is over, and the voluntary submission of the first Hindoo Prince in India to become a pensioner of the English Government will make a wider impression of our irresistible power than any event that has yet occurred. At least its effects will be more extended. The personal share which I have had in bringing this affair to so happy a result may perhaps give me a disposition to exaggerate its magnitude. I certainly am prouder of it than of all the acts of my life; for I feel I can refer it more to that general fair name which it has been the labor of my life to establish. But I have acted throughout without in-

* This was the name applied to the original inhabitants of these countries by their conquerors. It signifies rustic, or unpolished. Malcolm, subsequently, often applied, in his correspondence, the term to himself and his associates in Malwah.

structions, and I shall be anxious to hear from Lord Hastings."

This anxiety was not soon relieved. Lord Hastings, who was at this time on his way back to the Presidency, had marked with approval all the measures which Malcolm had concerted for the capture of Badjee Rao. The military dispositions which he had made completely to surround the Peishwah, and to cut off all chances of escape—dispositions extending over a line of not less than two hundred miles—had been distinguished by a rare amount of forecast and vigor, of local information and professional skill;* and Lord Hastings had written to Malcolm to express the high opinion which he entertained of these combinations, saying:

"Every step taken by you since the approach of Badjee Rao to Malwah was announced, marks the judgment as well as vigor of

* In a letter written to the Duke of Wellington, a few weeks after the surrender of the Peishwah, there is a compendious account of these operations, which I insert here, as of a more precise and detailed character than that given in the text: "I had disposable with me three battalions of Madras Sepoys—one regiment of Madras Cavalry—two regiments of Bombay Sepoys—five brigades of six-pounders, four companies of grenadiers of a regular Hyderabad corps, and three thousand irregular horse. At Holkar's Court at Rampoorah I had a brigade of Bengal Infantry and a regiment of cavalry; and Ochterlony, who commanded the reserve in the Jyepore country, sent me two battalions of infantry and two thousand of Skinner's Hindostanee horse. With these means I arranged for every event; but the first was to occupy positions on the Nerbudda, and the high ghauts immediately north of that river, which would prevent his entering Malwah. This obliged me to occupy a line of nearly two hundred miles, to complete which I was obliged to call on Brigadier-General Watson at Saugur, who sent a light detachment to Kotra—a position to the south of the Nerbudda, twenty miles west of Hussingabad. In occupying this line I had no aid from Ochterlony's reinforcements nor the corps at Rampoorah, except one regiment of cavalry which I called from the latter, the whole of these troops, as well as some of Holkar's horse (on whom I could depend), being necessary for the protection, or rather the overawing of the country; but my deficiency in numbers was made up by the natural strength of the line—by my correct knowledge of every ford on the river and every pass in the hills—by an excellent Intelligence Department—and by a personal knowledge of all the chiefs of the plundering tribes on the Nerbudda. This last was a great source of strength; and previous circumstances led to my having great reliance on it. These arrangements had scarcely been completed before I heard that Badjee Rao was flying towards Asseerghur."

an officer of superior rate. You would not be so gratified by the compliment as to forbear the sneer of 'Oh, to be sure, you must be qualified to give the opinion,' if you thought that there was in it a pretension on my part. But when it has been the occupation of one's mind for a length of time to compare man and man in that respect, there is no reason why one should not determine as accurately as a connoisseur, who, though no painter, pronounces between two pictures. Submit yourself, therefore, with due resignation, to the estimate that is formed of you.

"I was put quite at ease by your determination not to give Badjee Rao time for wavering. The vagabond would try every appeal to your kindness, I well knew; and I thought you might have a little too much sympathy for fallen greatness. It is a condition which ordinarily challenges respect; but when it is the predicament of so thorough and so incorrigible a scoundrel as Badjee Rao, one sees in it only deserved punishment. What the dignity of the British Government should prescribe is the only principle that can operate with regard to him."

But although it was hardly possible for the Governor-General to disapprove of the military combinations which had preceded the surrender of Badjee Rao, Malcolm felt that Lord Hastings might demur to the terms which had been offered to the Peishwah, and the expressions in the latter part of the passage just quoted must have strengthened his misgivings. He waited, therefore, in no common anxiety of mind for the confirmation of the pledges which he had made to the fallen Prince; and it came in time—a cold, official confirmation of the engagement, with two or three rather ominous lines in a private letter from John Adam. It was very plain to him that the liberal terms which he had granted to Badjee Rao were not approved at Head-quarters.

But Malcolm felt in his inmost heart that he was right. The pension granted to the fallen Prince—a pension of eight lakhs of rupees, more than 80,000*l.* per annum—was, doubtless, a large one. But it was the price paid for

the termination of the war, and for the maintenance of the character of the British Government for substantive justice. In what light Malcolm himself regarded the question may be gathered from the letters which he addressed at this time to his friends in India and England, and to the public functionaries of the former country. To the Duke of Wellington he wrote:

"I fear Lord Hastings thinks I have given Badjee Rao better terms than he was entitled to; but this is not the opinion of Elphinstone, Munro, Ochterlony, and others who are on the scene; nor do I think the Governor-General will continue to think so when he receives all the details. You will, I am sure, be convinced that it would have been impossible to have obtained his submission on other terms, and the object of terminating the war was enough to justify all I have done, independent of the consideration connected with our own dignity, and with that regard we were bound on such an occasion to show to the feelings of his adherents, and to the prejudices of the natives of India."

To Thomas Munro he wrote a few days afterwards:

"You were right in your guess about my reason for thinking you *sackt* (harsh). Your sentiments upon my settlement with Badjee Rao were quite a cordial. I have not been so happy in this case as to anticipate the wishes of the Governor-General. He expected Badjee Rao would get no such terms; that his distress would force him to submit on any conditions; and that his enormities deprived him of all right either to princely treatment or princely pension. I think the lord will, when he hears all, regret the precipitation with which he formed his judgment. In the first place he will find, that in spite of the report made by every commanding officer who ever touched Badjee Rao that he had destroyed him, that the latter was not destroyed, but had about six thousand good horse and five thousand infantry, and the gates of Asseer wide open, all his property sent in there, and half his councillors praying him to follow it, while Jeswunt Rao Lar was positively ambitious of being a martyr in the cause of the Mahratta sovereign; add to this the impossibility of besieging

Asseer till after the rains—the difficulty of even half blockading it, and the agitated state of the country—and then let the lord pronounce the article I purchased was worth the price I paid; and he will find it proved I could not get it cheaper.

"There are, however, other grounds, which I can never abandon, that recommend this course on the ground of policy—our own dignity, considerations for the feelings of Badjee Rao's adherents, and for the prejudices of the natives of India. We exist on impression; and on occasions like this, where all are anxious spectators, we must play our part well or we should be hissed. I have your opinion in my favor; I have Ochterlony's, Elphinstone's, Jenkins', and many minor men's; and I think I shall yet force an assent from head-quarters. But they foolishly enough committed themselves, knowing, as they stated at the time, their instructions would be too late; they did not think any circumstances could enable him to have more than two lakhs, and he was to be watched, restrained, and I know not what. My system is all opposite; I am either for the main-guard, or a confidence that gives you a chance at least of the mind, the only other security except the body. You shall have a short narration of my proceedings. I grieve for your decay of vision, and none of your arguments will persuade me it is not at this moment a public misfortune; but you should not remain a moment longer than you can help in India, and give up labor; the warning is too serious."

On all these points he discoursed more fully in a long and very able public letter which he addressed to Mr. Adam on the 19th of June. He declared, in the first place, that the condition of Badjee Rao was not so desperate at the beginning of June but that he might have protracted the war, with no hope assuredly of eventual success, but with the certainty of keeping our armies for some time in the field at a ruinous expense to the State:

"From the facts I have enumerated, there can be no doubt that Badjee Rao had the power of protracting the war till next fair season, and that the mere circumstance of his continuing the contest would, till that period, have kept almost all India unsettled.

Every prince and chief who had felt or dreaded our power, every freebooter we had subdued, all soldiers whom our success had deprived of service, would have cherished hopes for change; many would have joined him, and there cannot be a doubt that those men even who had left him from the fatigue and privation to which they were exposed, would, when they and their horses were refreshed, and they saw no chance of other employ, have rejoined his standard, and if that should have occurred, there would have been the necessity of our bringing into the field armies which would have cost more than the value of the life-pension granted to Badjee Rao; and, considering the subject in that view, I deemed it a great saving of expenditure. Of the fact of its being utterly impossible to have brought affairs to a speedy conclusion on any terms but those of the liberal provision and honorable treatment which I awarded to this Prince, there can, for the reasons I have already stated, be no doubt; as it was impossible to foresee the circumstances under which his submission would take place, I could not, before the moment of its occurrence, determine the amount of pension consideration of the public interests might lead me to offer him. Had I found Badjee Rao as much reduced as had been represented—had I considered him destitute of the means of protracting the contest, or disposed to throw himself unconditionally upon the British Government—I should certainly have left this important point to be settled by the Governor-General; but situated as I have shown him to be, I had to balance between using the only means that would produce his submission, and all the expense and hazard of protracted warfare."

On the second point—the necessity of upholding the character of the British Government for generosity and good faith—Sir John Malcolm observes:

"That the character of the British Government would be raised by its granting the Peishwah a liberal and affluent provision I felt fully assured. It had been the policy of that state, since its first establishment in India, to act towards princes whose bad faith and treachery had compelled it to divest them of all power and dominion with a generosity which almost lost sight of their offences. The effect of this course of proceeding, in reconciling all classes to its rule, had been great. The liberality and the humanity which

it had displayed on such occasions had, I was satisfied, done more than its arms towards the firm establishment of its power. It was, in fact, a conquest over mind, and among men so riveted in their habits or prejudices as the natives of this country, the effect, though unseen, was great beyond calculation."

In anticipation of the objection that so large a stipend might, by affording the means of fomenting intrigue, encourage dangerous hopes in the breast of the Peishwah, and lead to efforts for the recovery of his lost dominion, Malcolm thus wrote in the same letter:

"Independent of the reasons before stated, which led me to provide for the future support of Badjee Rao in the most liberal manner, and to secure, by kind and honorable treatment, his cheerful acquiescence in arrangements which I could have effected in no other mode, I conceived that, though as you state no gratitude whatever could be expected from a Prince towards the Government who dethroned him, yet with a person of Badjee Rao's character, whose personal timidity, indolence, and sensuality were so great that those who knew him best looked to their powerful operation to check him in his projects of ambition when his mind was tortured with resentment, and when he had an ample treasury, a numerous army, and an extended empire, it was not, I thought, to be anticipated that after he had sealed the establishment of our power over the territories he once ruled by his voluntary submission—after he had, by becoming a willing exile, emancipated his subjects from their allegiance—that the stipend allotted him of eight lakhs of rupees per annum (which, though princely for the support of him, his family, and numerous domestics, was nothing for purposes of ambition) could ever tempt him to venture upon any hostile act to the British Government; but allowing the contrary to be the case—allowing that the habit of intrigue, which is perhaps a disease of his mind, should ever ripen into a plot or conspiracy against the general tranquillity—I certainly did not suppose it possible, when I considered his situation, his means, and the further loss of character which so glaring an abuse of liberality would bring upon him, that any effort he could make would be attended with a hundredth part of the expense and hazard that

his continuance in arms would have been; I well knew that the moment he submitted he would unstring a bow that he never could rebend."

But this reasoning did not convince the Governor-General and his advisers. Malcolm's arguments were combated, his proceedings disapproved; and again he was put on his defence. Another long public letter, therefore, was written, in which all the above arguments were set forth with renewed emphasis and still greater distinctness. At the same time he wrote a private letter to Mr. Adam, which contains some passages too characteristic to be withheld:

"I have received yours of the 19th ult.," wrote Malcolm on the 17th of August, "and your long-expected public despatch, which I will confess is even less satisfactory than I anticipated, and God knows I did not expect much. But though I concluded you would fight for your consistency, your principles, and your predictions, I thought some small point might be given up to a supposed minuter knowledge of local circumstances; and I thought, also, that a more exclusive and decided approbation would have been given to the manner in which (under the view I took of the subject) I did the work. But you continue to occupy every hillock of your original ground, and qualify (like a Scotchman as you are) every sentence of applause. I conclude from what you state that you have been handsomer in your mention of me to the Directors. If you have, let me have a copy; I want something to put me in good humor, though God knows getting rid of Badjee Rao and the cholera morbus in the same week is enough to put any human being in spirits.

"You answer much of your public despatch when you make the conclusion that Badjee Rao will stick by me; because, as you naturally ask, 'What other course has he?' or, in other words, Where could he be better? This is a reflection which I am satisfied occurs to Badjee Rao and to those about him at least fifty times a day, and forms one of the chief grounds of my confidence. Does it not occur to you that if he had been reduced to a condition in point of allowances, respectability, and liberty that degraded him in his

own mind and that of others, he might have asked himself, 'Where can I be worse?'

"You retain, I observe, your original opinion with regard to his total want either of moral or physical power to continue the contest, and you evidently seem to think that the terms could make no difference in one so predetermined to submit, and whose necessities left him no alternative but that of coming into a prison if we chose, or, at all events, placing himself under military control, and taking what pension we might think it right, under such circumstances, to bestow. Now all this appears to me unaccountable, because the conclusions are so opposite to the judgment I formed of the scene, that I can hardly believe it possible to be the same as that in your contemplation.

"I might, perhaps, have brought Badjee Rao to my camp by some general promises of liberal consideration, and left everything to a second settlement. This would have been a deceit, for his hopes would have much exceeded the bounds of my specific terms, and I have had sufficient evidence, which you will learn hereafter, that, in addition to all I promised, he deluded himself with the expectation of more. But I have said enough, and more than enough; we never can convince one another, and God knows your side of the question may be right.

"I trust you will be satisfied that not one word has been written in a spirit of opposition. I am not insensible to fair fame, and I am very anxious that this last and best, if not the greatest, act of my political life should be duly appreciated in England as well as India; but I do declare to you that I would rather it should not than gain applause at the expense of Lord Hastings. Independent of the sense I entertain of his eminent public merits, his personal conduct to me has filled my mind with the warmest gratitude. But I have that opinion of his manly character, that I persuade myself he would esteem me less if I hesitated to express in the freest manner the sentiments I entertain upon every public subject, and on that which has unfortunately occurred I have had the misfortune to differ not only on questions of expediency but those of general policy."

In Lord Hastings, Malcolm had at least a generous opponent; and if the official letters which he received

from the Secretary's office were written in a somewhat grudging spirit, those which the Governor-General addressed to the authorities at home were not stinting in their commendations of Malcolm's conduct. On the receipt of the letter last quoted and the official despatch which it accompanied, Lord Hastings closed the controversy in the following generous words:

"There must be a replication to your public and private rejoinder in the discussion respecting Badjee Rao's surrender. It will not, however, be in any shape but this letter, the purport of which is likely to be satisfactory to you. No more than justice is done to me by you in your belief that I would wish you to urge on your side of the argument all that you think advantageous towards sustaining it. Your public despatch will, consequently, be put on record without any comment on its reasoning. Were anybody ever likely to read a line of these documents, I apprehend your assumptions would be more calculated to meet credit than mine. But I really cannot flatter you that our labors in this controversy have the least chance of perusal. The quintessence of such subjects can alone be attended to at home. Now, let me say that in my communications to the authorities at home there has not been a qualification or a drawback to the praise which I have given to you, and that praise has been warm. It is only where principles could come to be sifted that I could not honestly repress the sentiment on which I differed from you. Such niceties did not come at all into question in a general exposition; and I am willing to believe that it was a true, well-weighed feeling which I indulged when I mixed no alloy with a truly-merited applause. Be satisfied, therefore, for you have ample reason to be so, as I doubt not you will have proof."

Nearly forty years have elapsed since Malcolm undertook, on the part of the British Government, to settle on the dethroned Mahratta Prince the generous pension which was the subject of this controversy. But still there is a conflict of opinion regarding the policy of the measure. In the consideration of such a question there

must necessarily be a large amount of assumption. Malcolm, who had assuredly the best opportunities of judging on the spot what were the resources of the Peishwah and his chances of obtaining aid from other Mahratta chiefs, declared that a protracted war on an extensive scale would, in all probability, be the result of leaving the Peishwah any longer at large. But it is confidently declared, on the other hand, that if Badjee Rao had joined Appa-Sahib, "they could never, with all their means, have made head against a British force of the strength of a battalion of infantry or a regiment of cavalry."* It is well-nigh certain, however, for reasons stated in Malcolm's letters, that the continuance of Badjee Rao in the field would have brought us also into collision with Scindiah, and that there would have been a necessity for military operations in the ensuing cold season, extending over an immense area of country, and carried on at a ruinous expense to the State. Subsequent events, as it will presently be seen, threw some light upon the question here suggested, and did much to illustrate the justice of these views. And there is another of Malcolm's arguments which years have proved and established. He contended that there was no danger in the liberality to which he had pledged his Government; that there was no fear, as many alleged at the time, of the large amount of money at the disposal of the Peishwah being employed in any manner offensive to the State of which he was the pensioner. Badjee Rao, after his surrender, wrought us little annoyance. If he indulged in any dreams of recovering his lost dominion, they never incited him to dangerous action. The only injury that the provision inflicted upon us was the loss which our treasury sustained.

* Prinsep's *History of the Military and Political Transactions in India during the Administration of the Marquis of Hastings.*

The loss was greater than Malcolm anticipated. Badjee Rao was a man of feeble constitution and debauched habits, far advanced in years at the time of his surrender; but annuitants are proverbially long-lived, and the ex-Peishwah drew his pension for a quarter of a century. I have heard the longevity of Badjee Rao spoken of as one of Malcolm's offences, as though such an accident could really affect the question. If he had died in the course of the first year it would not have made the measure a wiser one, nor does the long continuance of the incubus on our finances, on the other hand, stamp its folly. Such burdens are doubtless very grievous. The large amount which is paid by the Government of the East India Company in the shape of pensions to deposed princes and their adherents is one of the great impediments to that accumulation of surplus revenue which is so much required for the domestic improvement of the country. The money apportioned to these decayed potentates is, for the most part, very profligately spent. There is no sadder spectacle, indeed, than the court of one of these broken royalties. But I hope the time is very far distant when we shall cease to make liberal provision for all whom we strip of their estates. The character of the British Government for justice and generosity is of more worth to us than anything else; when we cease thus to recognise the claims of the fallen we shall be regarded only as spoliators and usurpers.

It may be said that justice might have been satisfied and generosity displayed by a less prodigal bestowal; but it is doubtful whether the Peishwah, who expected a larger pension, would have been induced to come in at all by the offer of a smaller one. Amrut Rao, who was only a servant of the Peishwah, had, fifteen years before, been guaranteed a pension of seven lakhs, as the price of his defection, by General Wellesley. A smaller amount

would have been considered a degradation, and would, in all probability, have been rejected. There were strong political reasons, therefore, for the amount of the grant; and it is needless to seek for private ones. That Malcolm sympathised with the fallen Prince, whom he had known in the hour of prosperity, is a fact which he always acknowledged. It was not in his nature to withhold pity from one in such grievous circumstances; but that he suffered his private feelings to betray him into a resolution injurious to the State is sufficiently contradicted by the array of arguments, based upon public considerations, by which he justified the measure. On a full review of all these arguments, it appears to me that Malcolm has proved both the righteousness and the expediency of the act. And if he erred, as some will still think he did, he erred on the side of mercy and generosity, and there is virtue in the error, which even his opponents will respect.

CHAPTER VII.

ASSEERGHUR.

[1818.]

DISPERSION OF THE PEISHWAH'S FOLLOWERS—MUTINY OF THE ARABS—SUPPRESSED BY MALCOLM—DEPARTURE OF BADJEE RAO FOR HINDOSTAN—IMPROVEMENT OF THE COUNTRY—THE ASSYE FESTIVAL—MALCOLM'S CHARACTER AS AN ADMINISTRATOR—APPA-SAHIB AND CHEETOO—THE SIEGE OF ASSEERGHUR—ITS SURRENDER.

THE subjection of the Peishwah being now accomplished, it remained only to break up the military force by which he was accompanied, and to remove the Prince himself to a fitting asylum in the Company's dominions. For some days both objects seemed to be in a fair way towards a peaceable attainment. The Peishwah's followers were going quietly to their homes, and he himself was submitting more cheerfully to his fate. In no present appearances could Malcolm discern any sources of inquietude. On the 8th of June he thus described what was then the state of affairs in his camp:

"I am twelve miles nearer Malwah. I am daily getting rid of Badjee Rao's followers, who were, when we started, twice the number of my little corps; but they are conquered in mind, and all are going away quietly and more contented than you would believe it possible for men in their situation, who have *lost their*

present service, and must be doubtful of gaining another. Adversity is a rugged but a good teacher. Badjee Rao's youngest and most favored wife was taken desperately ill last night. He sent in great distress to me, praying I would halt. I agreed, stating that I had yielded to a consideration so personal what I would on no other ground. He was so pleased, that he sent me word, though he had three days ago declined the accommodation of tents I offered him, he would now accept it. The messenger was shown all my camp-equipage, and told to take his choice. Two were selected—one my dining-tent, and the other a small one, made entirely of the kuss-kuss root (it was sent to me as a present by the Minister of Holkar to keep me cool). Badjee Rao is now in one of these tents, his little sick wife in another, and he has just sent me a message to say I am his only friend upon earth."

But even while Malcolm wrote there were difficulties gathering around him. Some of the Arab troops of the Peishwah, who at the time of his surrender had been guarding the passes, now came flocking to Badjee Rao's camp, clamoring for their arrears of pay. Partly from reasons of policy,* partly from motives of delicacy, Malcolm had abstained from interfering in the Peishwah's arrangements for the dismissal of his followers; but now

* It is right that Malcolm's arguments should be stated in his own words. "Though quite aware of the inconvenience," he wrote to Lord Hastings, "that attended the concourse of armed men by whom he was followed, I was too much accustomed to such scenes to be in any alarm. I knew this army would gradually dissolve; and while the suspicions of the Peishwah and of those immediately about his person were allayed by my apparent indifference, I anticipated that his followers would carry to their homes the deepest impression of the consideration, humanity, and generosity which the English Government showed to a fallen enemy. I have attached the greatest consideration throughout the proceeding to this impression, because, as far as I am able to judge after the great changes that have occurred, it is to this more than to any other source whatever that we are to look for that cheerful submission in the great majority of the inhabitants we have conquered which can alone produce early and complete tranquillity. This circumstance will, I trust, account to your Lordship for incurring what may appear serious hazards, but which were, in fact, slight in comparison with the evils which would have resulted from any other course."

he clearly saw that the time was close at hand when, only by the interposition of his own troops, a positive danger could be averted. Still tenacious of his dignity —still eager to make a show of power—Badjee Rao had declared that all would be well, and that he could manage his adherents. But at noon, on the 9th of June, a messenger entered the English camp, and announced that the Peishwah's tent was surrounded by his mutinous soldiery, clamorously demanding their arrears of pay, and threatening to resort to acts of violence if their claims were not promptly satisfied.

Though the main body of Malcolm's troops had marched as usual in the morning, he had kept in the rear, under the belief that their services would be required, a detachment consisting of a regiment of cavalry, a battalion of infantry, some guns, and about six hundred irregular horse. They were ready to act in a moment against the mutineers; but Badjee Rao still declared that he could induce, by promises of payment, the refractory troops to march towards their homes, and implored Malcolm not to attack them lest they should sacrifice his life to their resentment. For seven hours, therefore, the British troops were kept under arms, but inactive. Still the turmoil was unabated; still the language of the chief mutineers was loud and defiant. So Malcolm sent an express to recall the troops which had marched in the morning, and in the mean while exhorted the Peishwah, who was in an extreme state of alarm, to compose himself during the night, for that next day he would assuredly be relieved from the danger which then threatened him. At the same time, Malcolm sent messages to the chiefs of the mutineers, warning them of the certain destruction they would bring upon themselves by committing any acts of violence; but promising them on the other hand, that if they would depart in peace, the

pledges voluntarily made to them by the Peishwah should be amply redeemed.

The night passed quietly away. On the morning Malcolm went out to reconnoitre the neighbourhood of the Peishwah's camp. It was at a distance of about a mile and a half from our own head-quarters, pitched upon a spot of low, jungly ground on the banks of a watercourse, which, flowing in a serpentine direction, surrounded three sides of the encampment. The low trees and brushwood on the banks of the Nullah, and the uneven, stony surface of the ground, were favorable to the operations of the irregular Arab troops who occupied it. But Malcolm's quick soldierly eye discerned at a distance of some two hundred yards from the front of the encampment a spot on which he could form his force, with the left of his line resting on the watercourse, and his right extending to a hill, the crest of which commanded the whole camp. As soon as he received intelligence that the troops which he had recalled were close at hand, he made his formations, and prepared for action. His object, however, was rather to overawe the mutineers than destroy them. There was no doubt of the result of an engagement. But the lives of the Peishwah and all his family were in danger. The mutineers encompassed his tent. His attendants and followers, including numbers of women and children, were hemmed in by the refractory troops. To have opened a fire upon them would have been to have destroyed scores of innocent lives. The moment was one of extremest anxiety. Malcolm had nine six-pounder guns loaded with grape, and if he had opened upon the mutineers, the massacre would have been dreadful. He abstained to the extreme limits of forbearance. An Arab picket fired on our men, and two of our grenadiers were wounded. Still Malcolm

would not fire a shot, or suffer a man to move. The display of force was sufficient. The chiefs of the mutineers were now coming forward to sue for terms. Galloping forward, and stopping the fire of their men, they advanced towards the English general. He told them, in a manner not to be misunderstood, that the Peishwah had already paid them a large sum of money; that other points for which they had contended had been guaranteed to them on the faith of the British Government; and that therefore, as they had no longer any pretext for continuing in a hostile attitude, if they did not immediately draw off their troops from the tents of their late master, our batteries would open upon them and they would be destroyed to a man.

They implored him to be patient for one more moment. They asked only that he would suffer them to return to their lines and bring with them the principal jemadars of the force to hear Malcolm's promises confirmed. The permission was granted; and the jemadars came. "Give these men your hand," said the chief, Syud Zein by name; "promise them that, if they release Badjee Rao, you will not attack them, and all your commands shall be obeyed." To one after another Malcolm gave his hand and the promise they required to assure them; and then they hastened to their lines. In less than a quarter of an hour their tents were struck, their troops had moved off; and Badjee Rao, attended by his own Mahratta guards, came up to the front of the English line, where Malcolm received him with a general salute.

The Peishwah, who had been overwhelmed with terror, was now in a corresponding state of joy. He was profuse in his expressions of gratitude. He called Malcolm the saviour of his honor—the saviour of his life; and declared that he would, for the remainder of his days, be

guided in everything by the advice of his preserver. There was no blessing in life, he said, equal to that of a true friend.

Nor less thankful was Malcolm for the happy issue of that day's danger. "How you would have been gratified," he wrote some days afterwards to his wife, "to have heard the praises and blessings which were showered upon me from all ranks when the affair ended without bloodshed. I thank God for giving me a coolness on that day which nothing could disturb. The Peishwah must have been murdered, and hundreds of women and children, and all my triumph in his submission would have been soiled. I should, besides, have lost two or three hundred of my own fine fellows, but have extirpated their opponents. All is now as happy as possible. Badjee Rao, who has dismissed all his military attendants but four or five hundred, is in my camp, ready to proceed to Hindostan the moment the rains will admit. All is peace and quiet, and I do not see much prospect of its being disturbed."

On the 12th of June, Malcolm and the Peishwah crossed the Nerbudda. From this time all apprehensions regarding the conduct of Badjee Rao were at an end. He knew where alone safety was to be found; he knew what were his interests—who was his friend. He was extremely unwilling to be severed from his protector, and talked of never leaving his side. Malcolm treated him with unlimited courtesy and unstinting confidence; and there were some who, considering the Prince's natural tendency to intrigue, and the guile which was so large an ingredient in his character, thought that it was scarcely safe to trust him so much. But on this point Malcolm had made up his mind after much reflection. Writing to Mr. Elphinstone early in August, he explained the principles by which he regulated his conduct:

"You are, I well know, doing everything that can conciliate the inhabitants, and fulfilling every shadow of an engagement with a feeling that works great, though unseen good. As to our difference in the tone to Badjee Rao, if you had had my task you would, I am assured, have performed it as I have done. To bring him into my power I was obliged to assume a tone which it would have been ungenerous and impolitic to have changed without a real necessity. Circumstances that referred to his temper and condition, and to the actual state of the country, gave me more security from a system of confidence that appeared to border on imprudence than I could have derived from any guard except the main guard; and, independent of the immense advantages, which a local observer can only appreciate, of making this prince march a volunteer to Hindostan, I give him the fair chances of becoming reconciled to his situation through a sense of the comforts of his actual condition, and a hopelessness of improving it. The first motive could not operate if he was under a jealous restraint; for, as far as I can judge, his character, his suspicions, and his fears would make him regard such as the commencement of a system that must end in a prison; and I confess I can imagine no watch efficient to prevent his personally escaping if he should desire it. When that is apprehended, sentries must be placed over him. Do not imagine that I am without information of what is passing in his camp, far less that I have ever smoothed for one instant with him, or those about him, regarding their present and future expectations. Not only my language, but my actions, have all the same tendency to satisfy them that they shall possess every comfort, but that every hope of future power is gone. They have the best water wherever we halt; they have tents, camels, bullocks, coolies, cash whenever required, and every species of civility, attention, and respect; but all ideas opposite to their situation are crushed the moment they appear.

"It is impossible to reconcile the mind at once to eternal banishment from the *Faderland*, and to the total loss of all sovereign power; but this may be done by degrees, through the ex-Prince losing gradually all hopes of success in an effort to regain them. I am not startled at finding Badjee Rao still has a hope that four or five years of good conduct might entitle him to some power, but I take care that hope shall receive no encouragement; on the

contrary, that he and those around him should know that it is altogether fallacious; and I know that every day must weaken the expectation till it dies a natural death. But supposing the contrary—suppose this man attempts escape? If prevented, you have a good right to confine him; if he gets away, what is his condition? He would be a burden to Scindiah or to Holkar. He could not carry treasure with him; nor could he restore his credit, or recall his respectable adherents. Plunderers might use his name for a month, but nothing could result; and his character is such, that he never could re-create the means which he has abandoned."

At this time Malcolm was at Mundissore, where he had negotiated the treaty with Holkar's Government; and Badjee Rao, who was to be attended to Hindostan by Captain Low, was about soon to lose Malcolm's assuring companionship.* The force had been continually in motion during the hottest season of the year, and had made many long marches, which had greatly distressed some of Malcolm's followers, who were not as fond of rapid locomotion as himself.†. The reader, indeed, who follows on the map the movements of Sir John Malcolm, and marks the large intervals of space corresponding with the brief intervals of time set down in the narrative, will almost doubt the accuracy of the narrator. But now the rains had set in; the country was under water; and again he found

* "I date this," he wrote to his wife on the 8th of August, "from the place where I settled the peace with Holkar in January last. I am escorting Badjee Rao, who takes his leave here to go to Hindostan. I shall rejoice when he departs, for really this is a life of too incessant effort and fatigue to be agreeable. I have had another monsoon march, and am now encamped on a high hill, to avoid the floods that are all around."

† Malcolm, in one of his private letters, thus alludes to the subject: "I have got very unjustly (!) a bad name for long marches. No one felt these more than my little Persian friend, Mahomed Hussein Khan, who was with me as moonshee in my pursuit of Badjee Rao. In one of the hottest days of the first week of June I happened to say that I was not certain whether I should march eighteen miles or twenty-eight next day. 'Oh! for God's sake, march twenty-eight,' said the Khan. 'Why do you wish it?' said I; 'I am afraid it will kill you.'" On this the Khan told a story more amusing than delicate, the drift of which was, that if he were to be killed at all, it was better to be killed outright.

the inconvenience, which he had experienced in the preceding year, of pitching his camp in a swamp, or searching for a spot of rising ground on which to locate himself with greater comfort. Malcolm's health was beginning to fail him under the combined influences of continued work, much anxiety, and exposure to the vicissitudes of the climate. It was a relief to him when at last he was able to announce that Badjee Rao and his escort were about to leave him. "Badjee Rao," he wrote to Mr. John Adam, "leaves this on the 17th (of August), after making all the arrangements required about his followers, five hundred of whom leave him here, and between two and three hundred, five days after he reaches Muttra. Explanations have taken place here which will, I trust, do much good. . . . . I could not at this season have taken any other road, and it would have been impolitic to leave him in Malwah; for whatever he might have thought, all kinds of stories were afloat about his probable restoration, and men's minds began to be agitated on the subject. They are now all pretty well convinced. The impression made by this scene will long survive. It has all the character of a triumph over mind; and that, I will maintain to my last breath, in spite even of a resolution of Council, is worth a hundred triumphs over the body."

Malcolm remained some days at Mundleysir, and then moved to Mhow, where he was establishing a cantonment, which was the centre of those operations for the reclamation of Malwah, of which I shall presently speak more in detail—operations into which he threw all the fulness of his heart and all the energies of his mind.*

* In a letter to his wife on this subject, Malcolm says: "I often wish you were here to enjoy the blessings I obtain from the poor inhabitants, who all continue to refer their happiness to me; and it joys my heart to find myself the instrument of punishing freebooters, and restoring great

"Exercising, as I do at present," he wrote to Lord Wellesley, in September, "a military and political control that extends over the greatest part of Malwah, and as far south as the Taptee; and seeing provinces that have been for fifty years a prey to anarchy and disorder rising rapidly to prosperity under our protection and power, I recall with delight those lessons I learnt under your Lordship. Every day shows practically the wisdom of the principles which you laid down for the management of this great empire; and I am sensible I derive half the reputation I enjoy from my good memory in remembering what you taught me. . . . . I have been continually marching for fifteen months, including two monsoons. I am now in a cantonment I have formed near Indore. If matters are quiet, as they promise to be, at the opening of the season, I mean to go in February to Calcutta; and if not before appointed Governor of Bombay, it is my intention to embark for England in November or December, 1819."

On the same subject of the improvement of the country he wrote soon afterwards to Mr. William Elphinstone, saying:

"I am looking anxiously for letters from England, written subsequent to the war with Holkar. The countries of that young Prince are advancing to prosperity with a rapidity that looks almost miraculous to those who are unacquainted with the patience, industry, and attachment to the soil of the Ryots of India. They actually have reappeared in thousands, like people come out of the earth to claim and recultivate lands that have been fallow for twenty years. I delight in the scene, and if I succeed (which I trust I shall) in keeping the peace during the next two months,

provinces to a prosperity which they have not known for years. This is a point beyond either victories or negotiations of which I am indeed proud. I am intimate with almost every poor villager in this quarter, and they come and squat down in my room alongside of astonished Rajahs and Nabobs, who wonder at my bad taste."

the danger is past, and my reign will finish (for I have applied to go to Calcutta in January) with great *éclat;* I shall have to boast that, over a tract of country three hundred miles in length, and about two hundred in breadth (such is the extent of my command), not a musket has been fired, and hardly a petty theft committed for nearly twelve months; and when it is added that this country includes the districts of all the Pindarrees, that this was the scene of constant war between Mahratta chiefs, that it is full of Rajahs, Grassiahs and Bheels, whose occupation is plunder, my right of exultation will not be denied. My mode has been to avoid all interference but as a settler of differences and a keeper of the peace. I am the avowed enemy of plunderers, and the active friend of all those who maintain or return to peaceable habits.

"But the chief secret is, I am very tolerant of abuses, and can wait with patience to see them die their natural death. I am no advocate, God knows, for sudden reforms or violent changes. These are, indeed, the rocks of the sea in which we are now afloat. Amid all these scenes my mind is fixed on England, and nothing but an early appointment to Bombay can detain me longer."

To the Duke of Wellington he also wrote about the same time:

"If I can leave this country in January in that state of profound tranquillity it is in at this moment, I shall really exult, as the change has appeared, to me even who am sanguine, to be too great to be permanent; but unwearied efforts have been made to produce it, and the good of all has been my study, and fortunately, from Lord Hastings, Dowlut Rao Scindiah, and Holkar, to every petty plundering Rajah and Bheel chief, all have hitherto combined in leaving matters to my sole discretion and management. This, with a good army at my command, some experience, a resolution to alter nothing that can be tolerated, to distrust as little as possible, to attend to usage more than reason, to study feelings and prejudices, and to make no changes but such as I am compelled to do, may enable me to leave a tolerable easy task to your nephew, Gerald Wellesley, who is appointed Resi-

dent with Holkar, and who is reported (I have not seen him for many years) a very efficient public officer."

Whilst Malcolm, surrounded by a society of pleasant friends, was prosecuting with these happy results his administrative labors, the 23rd of September found him not unmindful of the fact that it was the anniversary of the battle of Assye—the first of Wellington's long list of victories. Determining to celebrate the occasion by a grand entertainment, he invited all the officers in camp to dinner, and toasted the duke with becoming enthusiasm. The native soldiery followed the example of their officers, and the very Pariahs had a festival of their own. The scene was a memorable one; and it cannot be better described than in the words of Malcolm's own letter to Wellington, written two days after the carouse:

"The day before yesterday the whole of the officers in camp dined with me to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Assye; and it was celebrated with proper enthusiasm by men who were sensible to all the advantages the Indian army derives from having its fame associated with your history. I have never yet written any poetry about you, and therefore expect pardon for making you the subject of a song for the day, a copy of which I enclose.* It is the same measure as that in which Moore has made the Genius of Erin call upon you to relieve her land, and sings equally well with the appropriate air of 'Paddy Whack.' If Moore is very Irish, you will perhaps say I am very Asiatic.

"Our Assye festival did not finish with my dinner. My native aide-de-camp, Subadar Syud Hussein, a gallant soldier, owes his rise to that day. He was the leading havildar of the Fourth Cavalry in the charge; and he afterwards dashed into the centre of a party of the enemy's horse, and bore off their standard. His commanding officer, Floyer, brought him and the standard to you; and upon the story being told, you patted him upon the back,

* The song which Malcolm wrote on this occasion—one of the most spirited of his poetical compositions—will be found in the Appendix. It was sung by Captain Fleetwood, of the Rocket Corps.

and with that eloquent and correct knowledge in the native language for which you were celebrated, said, 'Acha havildar; jemadar.' A jemadar he was made; and though the anecdote has no doubt been expelled from your memory to make room for others of more interest, it holds an important place in Syud Hussein's; and amid all his subsequent successes in Persia and in India, which have raised him to medals, pensions, and a palanquin from Government, his pride is the pat on the back he received at Assye; and he told me the other day with great *naïveté* that he felt raised by your actions, as your increasing fame gave increasing value to the notice you had once taken of him. This grateful soldier followed my feast by one on the 24th to two hundred subadars, jemadars, havildars, and naicks of my division; and a grand nautch which he gave in the evening to about four hundred spectators, was attended by all the English officers in camp. A very good transparency of your head, with the word Assye, which had ornamented my bungalow, was put up by him in a large tent, and the Persian name of Wellesley Sahib Bahadur, in Persian characters, announced to those who had not seen the light of your countenance in the original, for whom the picture was intended. The subadar was pressed to call you the Duke of Wellington; but he said (and I think very justly) that was your European name, but your Indian name was Wellesley Bahadur."

"P.S.—Since writing this letter, all the Pariahs at head-quarters met and gave a feast, to help which they purchased thirty bottles of Pariah arrack. Led by the riot they made to the place of meeting, I went with some others to see what was the matter. A drunken Mehtur came up and said, 'We all get drunk for Wellington name.'"

As the heavy rains of the autumnal season passed away, and the cool, crisp air of the early winter began to inspire men with new energy and vigor, Malcolm, whose constitution had been severely tried by the few preceding months, with all their toil and anxiety, felt the glow of returning health upon him, and wrote hopefully of the state and prospects of the country, whose regeneration lay so near his heart:

"I am quite well," he wrote to his wife in October—"all is quiet—no chance of war—and everything in my large kingdom flourishing and prosperous. The cold weather is actually commencing, and in two months we shall have plenty of ice. I, indeed, believe this cantonment (called by the natives Malcolmpore) is upon the most elevated level in the whole peninsula. Rivers that rise within a few miles of my bungalow (I have a fine bungalow and garden) take opposite courses, east and west, and fall into the distant seas of Bengal and Cambay."

To the Duke of Wellington he wrote at the end of October, from Mhow:

"I have had occasion to put all my theories of settling troubled waters, and of bringing order out of anarchy, into full practice; and the result has been beyond my own expectations; but the labor has been almost too much, and I am anxious to get away. I mean to go to Calcutta, if all keeps quiet, in February or March, and proceed home in November or December. It would be foolish to waste my life in waiting a vacancy, which may not occur these three years. . . . . I have had such hard work lately, that I shall easily console myself for a disappointment in the prospect of a little quiet in England."

It was not, however, in the nature of things, encouraging as were the appearances of general tranquillity, that there should not have been accidental disturbances resulting from the folly or fanaticism of individual men. It happened at this time that an impostor, calling himself Mulhar Rao, pretending to be the real head of the Holkar family,* gathered around him a few Arab and other disbanded troops, and endeavoured, with small success, to raise the country. The movement was too contemptible to cause any anxiety, but it occasioned

* His real name was Krishna. He was a member of the Holkar family, about the same age as Mulhar Rao, and is said to have resembled him in person. It was alleged by his supporters, that after the battle of Mehidpoor the real Holkar had fled unattended, and that the Minister had produced a supposititious prince in his stead. Of course the impostor, being a boy of tender years, was a mere tool in the hands of others.

some trouble. On the 10th of November, still at Mhow, Malcolm wrote to Mr. Jenkins:

"All my Rangree friends continue to behave well, but their settlement has given much trouble, and it will require as much to keep them right. The impostor Mulhar Rao is, I trust, on his last legs, and I expect to-morrow or next day to hear of his having closed his career, at least for the present, as he must be taken if he does not retreat so far west as to lose all his followers; and I am following him up in the settlements of the chiefs in whose countries he, or rather the freebooters who made an instrument of him, have hitherto found protection."

At the beginning of December, Malcolm moved out with a light corps from his cantonment at Mhow, and proceeded into the districts to the westward to drive the rebels from the Chumbul to the frontier of Guzerat. He had expected that the disturbances instigated by the pretender, or rather in his name, for he was little more than a boy, would have led to some sanguinary encounters; but on the 8th of December he wrote from Dhar to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Macdonald, saying:

"Everything in this quarter is going on to a wish, and work that I expected would have cost me many lives, is going on as smoothly as a holiday pastime. Arabs, Mekranees, and all kinds of wild mercenaries are marching off contentedly to their homes, and every order I give is cheerfully obeyed. I have taken great pains to satisfy these men of the uselessness of opposition, and I have troops at every point. . . . . The cold weather is set in, which is a great aid, for I am at work from morning till evening. If the next fifteen days are fortunate, this province is settled beyond a fear of trouble." *

* On the same day he wrote also to Lady Malcolm, saying: "I am now making a tour with a light corps to the west of the Chumbul, clearing the country of vagabonds on the frontier of Guzerat. . . . . The young Rajah of Dhar, a delightful boy, has just come in to pay me a visit. He is, like young Holkar, one of my royal wards. We have had plenty of laughing, almost playing. I cannot bear the mummery of these state visits, and always break in upon the grave part of them with good effect."

In less than the time appointed, he had completed his work. Ten days had scarcely passed before he was able to announce that he had accomplished all that he desired without shedding a drop of blood:

"It will," he wrote to Lord Hastings, "from what I know of your Lordship's feelings and principles, be a satisfaction to learn that, in effecting arrangements which have sent to their homes at least 6000 foreign troops, and brought every subordinate tributary to a fair settlement with his superior in the countries west of the Chumbul, not a shot has been fired; and not one that I have seen or heard of (and I have almost seen or heard all) are seriously discontented."

Writing to his wife on the 17th of December, he dwelt delightedly on the success he had achieved:

"I have completely settled a rebellion, at the head of which there was an impostor, calling himself the legitimate Holkar. All the troops are dispersed, and all the leaders are taken. The last threw himself at my feet four days ago. Has by that act escaped being hanged; but has been banished the country. I am now making a circuit of the barren and rugged countries on the eastern frontier of Guzerat. This, my last work, promises to be well over in a month, when I may boast that all this province is in a state of tranquillity, and likely to remain so, and that the great object has been effected with hardly the loss of a life. Two days ago, being angry with a celebrated chief of the name of Moozuffer, I told him to leave my camp and proceed to his stronghold, and place himself at the head of 2000 men who were at his disposal. 'I will follow you,' I added, 'and show you soon the nature of your power.' The man coolly replied, 'I know my power. Though locally considerable, it is nothing compared to yours. Besides, robber though I be, I cannot subsist, except by the cultivators of my country; and such is the reputation which your proceedings for the last twelvemonth have given you with that class, and all the peaceable inhabitants of the country, that the sword that is drawn against you will be weighed to earth by their curses.'"

This letter was written from Bhopawur, which lies to

the west of the Chumbul river. From that place Malcolm marched northward to Rutlam, where he spent the Christmas of this year. On the great festival day, he wrote to his wife, saying:

"I have time to say no more than that I am working twelve hours in the day, but trust to God the great labor draws to a close, and that in one short week I shall report to Lord Hastings the complete settlement of all the princes, chiefs, and countries within my extensive command. Nothing of any consequence will be left undone, and as the very elements of sedition have been removed, I shall have no fear for the future tranquillity of this quarter, at least not while the principles upon which it has been effected are maintained. There are two circumstances connected with my late labors which will gratify you; one is, that public opinion in this province, high and low, is so with me, that it has overpowered everything. I have not met with the slightest check, and everywhere I have been, and am hailed with blessings. They give me (from not understanding what is done by our system) exaggerated merit, as the author of the great change that has been effected, and I am deemed in Malwah the restorer of peace, the establisher of order, and the promoter of general prosperity. This is the first cause of your gratification. The second is, that Lord Hastings and the Supreme Government appear, by their late letters, determined to outdo the good folks of Malwah."

And never were praises better merited. The right man was never more certainly in the right place than was Malcolm at this time. He had many personal qualities which peculiarly fitted him for the work of settling a long-troubled country, and reclaiming from their lawless habits men whom evil circumstances, rather than evil inclinations, had driven into a career of crime. He had no "great theories" to support. He indulged in no philosophical speculations regarding the destinies of man, or the constitution of society. He was not what is conventionally called a deep thinker. His rules of conduct were not of an abstract kind, but available at all times for

practical purposes, and readily adaptable to the circumstances of the hour. He had expansive sympathies, a large humanity, an uncommonly fine temper, and a genial flow of spirits which was as contagious as it was cheering. He had, too, a peculiar kind of ready wit, which did not develop itself so much in smart sayings, as in a prompt appreciation of peculiar circumstances and characters which enabled him to meet every contingency with some pertinent remark, impressing the hearers to whom it was addressed with a conviction that he saw through them as though they were glass. No Englishman had mixed more freely with natives of India of every class, or ever understood them better. He was not, properly speaking, a great linguist—an erudite Oriental scholar; but he readily understood, and he conversed volubly in, several native dialects, and if his language was not always a model of philological correctness, his hearers never missed his meaning. But even, beyond all these advantages, perhaps, the secret of his success lay in the fact that he communicated directly with the people. He was, at all times, accessible to them. He did not employ intermediate agents; but took care that justice should descend to every claimant in a pure and undiluted stream. No man ever accomplished more than Sir John Malcolm by the force of his own personal character, or shaped his acts with more particular reference to the individual characters of others.

There was a heartiness, a sincerity in all that he said and did, which gave people unlimited confidence in him; and even when his decisions were unfavorable to the applicant, there was a robust sort of kindliness in his very denials which disarmed them of offence. A well-timed, readily appreciable joke, often was more serviceable in his hands than the most elaborate arguments. On one occasion, when receiving petitions and listening to

complaints—a duty to which he systematically devoted a portion of the day—a Bheel, one of the wildest of a wild tribe, broke clamorously into the tent, threw himself at Malcolm's feet, and cried aloud for justice. He had a dreadful story to tell of robbery and murder, and prayed that justice might be executed upon the criminal. "Hold, hold!" said Sir John, "not so fast; the party you accuse shall be sent for, and the cause inquired into forthwith." "What is the use of inquiring?" asked the Bheel; "my cattle have been carried off, and one of my sons killed in an attempt to recover them." "It may be so," returned Malcolm, "but still I must inquire. Do you know why the Almighty gave me two ears?" The plaintiff looked puzzled, shook his head, and answered in the negative. "Then I will tell you," said Malcolm. "In order that I might hear your story with one, and the other party's with the other." The bystanders loudly applauded the wisdom and justice of the speech, and the Bheel, equally convinced, awaited the inquiry against which he had protested.

The new year found Malcolm busily employed in this good work of settling the newly-acquired country; and so much had his labors accomplished, that he was contemplating a visit to Calcutta with a view, if not appointed to the Bombay Government, of eventually proceeding to England, when a warm, earnest letter from Lord Hastings persuaded him to remain longer in a country to whose continued prosperity his presence was so essential. He had returned about the middle of the month of January to Mhow, whence, on the 22nd, he wrote to his wife:

"I expected about this time to have been on my way to Calcutta, but Lord Hastings has requested me to stay in Malwah, and in complying with his request I not only perform a duty, but do

that which is best for the public interests and my private good. I shall certainly stay till the rains, and probably longer; but I remain resolved (unless appointed to Bombay) to embark for England in December. God send me once more to you and my little ones, and he will be a wise man that persuades me away from so dear a home. If condemned to be absent, I could nowhere be so well as here. The climate is fine, thermometer last night 28°, and all the grain-fields blighted with the frost of the last week. I am here, if you will believe all hands, very essential to the maintenance of that tranquillity which it has been my labor to establish. All my plans have succeeded, and the whole of the foreign mercenaries (except ourselves) have been sent out of the country. This measure it was prophesied would cost hundreds of lives, and one or two years to accomplish. It did not occupy me above six weeks, and not a shot has been fired. I proceeded with fair and just propositions in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, and all not only yielded, but those that went and those that stayed were alike warm in their gratitude to me. This is very pleasing, and since I returned to Mhow I have really been affected by the regret all ranks displayed at my intended departure, and the joy they have expressed at my protracted stay."

But there was more active work in store for Malcolm than he at this time anticipated. Early in February, Appa-Sahib, the deposed Rajah of Berar, broke from the hills in which for some time he had been hunted by our detachments, and accompanied by Cheetoo, the last of the Pindarree chiefs, made his way to the strong fortress of Asseerghur, the gates of which were opened to receive the fugitive prince, but closed against the broken freebooter. Intelligence of Appa-Sahib's movements seems to have reached Malcolm about the 10th of February. Already acquainted with the views of the Supreme Government, he set his force in motion, and marched forward upon Asseerghur to co-operate with General Doveton, if need be, for the reduction of the place.*

* General Doveton was the senior officer, and Malcolm could only recommend the military movements that seemed expedient in this conjuncture.

On the 14th he was at Mundleysir; and on the following day, with 400 men of the 6th Madras Infantry, four companies of a Bombay regiment, the 3rd Madras Cavalry, 800 of Guickowar Horse, and two brigades of Horse Artillery, he crossed the Nerbudda river. "What Appa-Sahib will do," he wrote to Doveton, "mocks all conjecture. I can hardly conceive Jeswunt Rao Lar is so bereft of all sense as to brave on his account a storm that must overwhelm him." On the following day, he became assured that the man had received some of Appa-Sahib's followers, if not the fugitive Rajah himself, into his fortress, and he pushed on, ready, as he said, for anything, as far as his means went, which were "not large, but of the right sort."

The next day, however, brought other tidings. Jeswunt Rao had applied to General Doveton for a passport to Malcolm's camp, that he might communicate with the English Agent, and then pass onwards to Gwalior to receive the instructions of his master. This seemed to promise a pacific result; and on the 18th of February, Malcolm wrote that there was little chance of a siege, as Jeswunt Rao would be in his camp on the following day, "having obeyed a summons to attend his master at Gwalior." But, instead of making his appearance in person, the man opened communications by letter from Asseerghur; and Malcolm, not then knowing that the duplicity of Scindiah himself was at the bottom of the Lar's strangeness of conduct, pronounced it to be "inexplicable." It was still doubtful whether Appa-Sahib

Asseerghur belonged nominally to Scindiah, who was our ally; and as he professed, though falsely, to disapprove of the conduct of his servant in offering shelter to our enemies, some embarrassment was occasioned by the seeming necessity of acting in concert with the Maharajah's Government. Malcolm declared, however, that if he had his own way, he would not wait a moment for Scindiah's consent, but demand that our enemies should be given up to us at once, and if refused, attack the fortress as soon as we had collected means for the purpose.

were in Asseerghur; but it was certain that Cheetoo was wandering about in the neighbourhood, seeking safety and finding none. Determined, if possible, during the negotiations with Jeswunt Rao, to destroy this last and most determined of the Pindarrees, Malcolm sent out eight or nine light detachments in pursuit of him. Flying from one, the wretched man well-nigh fell into the toils of another; and at last, driven to the jungles, was attacked by a more remorseless enemy than the British. We found his horse and his sword; his bones and his bloody garments. A tiger had fallen upon and devoured the last of the Pindarrees.

As the Asscerghur man did not make his appearance in our camp, and there was now a strong probability of our being driven to hostilities, Malcolm "galloped through the hills," a distance of some thirty miles, to Doveton's position, to take counsel with his brother general. It was agreed that the Bombay regiment in Malcolm's force should be attached to Doveton's division, whilst the light corps of the former hung loose about the neighbourhood of Asseerghur, ready, in the event, however improbable, of any disturbances in Malwah, to march in a few days to Indore.

As the month of February wore to a close, it became more and more obvious to Malcolm that the negotiations with which Jeswunt Rao was amusing him would have no favorable issue; so he redoubled his exertions to collect means to invest the fortress of Asseerghur. Although Doveton was, as I have said, the senior officer, the political authority with which Malcolm was invested enabled him to take a conspicuous part in the completion of the arrangements necessary to the reduction of the place, and acting in entire harmony with his brother general, he brought up every available company of troops, and every gun that could be moved with safety from the surrounding country. There was no certain information

upon the point, but it was believed that Appa-Sahib was in the fortress; and Malcolm was eager above all things to draw such a circle round the place, and so completely to guard all the roads and passes leading from it, as effectually to prevent the Rajah's escape.*

Under these energetic arrangements the first two weeks of March saw such an augmentation of our means as enabled us fully to invest the place; but still negotiations were in progress, and Scindiah, pretending to repudiate the contumacy of the commandant, despatched a confidential servant to supplant him. Jeswunt Rao had been warned that if he did not surrender himself before the 13th of March, our attack would commence on the morning of that day. But on the 10th an express from Oujein brought intelligence to the effect that the officer appointed to receive charge of the fortress had started from that place on the preceding day; so it was necessary to suspend operations until his arrival. On the 16th an old and incapable man, bearing letters from Scindiah, arrived at Asseerghur, and entered the fortress. It was the time of the Hooly festival, when Hindoos throw red powder over one another, and indulge in other excesses in honor of the occasion. He found the garrison, as Malcolm wrote, "drunk or mad," and the commandant urged him to depart lest they should cut off his head in the height of their enthusiasm. Glad to escape, the old man hastened to Malcolm's tent. He was covered with the red powder; he was full of fear; he had delivered neither Scindiah's letters nor Malcolm's proclamations, with which he had been charged, and was branded, therefore, as an imbecile by the British General.

* Jeswunt Rao denied, in his communications with Malcolm, that he had given shelter to Appa-Sahib, but admitted that he would have harbored Badjee Rao. "I may have displeased you," he wrote, "but Badjee Rao was the first of Hindoo princes; and whatever it may be your duty to write, you cannot in your heart condemn me for the part that I took."

The old man promised to return to Asseerghur on the following day, and vowed that if his master's orders were not obeyed he would strip himself to the skin and burn his clothes—a form of tremendous denunciation; and if that did not succeed, resort to some other still more dreadful maledictory charm. "Tell them," said Malcolm, "that after one o'clock to-morrow, if I have no token of submission, operations will certainly commence. Not one hour more will be given them. We have waited too long already." But neither Scindiah's letters, nor Malcolm's summonses, nor the old man's incantations, had any effect upon Jeswunt Rao and his garrison. Asseerghur was not surrendered, and operations therefore commenced.

The fortress of Asseerghur owed more to the bounty of nature than to the labor of man. It was built upon an isolated rock—a high scarped rock of huge dimensions, which admitted of the construction of an upper and lower fort. Under the lower fort, on the western side, was a pettah, or walled town, by which alone it was possible to gain an entrance into the fortress. Against this pettah, therefore, our first operations were directed. Doveton had made over to Malcolm, as the latter said, "in the handsomest manner," all the work that was to be done on the western side of Asseerghur, including the occupation of the pettah and the attack on the lower fort; whilst the senior general, on the eastern side, undertook the operations against the upper fort, which could hardly be brought to a successful issue before the arrival of some heavy guns which were on their way from Saugur.

The heat of the weather had already become intense, and the distressing effects of the burning sun were rendered more terrible by the refraction from the walls of rocks beneath which we were encamped. "The weather

is dreadful," wrote Malcolm, "among these rocks, but all are in great spirits, and those who have read Addison's *Campaign* do not complain of that even—

"No clime's unlovely that contains a foe."

"This would be famous," he said, in another letter, "but for the excessive heat and the cholera. The latter, though not virulent, lurks in camp in a very disagreeable way. . . . . My opinion is, that there are not materials in Asseerghur for a long siege. I think, also, the place is decidedly assailable at one or more points, but considering it in a political view, as the last point of opposition, and the chosen place of refuge of our last enemy, I conceive that we cannot have too much means collected." He had been, for several days preceding the final suspension of negotiations, reconnoitring the surrounding country,* and gaining from every available source the most minute local information that was likely to be of service to him in the inevitable operations of the siege. And having mapped out the plan, which seemed to promise the best results, he had ridden over to Doveton's camp to submit to him his views regarding the best means of opening the attack, and taking counsel with him regarding the subsequent operations.

On the 18th of March operations commenced. Doveton commanded on one side of the fort: Malcolm on the other. Malcolm's force consisted of two battalions of Madras Sepoys, a regiment (grenadiers) and a battalion of Bombay Sepoys, a regiment of Madras Cavalry, some details of European horse artillery, and a camel howitzer battery.† The pettah was carried at the outset with little

* As early as the 7th of March he had written to General Doveton: "The result of my reconnoissance of this morning, combined with what I saw before, makes me as completely master of the points on this quarter as I can be until I am in the works."

† They were afterwards joined by two battalions of Bengal Sepoys and some heavy guns from Saugur.

loss. "They are such bad marksmen in this fort," wrote Malcolm on the following day to his wife, "that there is no chance of a skull of such conformation as mine being cracked. I have no opinion either of the garrison or the commander, and we have means enough to blow them and their work off the face of the earth." He was busy then establishing his batteries for an attack on the lower fort. "I have had no sleep for twenty-four hours," he wrote on that day to Mr. John Adam; "to-night I trust we shall finish an eight-gun battery and two for twelve howitzers and mortars. These belong to the west, or my side the fort."

On the evening of that day the besieged made a sally on the works which we were erecting in the town, but the batteries were sufficiently completed on the 20th to open with some effect on the lower fort. The enemy, however, poured down again into the streets of the town, and killed one of our field-officers before they were repulsed. Still the play of our batteries was not interrupted; it was continued throughout the night, and on the next day a breach was practicable. Upon this the enemy retired to the upper fort; but a calamitous explosion in one of our batteries, which destroyed nearly a whole company of Sepoys, emboldened the garrison to return to the lower works, which they continued to occupy for some time.

There was then a lull in our operations. General Doveton was waiting for the heavy battering-guns from Saugur; and although we could still annoy the enemy by our fire, we could do little to advance the progress of the siege. "I have the charge of the attack on the western face of this fortress," wrote Malcolm to Lord Hastings on the 25th of March. "We are going on slowly till General Doveton is ready to commence on the north-east

angle, when we shall proceed with an activity and vigor which must soon reduce the garrison to surrender at discretion, or hazard all the horrors of a storm. The weather is hot, but I have converted the mausoleum of an ancient Mahomedan ruler, within twelve hundred yards of the fort, into an excellent head-quarter. If it is permitted to this prince of true believers to look down from the seventh heaven, he must be shocked to see the proud fabric raised over his dust changed into a dwelling of infidels, who eat ham and allay the thirst it creates with forbidden drink within the sacred abode. Your Lordship will rejoice to learn that my division are (like all men who have plenty of occupation) full of health and spirits."

Whilst Malcolm was waiting eagerly for the time when more active operations could be commenced against the fortress, a heavy disappointment was pressing upon him, and his mind was distracted by many thoughts unconnected with the progress of the siege. Under the walls of Asseerghur he received letters from England, which announced that Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone had been nominated to succeed to the Government of Bombay. It was a severe blow to his honorable ambition, and at such a time the zeal of a less zealous public servant might have reeled and staggered beneath it. From the old mausoleum he wrote many letters on the subject, to which I shall presently allude more in detail—letters which show how deeply he felt what seemed to him to be a slight, almost a humiliation; but he went about the work before him with no abatement of external energy, and he kept down his rebellious feelings as best he could.

On the 29th of March orders were issued for an assault next morning on the lower fort; but the enemy evacuated the position, and it was occupied without op-

position by Malcolm's troops.* On the 3rd of April the Saugur battering-train arrived, and then both divisions, with renewed vigor, poured an incessant shower of shot and shell upon the upper works. The effect of these operations was severely felt by the enemy. The casualties in the garrison were not numerous—not so numerous as in our own ranks; but the continual shelling greatly annoyed them. Their walls were crumbling to pieces. Their cattle were starving. The commandant of their artillery, the chief upon whom they had mainly relied for the successful defence of the place, was dead. It seemed hopeless to protract the resistance; they therefore bethought themselves of suing for terms. They asked to be permitted to retire from the fort with their arms in their hands. But indignantly repudiating such terms, the British Generals sent back the wakeels who had brought the message, and prepared to renew the attack.

At daybreak on the following day—the 8th of April—our batteries reopened; but before noon the firing ceased. Jeswunt Rao had sent a message to General Doveton, offering unconditional surrender. He himself asked permission to visit our camp, where he was received by Doveton and Malcolm. To the latter was

* Why the assault was not attempted before does not very clearly appear. A practicable breach in the lower fort had been made on the 20th of March. Lieutenant Lake, who was present on the occasion, says (*Madras Sieges*): "If there be any part of the operations to which the praise that they generally merit cannot be given, it is the delay which took place in the assault of the lower fort. It was a principal object of course to confine the garrison within as narrow limits as possible, in order to give greater effect to our bombardment; but they were left in possession of the lower fort ten days after a practicable breach was made in it, without any apparent reason. Nor was this the only inconvenience, for the delay which took place afforded the enemy ample time for retrenching the breach, of which, indeed, they did not avail themselves; but an apprehension that they might have done so, caused the additional laborious attack on the south front, which would otherwise have been unnecessary." The work from which these remarks are taken is dedicated to Sir John Malcolm, on whose suggestion it was written. There are many references in his letters to the promising abilities of the young engineer.

entrusted the conduct of the conference with the crafty Mahratta. It was soon obvious that the man's object was to obtain some mitigation of the terms which the British Generals had imposed upon him. He declared his willingness to submit to terms of unconditional surrender, but expressed some doubt whether he could sufficiently control the men of the garrison as to compel or induce them to lay down their arms. On this the conference was broken off. Malcolm was instructed, in the Lar's presence, to receive charge of the fort, on the prescribed terms, on the following morning, or else to recommence operations against it. With a heavy heart Jeswunt Rao departed. Malcolm accompanied him as far as the lower fort, where he took leave of him with an assurance that inevitable destruction would overtake him and his garrison, if they did not march out of the fortress content with the preservation of their lives.

It was, I believe, in the course of this conference with Jeswunt Rao that the commandant surprised Malcolm by pouring forth a stream of eulogies upon him, declaring that he held him in the highest possible regard. "What!" said Malcolm, "have you not been using all this time your best endeavours to shoot me?" "Not at all," returned the Mahratta; "ask any of your prisoners, and they will tell you that my orders to the gunners were not to fire where they saw a piebald horse. I was told that you rode such a horse, General; and I was eager to save you. I thought—we all thought—that the evil day might come, and that we should have no friend in India so likely to serve us as yourself." "And," said Malcolm, afterwards narrating this incident, "I did observe that there were always fewer casualties near my position than anywhere else."*

* This anecdote was related to me by Sir John's last surviving brother—the Rev. Gilbert Malcolm.

It was then also that Malcolm—as recorded in all the cotemporary histories—told Jeswunt Rao that Scindiah would be much angered against him; and was answered, "Yes; and with just cause, for having fought so badly in defence of so fine a fort. He will tell me that I ought to have died." When Malcolm asked if he had not received an order from his master to evacuate the fort, the Lar proudly replied, "It may be the usage among Europeans, but with the Mahrattas, forts like this are not given up even upon orders."

The night was one of busy preparation in the British camp; of stormy debate and contention within the fortress. But before daybreak a messenger came from Jeswunt Rao to announce that the garrison were preparing to march out of Asseerghur. And at sunrise they marched out—twelve hundred Arabs, Sindees, and Mekranees descended from the upper fort, and, in a square formed by Malcolm's troops, piled their arms before the British General. The fort was occupied at once by British troops, the union-jack was hoisted over it, and a royal salute was fired in honor of the victory. The commandant had not over-estimated the strength of the place. Our engineer officers were of opinion that we could not have effected a practical breach at the points against which our batteries were directed. The defence might have been much longer continued but for a circumstance which was, of course, fatal to the besieged. It was found, on our taking possession of the fort, that the enemy's powder was well-nigh exhausted.

The capture of Asseerghur revealed to us two other important circumstances—the one, that not only had Scindiah, whilst pretending to direct Jeswunt Rao to deliver up the fortress to the old man sent from Gwalior, privately ordered him not to do so, but that he had some time before ordered the Lar to give all possible aid and

protection to Badjee Rao. A letter to this effect was found by Malcolm in Jeswunt Rao's possession; and there was no longer any doubt, therefore, of Scindiah's perfidy. The second disclosure was that Appa-Sahib was not in Asseerghur. There was no proof that he had ever been there. What had become of the fugitive Rajah was a mystery which no one could solve.*

The treachery of Scindiah fully justified the forfeiture of the place, which was inflicted upon him as the penalty of his offence. But there was another point of view in which it was justly regarded by Malcolm and others, who clearly understood its import. It indicated, in a most unmistakeable manner, the embarrassments in which the British Government would have been involved if Badjee Rao had been received into Asseerghur in the preceding year; and it came opportunely as a commentary on the important service which Malcolm had rendered to his country in compassing the surrender of the Peishwah. It was not without some pardonable exultation that, after the fall of Asseerghur, he wrote to John Adam, saying:

"Has not the trouble and the treasure which that contemptible wretch Appa-Sahib has cost us come in proof of my predictions of what would occur if Badjee Rao held out? Have not the confessions of Scindiah and his letter to the Lar established beyond all doubt the verge upon which Scindiah stood at that moment, and the certainty of his having gone to war had Badjee Rao gone into Asseerghur? Is it not clear, from what we have found that formidable fortress, that Doveton's division and mine, destitute as

* It was Lord Hastings's impression that Appa-Sahib had been killed during the siege. Writing to Malcolm on the 7th of June, he said: "Your reasoning on our right to take Asseerghur, though Appa-Sahib might not be within it, is good pleadable matter. The most essential argument is that we are in possession of the place. I really suspect that Appa-Sahib was killed in it. A shell might fall upon him as well as upon any other body; in which case the Killadar never would mention his death, because the fact would be a decisive proof of his having been in the fort; consequently, of the Killadar's guilt."

they were of every necessary equipment, could not only not have invested Asseer at that advanced state of the season with any hopes of success, but must, had the rash attempt been made, have become subject to very serious failure? As a military man, I have not the slightest doubt of the latter position. Now, has enough occurred to satisfy you or not? I cannot tell you with what regret I look to the view which you and Lord Hastings, and I imagine Metcalfe (for he never wrote me on the subject, probably from our opinions disagreeing), took of this event. For though his Lordship's liberality and greatness of mind prevented his either writing or recording anything against me, yet had he taken the view which almost all others did of the event, he would have treated it in a very different manner. As it is, I declare to you I would not exchange the good service I am conscious of having done Government and my country in June, 1818, for all the services of my life. You will say a parent is always fondest of his weakest children; but, in this case, depend upon it you are wrong, and the longer you live the more you will be disposed to think so."

Malcolm's work was now done at Asseerghur, and he hoped that his work was done in India; so, glad to escape from the intolerable heat and glare under the great rock, he commenced, on the 13th of April, his march back to his home in the Mhow cantonment.

CHAPTER VIII.

CENTRAL INDIA.

[1819—1821.]

THE BOMBAY GOVERNORSHIP—MALCOLM'S DISAPPOINTMENT—CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT—SOLICITED TO REMAIN IN CENTRAL INDIA—HIS SYSTEM OF ADMINISTRATION—THE MADRAS GOVERNMENT—THE MALWAH REPORT—CONTEMPLATED RETURN TO ENGLAND.

It has been incidentally stated that whilst Sir John Malcolm was pushing forward the operations for the reduction of Asseerghur, described in the preceding chapter, he was under the depressing influence of a heavy disappointment. Perhaps, however, it is hardly right to say that he was depressed by the news which arrived from England of the appointment of Mr. Elphinstone to the chief seat in the Bombay Government. The feeling with which he regarded his supersession was of a more active kind. It was a strong sense of unmerited injury not altogether unmingled with resentment. He conceived not only that his just claims had been slighted, but that he had been dealt falsely with by men in whom he had reposed confidence—that if no actual pledge had been violated, there was still something of an implied or constructive promise which had been broken by the authorities at home.

The expectation, which he had long cherished, of being appointed to succeed Sir Evan Nepean, was a rea-

sonable one. It was reasonable, whether viewed in relation to Sir John Malcolm's distinguished services and just claims, or to the degree of encouragement which had been held out to him both by the Court of Directors and the Board of Control. Malcolm, it is true, was a man of a sanguine temperament; but he had not, in this instance, viewed the amount of support, fairly indicated by the assurances he had received, through any magnifying medium of his own. With a full knowledge of all that passed before he left England, and all that was written to him after his return to India, I cannot see how he could have formed any other conclusion than that he would be appointed, on Nepean's retirement, Governor of Bombay. If he had just ground for this belief in 1816, surely the events of the two following years, which had strengthened his claims, might also reasonably have strengthened his conviction that he would not be passed over.

But although in the peculiar circumstances of the supersession there was something to increase Malcolm's mortification, there was much, on the other hand, to soften and subdue it. He had been passed over in favor of a younger man—of one who had fewer years of hard service on which to base his claim to such preferment. But no man in India estimated the character of Mountstuart Elphinstone more highly than John Malcolm; no man loved and respected him more. If the crown which Malcolm had coveted for himself had been placed on the head of another, he felt in his inmost heart that the head was eminently fitted to wear it, and he rejoiced in the prosperity of his friend. "You will probably have heard," wrote Lord Hastings early in March, "that you were the losing candidate in the election for Bombay at the India House. Knowing as I do your feeling towards Elphinstone, I am aware this event will not be attended with the slightest degree of mortifi-

cation, whilst the warm testimony rendered by all parties to your worth and services makes a speedy reparation of the disappointment certain." It was hardly possible that there should not have been some mortification; but the Governor-General saw clearly what was the honey at the bottom of the cup. Malcolm himself had in the strongest language recommended Elphinstone to the favorable consideration of the Court of Directors, and had dwelt with enthusiasm upon his eminent merits and distinguished services. But although he had often talked of Elphinstone succeeding him as Governor of Bombay, it had never entered into his calculations that there was any possibility of his friend preceding him there. He would, however, have written quite as warmly had the contingency been foreseen.

There are many letters now before me on the subject—letters fully explaining the feelings with which Malcolm regarded his disappointment—from which I select the following. The first is addressed to his brother Pulteny, who had married a daughter of Mr. William Elphinstone;* and the second to Mountstuart Elphinstone himself:

SIR JOHN MALCOLM TO SIR PULTENY MALCOLM.

Camp, Asseerghur, March 18, 1819.

MY DEAR PULTENY,—I came here a few days ago to aid General Doveton in the siege of Asseer, and am just returned from the successful lodgment of our troops within one hundred yards of the walls of the last fortress that opposes the British power in India, and whose Killadar has given an asylum to its last enemy, the ex-Rajah of Nagpoor. I am preparing to return to see batteries erected.

At this moment a newspaper reaches me with the account of

* Mr. William Elphinstone, an influential member of the Court of Directors, was uncle of Mountstuart; but he had honestly and consistently advocated Malcolm's claims.

my friend Mr. Elphinstone's nomination, by an unanimous vote of the Directors, to Bombay. I trust I shall never prove false to my character as a soldier; but I never was less disposed to die for my good superiors in England. No man can have more merit than Elphinstone, but I stood on ground that should have defended my fair and encouraged views of honorable ambition from supersession by any man. It is not for me to blazon my services; but they have been honest. Some persons write me that the Madras Government is intended. This, I am assured, is not the case; nor do I look for anything that can compensate the disappointment. I should not be surprised at a pension being granted, but I should certainly feel little gratification or gratitude from it, if it came, as it would, from the efforts of those who had failed me in the pursuit of a better object.

I am wrong, my dear Pulteney, in writing you upon this subject, knowing, as I do, that it must be a distressing one to you; but I cannot repress my feelings, nor disguise them. I am averse to doubt my friends, and no man ever left England with more confidence than I did. Has there one vessel returned since I landed that has not carried testimonies that should have strengthened them and my interests? but I thank God that has given me a proud and independent spirit that places me above all neglect which I have not merited, and which will make me enjoy that content and happiness for which I have labored.

I cannot conclude this subject without expressing my conviction that this disappointment to me must have given the most sincere pain to your father-in-law and my friend Mr. W. Elphinstone, whatever pleasure he may have had in the promotion of his nephew.

Believe me ever your affectionate brother,

J. Malcolm.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM TO MR. MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE.

Asseer, March 18, 1819.

My dear Elphinstone,—I have just seen your appointment to Bombay announced, and I again congratulate you upon it, and I congratulate the public, for with all due consideration of myself, I do believe a better Governor than you yourself will make of that settlement could not be found upon earth. I wish you joy

of the high station you have attained with the same sentiments of warm and sincere friendship with which you would have addressed me if I had been the fortunate candidate; but I have one language for you, and another for those (if such there are) who, after giving me every ground to expect their warm and decided support in pursuit of this object, have failed in their pledge.

Your merits, however high, I can deem no excuse for them, unless I had merited the disappointment of hopes they cherished by being an idle spectator of that scene in which your conspicuous efforts have gained you such just applause; but I have run my last heat in a manner that will not make me patient under the defection of those who, I may assert, were pledged before it commenced, and who could have no excuse for abandoning my interests but my having stopped short in my career, and allowed myself to be passed in the race, and by so doing having forfeited my title to the promised prize. It is necessary no feeling I have on this point should be disguised from you, and I therefore enclose you a copy of a letter I wrote to my brother Pulteny, five minutes after I read the paragraph from the *Morning Chronicle* announcing your appointment.

Yours most sincerely,

J. MALCOLM.

Malcolm had always declared that, if not appointed Governor of Bombay, he would return to England and end his days in the tranquil happiness of domestic life; and now he was prepared to carry this resolution into effect. But a letter from Lord Hastings, beseeching him not to retire in disappointment, and suggesting another and not less honorable field of employment, roused his ambition anew. The country which had been forfeited by the Peishwah was considered of sufficient importance to warrant its erection into a lieutenant-governorship; and already had Lord Hastings, believing that Malcolm would be appointed to Bombay, recommended that the Conquered Provinces should be placed under Elphinstone, as lieutenant-governor. His kind heart deeply sympathising with Malcolm in his disappointment, now

prompted him to endeavour to obtain this office for his slighted friend, to whom he wrote thus considerately on the subject:

"You seem to think that Elphinstone owed his appointment as Governor of Bombay to my solicitation. The testimony which I bore to the singular merit of his conduct may be believed to have operated strongly in his favor. But I should have thought that I acted unworthily towards you, after the confidence you had reposed in me respecting your object, had I secretly thwarted your views by applying for the nomination of Elphinstone to that Government. I will tell you more. I had a most urgent entreaty from a person at home, intimately connected with me, and whom I was most anxious to serve, that I would exert my interest (which he assured me would be successful) to get him appointed to Bombay. My answer to him was, that I could not run counter to the hopes of one whom I knew to have fair expectations, and still fairer deserts relative to that object. Beyond this, I should have mortified Lady Hastings extremely had I interfered with your pretensions, for she writes to me with vexation at your disappointment. It is highly probable the Directors will suggest to me the making you Lieutenant-Governor of the Poonah territory, because I did propose to them privately that arrangement for Elphinstone. Having shown to them that I thought myself bound to let the appointment emanate apparently from them, even when Elphinstone's peculiar knowledge of the country might have been justification for my acting without awaiting their instructions, I could not of myself make a double administrative establishment. But any indication that the Court lean that way will be seized by me directly. You view the matter justly when you say that the union of the civil and military powers would in that case make Poonah preferable to Bombay. Your correspondents, as far as I can judge, err in thinking that Mr. Canning took any step, or any disposition unfavorable to you. His policy was to fix a claim for a return from the Court by leaving their choice for Bombay wholly unbiassed. This may have incidentally operated to your disadvantage; but certainly it was not so meant by him. William Elphinstone behaved like himself in the strictness of his adherence to you. Attached as he naturally is to his nephew, he

did not suffer any consideration of that nature to diminish the activity of his exertions for you; and Lady Hastings tells me he was nobly strenuous to carry the point in your favor. There is, after all, such a sentiment respecting you, that it would be unwise in the extreme to quit your ground and go home."

There was, doubtless, great consolation to Malcolm in the kindness of the Governor-General; and in grateful recognition of it he consented to remain yet a little while longer at his post. "The Directors," he wrote to his old friend Mr. Cockburn, "whatever I may think of individuals, shall, as a body entrusted with the care of the public interests, find me a Christian knight, whose object is to return benefits for injuries; and I shall ever be more eager to shame them by my services, than to justify their conduct by allowing personal feeling to interfere with public duty." The Governor-General assured him that his services were still required in India; and he wisely determined, therefore, not to retire from the scene in disgust.

But it was not in the power even of Lord Hastings to persuade him that he had not been slighted. He felt, too, that there had been prejudice and intrigue at work, and that he had been "juggled" out of the succession. It was not very easy at first to ascertain the true history of his disappointment. The fact appeared to be that Canning had sent in three names to the Court of Directors—those of Malcolm, Elphinstone, and Munro—Malcolm's being at the head of the list; and that after some sharp contention Elphinstone was selected, on the expressed ground of his being a civilian. It seemed at first, therefore, to Malcolm, that Canning, by placing his name at the head of the list, had not only behaved towards him in a fair, but in a friendly spirit. Subsequent information, however, led him to believe that the Minister had been

playing a game of his own. Canning had a friend—Lord Walpole—whom he wished to serve, by obtaining for him the succession to the Madras Government, likely soon to become vacant; and Malcolm believed that he had covertly supported Elphinstone as the candidate favored by the most influential section of the Court, or at all events by those members from whom he was most likely to obtain the reciprocation he sought. He believed, too, that some members of the Court, who had positively or impliedly promised to assist him, had failed him in the hour of need. It was submitted, however, to him, by the Chairman of the Company, through Lady Malcolm, that the claims of the candidates all being of the most distinguished order, Elphinstone was selected because he was the only civilian of the three. With this explanation it was expected that he would be satisfied; and he would have been, if there had been no reason to believe that there was something more than the high character and the privileged profession of the winning candidate to secure for him a post which in his humility Mr. Elphinstone did not expect, and in his moderation he did not covet.

But although Malcolm, as a statesman, was disappointed, as a soldier he was not. He had thought, on the field of Mehidpoor, of the red riband of the Grand Cross of the Bath. He coveted this distinction more than hereditary honors. He might have secured for himself and his successors a baronetcy; but he desired his influential friends in England to make known his preference in favor of the Grand Cross. With that professional devotion which was so conspicuous an element in his character, he desired the purely military distinction, as that which would reflect most credit upon the service to which he belonged; and it was now submitted that the Prince-Regent would confer the decoration upon him so soon as his army rank should entitle him

to wear it. Malcolm was not yet a Major-General; and the rules of the service therefore precluded him from writing G.C.B. after his name. His promotion, however, was not far distant; and in such a case the promise was as good as the performance.

So, with this great object of soldierly ambition already within his reach, and the prospect of a Lieutenant-Governorship before him, Malcolm addressed himself hopefully to his administrative duties in Central India. The hot weather found him again at Mhow, toiling on with assiduous endeavour to settle not only the country which had passed under British rule, but the native principalities by which he was surrounded. It was hard work; but it pleased him well, for he felt that he was doing good. The nature of it cannot be described better than in his own words. Writing to one of his oldest friends, Mr. Haliburton, he said:

"I wish I had you here for a week, to show you my nabobs, rajahs, Bheel chiefs, pattyls, and ryuts. My room is a thoroughfare from morning till night. No moonshees, dewans, dubashes, or even choubdars, but *Châr Derwazah Kolah*,* that the inhabitants of these countries may learn what our principles are at the fountain head. My success has been great, beyond even my own expectations; but the labor of public duty in the way I take it is more than any man can bear, and I believe I should be grateful to the Directors for relieving me from a life that no human being that sees how it is passed can envy.

"Of the result of my efforts I will not speak. You will hear from others that have lately quitted this scene. Suffice it to say that from the highest ruler to the lowest robber, from the palace in the city to the shed in the deepest recess of the mountain forest, your friend *Malcolm-Sahib* is a welcome and a familiar guest, and is as much pleased, thank God, with firing arrows and eating nuts with the latter as at the fine durbar and sumptuous

* Literally, "Four doors open"—a phrase implying general accessibility.

feast of the former. All is peace, and a great impulse has been given to render India tranquil for a long period; but it is as yet only an impulse. Habits are sturdy opponents to the best and boldest reformers, and it will require a care and a wisdom far beyond what the distant viewers of the scene and the readers of general reports can imagine to realise the bright prospect. I confess I tremble when I contemplate the eminence at which we are arrived, and consider the character of those materials of which the mighty fabric is built. We had, I must ever contend, no option. Indeed, if I was not convinced of this, I should hold myself guilty for every step in advance that I have ever recommended; for I have for many years been conscious that our progress to supreme power is a progress towards the dissolution of our authority in India. Very slow will be that dissolution, I trust, but still it is certain. We are doomed, like all nations and all men who rise to wonderful, but what may be termed unnatural greatness, to perish by our own hands. England may have the wisdom, but, from the canvassing principles of her constitution, she cannot have the virtue, to keep India long. But, after all, I prefer the *felo-de-se*—the Roman death, with all its crime—to that which must have earlier happened had we acted (as many wished) upon the literal version of the Christian rule—'when one cheek was smitten to present the other.'"

To Mr. Butterworth Bayley, then one of the secretaries to the Supreme Government, he wrote soon afterwards in the same strain:

"You tell me of your expectations of historical research, &c. You shall have, I trust, a good and full report of this country and its past and present institutions; but I can promise no more. I wish you and some other friends at Calcutta could take a view, for one week, of my occupations. They are at least curious. No business, however urgent, and no meal, however hungry I am, is allowed to prevent the instant access of any human being, however humble, that sings out *Faryad*. He is heard and answered, either at the moment or at an hour appointed by myself. First impressions in such a country are of too great importance to be hazarded by leaving applications to the common routine of moonshees, mutasudees, jemadars, choubdars, and hurkarahs. I em-

ploy all those animals, but they step aside when any one, from a rajah to a ryut, pronounces my name with the expression of a desire to see me, either from a motive of respect, curiosity, or business. I am far from stating that such a proceeding is necessary in more settled countries, but here it was indispensable to produce the desired effect at an early period. I declare to you that when I first took this country into my hands I had the feelings of Rasselas with his elements. We are now calmer, and, from understanding and being understood better than we were at first, go on smoothly; but still the work is delicate, and will require some years of the same care and attention, or the completion of the great object we have in view will be, to say the very least, much protracted.

"I have endeavoured to impress these truths upon Adam and Metcalfe, and can now do this more at liberty, as I am personally much out of the question. Juggled and ousted from the succession to Bombay as I have been by intrigue and prejudice, I shall not stay in India, unless in such rank and station as has been proposed for me—as Lieutenant-Governor of the Conquered Countries. The time will come soon—I wish it was arrived—when there will be a *Lieutenant-Governor for Central India!* and I should then prefer fixing my *mountain throne* amid the ruins of Mandoo (from which I returned yesterday, gratified beyond description) even to Poonah. I have already brought the plundering Bheels of that once *royal land* to till ground that has been fallow for near a century. These are all dreams. I shall be satisfied with having given a good impulse, shall probably shake you by the hand in November, take your commands for England in December, and there take a farm."

And that Malcolm himself did not over-estimate either the extent of his labors or the excellence of their results, there is abundant cotemporary evidence to show. The rapid improvement of the country was patent to every one with eyes to see and faculties to comprehend. From a letter written in May, 1819, by an officer on Malcolm's staff, I am tempted to extract the following passages. Beyond the testimony they contain to the

good results of Malcolm's rule in India, they have an additional interest, as describing his social and domestic life at this time:

"Here we are again, laid up, I hope, for the wet weather: that, however, with our illustrious commander, is by no means a hope to be much indulged in, as there is in general something or other going on in the country to afford an excuse for him marching, which he is extremely well inclined to take advantage of; and in this he is certainly not very far wrong, for nobody that I ever saw or heard of can get over the same quantity of business in the same quantity of time that he does, and his reputation stands so very high with the natives, that his being personally concerned in any arrangements goes further in satisfying them than, I believe, would the interference of any other man on earth. When we crossed the Nerbudda in 1817, the state of Malwah was scarcely to be described. It was a country without government, a state without revenue, an army without pay; consequently, a peasantry without protection from the villanies of the troops of their own sovereigns, or from any set of depredators who chose to plunder them, and of these last the country was full. We now see around us the effects of our late operations in dispersing the unruly and licentious troops belonging to the family of Holkar, and repressing and keeping under everything in the shape of systematic plunder; a state, though at present reduced in respect of revenue, yet respectable; that revenue increasing, and perhaps the finest country in India again wearing the face of cheerful industry; the inhabitants, assured of protection, returning to their villages, and looking forward with confidence to better times. These times will most certainly come, provided the interference of the British influence with the native powers here is directed ultimately with the same wisdom and moderation which have marked its introduction into this, to us, new scene. This is Sir John's work; and a most glorious work it has been. His is a noble character, and such as his are required to keep us now on the high ground on which, thank God! we stand in Asia. His politics are open and honest. Indeed, he says that he never in the course of his service had occasion to have recourse to deceit; but let the temptation be ever so great, that he never would use it—

that it is unbecoming the Government of a great nation, and that in all instances more is to be lost than gained by it. There is another thing—the man does not exist who can accuse him of what is called a job. Nor among the many whom he has brought forward in the service of his country is there one who has not done honor to the judgment which called forth their talents, which but for that judgment might have lain unproductive and unknown; in short, I believe, though it is possible he may be equalled in some points, that in public virtue and useful talent he cannot be excelled by any public servant of any Government at this time existing; and that for whatever length of time his fame may last in Europe, Malcolm-Sahib will be remembered in Malwah as long as regular government exists, of which he has again laid the foundations. . . . . .

"Our life here is a very quiet one. We eat our dinner between three and four, go out and take a ride, come home, and either play a rubber at whist or at billiards, and go to bed about ten o'clock. When I joined Sir John first, he used to dine in the evening, and, considering that it was my duty to give up my own inclinations, where they were inclinations merely, to the wishes of a man who had laid me under obligations such as he had done, that also became my hour. We have, however, changed these hours since we have got quieter. Sir John found that evening dinners did not so well agree with him, and I advised early ones. In the way I have mentioned we live when at home, but that has been seldom the case with us, as, since October, 1817, when I joined the Third Division, to the present time, we have not halted altogether six months — counting a month at one time and a fortnight at another to make up the time. Our marching, however, agrees wondrously well with all. The climate is delightful, and Sir John, though occasionally not quite well, has enjoyed excellent health."

And so Malcolm worked on bravely in Central India all through the year 1819, and all through that which followed it. He was not one, under any circumstances of a personal nature, to work otherwise than with unshrinking energy; and although again and again disappointed, and eager to retire from the scene, he

would not quit his post so long as the Governor-General besought him to remain. Throughout a great part of 1819 the question of the Poonah Government was unsettled. In May, Lord Hastings wrote to Malcolm that there was a strong likelihood of the Court of Directors consenting to the erection of the Conquered Countries into a Lieutenant-Governorship, and urging him not to be "in a hurry." In June he wrote that nothing adverse to Sir John's interests was "to be inferred from the silence of the Directors;" and he still urged Malcolm to remain in India, feeling assured that some office adequate to his merits would ere long be bestowed upon him. But Lord Hastings was overruled by his Council, and the Poonah territories were attached to the Bombay Presidency on the succession of Mr. Elphinstone to the Government.*

But another and greater disappointment was in store for Malcolm. Many of his friends in England had held out to him hopes of his appointment to the Madras Government on the retirement of Mr. Hugh Elliot; and some of the most influential of them had been exerting themselves to promote his interests in that direction. That he had strong claims to the appointment, and reasonable ground of belief that it would be conferred upon him, need not be insisted upon here. Since the loss of the Bombay Government, the news of the sur-

* From a letter written by Lord Hastings to Malcolm in July, 1820, I take the following explanatory passage: "Mr. Canning, in a letter to me, refers to the probability of my having made you Lieutenant-Governor over the Conquered Territories. That procedure had been decidedly in my contemplation, and even a sketch of the arrangement had been fashioned. But when Mr. Elphinstone was nominated to the Government of Bombay, I found the Council so strenuous and unanimous for annexing the districts in question to that Presidency, as to make it impossible for me to pursue my own notion. I then thought that the Court would probably nominate you to Prince of Wales Island, adding to your government Bencoolin, Singapore, &c. In this I have miscalculated. It only remains at present the making your situation, where you are, more distinguished."

render of Badjee Rao had reached England; the Court of Directors had approved of Malcolm's conduct; and he believed, therefore, that his title to favourable consideration, on the occurrence of a new vacancy, had been considerably strengthened by recent events. It was still possible, however, that English interests might prevail, and that some needy member of the aristocracy, or some personal friend of the President of the Board of Control, might be appointed to the office. But his surprise and mortification were equally great when, early in 1820, English letters reached him at Talyn, announcing that his old friend "Tom Munro-Sahib" had been appointed Governor of Madras. Under the first fresh feelings of disappointment he wrote to Mountstuart Elphinstone, saying:

"I could not get Bombay because I was not a civil servant. The Duke of Wellington was told, when he asked for Madras, that I could not have that Presidency, because I was a Company's servant. In my excellent friend Thomas Munro they have both a soldier and a merchant's son (as we Eastern Knights of the Bath were called by the *Morning Chronicle*). Now, though I will no more quarrel with Munro's nomination than I did with yours, though I congratulate India on such appointments, I am not, and never will be, reconciled to being thrown so completely out of the question as I have been, particularly on this last occasion."*

The men who had superseded him—whose elevation had disappointed his honorable ambition—were two of

* In another letter to Mr. Elphinstone, Malcolm speaks of the influences which, he supposed, marred his chances of success: "From Charles Grant, an able leading Director, I could look for nothing but opposition. My sins are deep and manifold. My connexion with Lord Wellesley; the *Political History of India;* the undervaluing Lord Teignmouth's policy; the opposition to the measures of Lord Cornwallis in 1806; difference with Sir G. Barlow; evidence on oath before the House of Lords regarding the danger of over-zeal in propagating Christianity in India; and lastly, my decided opinions on the actual necessity of the late war,—these are all offences never to be forgotten or forgiven by a mind like his, which, though comprehensive, is prejudiced, bigoted, and relentless."

his oldest and most esteemed friends, and two of the best public servants whom England had ever lent to India. But Elphinstone was a much younger man; he entered the diplomatic service after Malcolm had attained one of its highest posts; and his career, however distinguished, was one far less arduous and less varied than Malcolm's. Munro, on the other hand, was older than Malcolm. It is characteristic of the latter that, although a year or two before, when he had never thought of Tom Munro competing with him for a Government, he had frequently, in his private letters, bewailed his old friend's decaying powers, he would not now utter a word in disparagement of the qualifications of his successful rival. Munro had been for some time extremely deaf, and his eyesight also was failing. Malcolm, indeed, had besought him to go to England for the restoration of his impaired powers of vision; but I cannot find in a single letter written after Munro's elevation an allusion to these infirmities. He had only the most generous praise, warm from a heart whose affection no rivalry could diminish or disappointment taint, to bestow upon the men who had passed him in the race. But there were those against whom he believed that he did well to be angry. Rightly or wrongly I know not, but it was his rooted conviction that there were those in England who pretended to be his friends, but who were not unwilling to sacrifice his interests. Against all such impostors Malcolm levelled his indignation in the following letter to his wife:

"I have received your letters of the 15th of July, and with it the news of my friend Munro's appointment. I am within a few days of completing the last tour I shall make in Malwah. A few months will enable me to wind up my labors, and I proceed to Calcutta to embark for England, where I shall arrive in a disposition that will convince you that I am capable of taking my own part, of distinguishing between the real and the lukewarm friend,

and of giving more value to the man who does not conceal his indisposition than to one who lulls me with unmeaning, if not false, professions of friendship. You know my sentiments upon Mountstuart Elphinstone's appointment. The interested activity of men who, while they were bound to promote his views, should have better recollected their obligations than to injure mine, has had its proper reward. They have failed in their object. They have injured, as far as his circumstances are concerned, the man they promoted at my expense; and while he cannot but be grateful for their efforts, he regrets their success.* As to Munro's appointment, though I can never repine at the elevation of so old a friend and so able a man, and though I deem his nomination a great public benefit to India, particularly as connected with the introduction of a new system of police and justice, I never can consent to the neglect with which I have been treated, and the preference that has been given to two successive competitors, whose claims were great, but not superior to mine, and above both of whom my name was put by the Indian Minister in a list, which he sent to the Directors, of men in the service of the Company who were deemed eligible for a Government. With the above feelings and impressions my future life shall be devoted to the object of showing that, though others may deserve advancement, I do not merit neglect. I mean to write no more letters. I want no more parade of exertion in my friends. I shall return to my own native country, either to enjoy private happiness (and of that which consists in the society of you, my children, and family, God in his goodness has given me an abundant store), or to enter public life with a spirit that will make many regret that they have treated me with such slight and indifference.

"The above is the copy of a letter I wrote you some time ago. I have since heard from Lord Hastings. He is anxious I should not go, but has agreed not to throw any obstacles in my way; and, what is of more consequence, has dispensed with my going to Calcutta, which enables me to go by Bombay, and renders everything convenient. I shall, in all human probability, go by

* Malcolm means, by this, that if Mr. Elphinstone had not been appointed Governor of Bombay, he would have been made Lieutenant-Governor of the Conquered Provinces—an appointment which both he and Malcolm considered far preferable of the two.

Egypt, which is at once the quickest and pleasantest route. I am quite delighted at the idea of my departure being fixed. I hope in January, 1821, to sail for the Red Sea, and to be with you in April."

In another letter he dwelt upon one of the many alleged causes of his supersession—that it was desirable to appoint to the Government of Madras one who was skilled and experienced in revenue and judicial administration—asking whether his own experiences did not lie much in the same direction:*

"Has not my life—though I never acted as a judge or collector—been more given to civil than to military duties? Has not the whole Government, in all its parts, been my constant study? And what but the knowledge I have gained and put in practice could have brought the whole of this quarter to the state it is now in? Has not my life been given to all the details of revenue settlements and judicial proceedings, Native as well as European modes of administering justice, and the most minute investigation of everything relating to the rules and institutions, great and small, of this and neighbouring countries? They shall ere long see all this in a Report, which will enable me to ask my friends whether I am, or I am not, fit for a civil Government. But let them in the mean while take as no slight evidence the condition of these countries, and then ask how much of this remarkable work has been effected by force."

But there was too much good sense, and too much

* He acknowledged, however, that on this score Munro's claims were of the highest order. The following passage in another letter contains a summary of the causes of his supersession: "Mr. Elphinstone had engaged to support Munro's pretensions to a Government before I went to England, in 1812; so had Allan and Mr. John Sullivan. I conclude these engagements were revived, and that Munro's increased claims, his presence in Leadenhall-street, a desire to avoid an incompetent Ministerial governor, and above all, the efforts of the party (which is strong and respectable) that desires to give a full and fair experiment to Munro's system of judicial administration, which proposes great reforms and reductions in that branch of government, carried the day. Ambitious as I am, and impatient as I have become of slight, I do not know that I should not have had conscience enough to vote against myself."

right feeling in Malcolm to be long disturbed by such a disappointment as this. He was of a cheerful spirit—habitually grateful to Providence for all its good gifts—and it was only in accordance with such a nature that he should soon have changed his complaints into thanksgivings:

"Let us learn," he wrote to his wife, "in the first place, to be grateful for the extraordinary good fortune we enjoy. Let us habituate ourselves to look down as well as to look up; and then we shall escape many a torturing reflection. When occurrences like these, which have recently happened, cross my path of ambition, I pause for a moment; but a recollection of their causes, of the rank I have attained, of the resources I possess to enable me to go higher should I still desire it, of my admirable wife, my delightful children, my fair fortune, and what is more, my fair fame, comes upon my mind and tells me that with all these crosses and jostles I am still among the most fortunate of mankind, and that it is unreasonable, if not impious, to complain. All this I feel consistent with a steady view of my interests in life; and though anger cannot blind my reason, I am not insensible to passing events, nor to the comparative claim upon my regard of real and pretended friends."

And after all there was another consideration, of a local and present character, to reconcile him to the loss of the Madras Government. He could hardly have done so much good, upon any new scene, as he was then doing in Central India. At the head of the Government of a Presidency, how much time must he have necessarily bestowed upon forms and ceremonies, and social amenities, and matters of detail little affecting the happiness of the people. But in Malwah he was as a patriarchal ruler among them—the father and the friend of rude but grateful communities, who blessed the name of Malcolm as that of a tutelar saint. There could be no higher object of ambition. "I am busy with my report," he

wrote on the 3rd of April, from Nalcha, thirty miles to the westward of Mhow, "and with all kinds of improvements. I have fixed my head-quarters in an old palace, from which I expelled (I speak a literal fact) tigers. The old ruins of this place, and the celebrated city of Mandoo, have for more than a century been shared by tigers, and Bheels more destructive than these animals in their ravages. The tigers I shoot; the Bheels are my friends, and now serve in a corps I have raised, or cultivate lands. I have made, and am making roads in every direction. A great fair at a holy place, which has not been visited for seventy years, was a week ago crowded by at least 30,000 people. I gave guards at the place, and cleared the road; and I confess that I was a little sensible to the flattery of the poor creatures making the air ring with 'Jy Malcolm jy!' (Success to Malcolm), &c., &c. This, and the discovery, a few days ago, that among the Bheel ladies, tying a string upon the right arm of their children, whilst the priest pronounced the name of *Malcolm* three times, was a sovereign cure for a fever, are proofs at least of my having a good name among these wild mountaineers, which will do me as much, and more good than one in Leadenhall-street." I am told that Bishop Heber used to relate how, when travelling in Central India, he inquired what was written on an amulet worn by a native child, and was told that it was nothing more than the word "Malcolm," which was considered, in that part of the country, the most efficacious of charms.

On the 7th of April he wrote that he was "just mounting his horse to go from his 'old palace near Mandoo,' to his cantonment at Mhow;" but ten days afterwards he wrote again from the old palace, in good health and in good spirits, his thoughts still turning fondly towards home, "wild" as he said, "to see the

little animals." A new object of ambition, however, had started up before him, and contended with home for the occupation of his heart. "I shall either," he wrote, "be the first *Soubah* (Provincial Governor) of British India, or depart in December for England." He was rooted in the conviction of the expediency of establishing a Lieutenant-Governorship in Central and Upper India. It appeared to him then, as it has since appeared to others, that the provinces of Northern India were too remote from the seat of Government to secure due supervision from the supreme authority, and that the division of delegated power among the different agents and representatives of the Governor-General prevented anything like uniformity of system, or consistency of action. He clearly saw that want of unity was producing evil fruits; and he wrote many earnest letters to men in authority, both in India and in England, exhorting them to consider the expediency of adopting a system, which, by consolidating all these scattered particles of government into one great whole, would at the same time relieve the Supreme Government from harassing details of local administration, and secure the supervision of these remote provinces by an experienced functionary on the spot, with sufficiently large powers to control all the minor political agencies, and to give consistency to their operations. He was, at this time, much occupied in the preparation of a Report on the history, the institutions, and the resources of Central India, and the more he prosecuted the inquiries necessary to the completion of such a task, the more apparent it became to him that this centralisation of authority was necessary, not only to the prosperity, but to the peace of that part of the country. At one time, he seems to have thought it not improbable that such a Lieutenant-Governorship would be erected, and that he would be invited to remain in Central India

with this augmented authority. He believed it to be essential to the tranquillity of the country, and he wrote to Mr. Adam, saying that in no other situation he could be content to remain beyond the close of the year:

"As to myself, I have no desire to remain in Malwah, even if my power were enlarged; but I must say further to you, lest any expression from England of a wish for my stay should lead to the subject, that I am not content to remain (and I take a view of the subject more as it relates to the good of the public than my own ambition) unless made Lieutenant-Governor of Central India, and Military Commander, with controlling power over all the political agencies in these parts, and also a power of direction in the affairs of Scindiah; and of requisition of troops without being liable to be superseded by any senior officer advancing into Malwah, unless a war beyond my local means and sphere rendered it necessary."

To the Governor-General he also wrote, at the end of May, upon the same subject. Sir Thomas Munro had arrived at Madras, bringing the insignia of the Grand Cross for Malcolm;* and it was supposed that Lord Hastings had been entrusted with the duty of performing the ceremony of investiture. This threatened to call Malcolm to Calcutta—a disturbance of his plans which somewhat alarmed him; so he wrote the following letter to Lord Hastings, which enters so fully into his views and aspirations at this period, that I am induced to insert it entire:

SIR JOHN MALCOLM TO LORD HASTINGS.

Nalcha, May 31, 1820.

My Lord,—A short letter from my friend Sir Thomas Munro, written the day he landed, tells me he has charge of my insignia of the Grand Cross, but he forgets to add what instructions he has received for its disposal. Upon that I have no information, but a paragraph of an English paper, which states that it is to be (with

* Malcolm had by this time been promoted to the rank of Major-General.

some others) transmitted to your Lordship, to whom the ceremony of investiture has been delegated.

This information has caused me some embarrassment, from which I can only escape by a full explanation of the circumstances in which I am placed to your Lordship, with an expressed resolution to do exactly what you deem proper and right.

Your Lordship is acquainted with the circumstances which make me desire to remain here till December, when I meant to proceed overland to England. There are none of those so strong as a wish to finish my Report upon Malwah.

With every effort, I cannot expect that to be completed much before the period when I intended to go to Bombay, and when to go by Calcutta would (as I must carry my books, papers, and baggage) cause both increased delay and expense.

I should, if I went dawk to Calcutta and back again, be away at least three months, and that interruption would prevent my completion of my task by the time proposed. I may in my calculations over-estimate the consequence of my present labors; but taking, as a standard to judge by, my comparative ignorance of this country when I commenced it (and when I was deemed the best-informed actor in the scene), and my present knowledge, I must think that it will bring a mass of matter before Government that will enable it, beyond any documents yet possessed, to judge the mode in which that great proportion of India, which, though not under our direct rule, owns our superiority, is to be managed and controlled. I may (it is likely I do) overrate the importance of our first measures in this arduous and untried system of new government; but it is my decided opinion that exemption from trouble, from great expenditure, and from war, depends chiefly upon your Lordship being early enabled to give this extended subject (it is not limited to Malwah) your fullest consideration, and to lay down upon principles suited to the great changes that have occurred a general system for the whole. I do not say that even this, let the wisdom upon which the plan is grounded be ever so great, will save us altogether from troubles, or even occasional hostilities. It would be folly to expect it; the hour of reaction must come, and the discontent, the turbulence, or the despair of individuals or bodies of men, will accelerate it. But there will, if we are prepared by a well-digested organisation of our civil, political, and

military means, and by the concentration of authority at remote points, be comparatively no danger, and peace and prosperity (after a few years of agitation, if not trouble) will be permanently established.

The very reverse of all this will, I am convinced, take place, if some considerable alterations, both in the shape and substance of our administration over many parts of this empire, do not very soon take place. It is these impressions (whether they be just or erroneous) that give importance in my mind to the information I am now busied in preparing for your Lordship, and which, I confess, I should be equally sorry to leave unfinished, or to present in an imperfect state.

My facts and speculations, though they may apply generally to other countries in a nearly similar state, bear chiefly upon the scene in which I am engaged. The outline of the plan I thought indispensable for this quarter was, more than a twelvemonth ago, sent to Mr. Adam. Events, and the kind confidence which your Lordship placed in me, have since led to the partial adoption of some parts of it. The agents for Bhopal, and for Kotah and Mewar, have been placed generally under my authority; but much more remains to be done to give to this situation (if it is intended to be more than one for temporary settlement) that shape and strength which it requires to enable the person holding it to fulfil his political, military, and civil functions. I add civil, for he has already the management of districts, and the collection of tributes; and from the state of our connexion with Scindiah, and other causes, we must calculate upon these duties increasing, and the authority should be of a shape to receive them without change or embarrassment in its administration. With these sentiments your Lordship will judge my solicitude to present you with the fullest means of deciding this large question; to furnish, in a minute history of the people, their governments, institutions, character, prejudices, and actual condition, the materials for that edifice which is to give them happiness, you fame, and this part of India peace. These ideas may be exaggerated, but they dwell in my mind, and are motives of action. With all this, if your Lordship conceives that I should proceed immediately to Calcutta to receive my investiture—if it is a point that involves (and of that your Lordship is the only judge) any question of gratitude and

respect for the royal donor, the omission of which might be noticed, I would not for a million of Reports prove a recreant knight in my acknowledgments for so proud a distinction. To your Lordship it is necessary to say no more upon this subject, but that nothing can reconcile me to the sacrifice of not having the warmest wish of my heart gratified, by receiving my new honors from the hands of him to whose favor and partiality I owe their attainment, but a full expression of your opinion that my public duties are of a nature not to permit my absence from my station; and unless some troubled waters become smooth very soon, this will apply to more than my completion of the Report.

My excellent friend Sir Thomas Munro writes me that it is his hope, and that of those he communicated with in England, that circumstances may occur to induce me to remain. I apprehend, from what is stated in letters I have received, that your Lordship will be written to upon this subject. In anticipation of such an occurrence, I wrote Mr. Adam on the 8th of April, requesting he would show my letter to your Lordship in the event of any such communication as was expected being made, either by Mr. Canning or the Directors. I shall write him to give you that letter, at all events, as I feel, whether such application be made or not, I can have no reserve with your Lordship, whom I only entreat to believe three facts connected with this subject:

Firstly, That I have no wish to remain in India, and that this feeling is grounded upon a conviction that it will be better for my health and future advancement (if I pursue public life) to go to England;

Secondly, That I am not so foolish or unreasonable as to desire or expect that your Lordship should make, or recommend to be made, any appointment for me that is not in your opinion necessary as a part of the administration of the empire under your charge; and,

Lastly, That though I might feel it was not an object for me to remain in India unless I filled a permanent situation of high rank, I never could have proposed one that I was not conscientiously convinced it was for the good of the public interests should be made.

I am, with much respect, &c., &c.,

JOHN MALCOLM.

To this Lord Hastings, in a good-humored letter, replied that he would dissipate Malcolm's anxieties at once by sending the insignia to Sir Charles Colville,* who was a Grand Cross of the Bath, with a warrant authorising him to invest Malcolm; and so, added his Lordship, "You will not be either a recreant knight, or have to make a very troublesome journey."

Nothing was said at this time by Lord Hastings about the Lieutenant-Governorship of Central India, but the thought of it still held possession of Malcolm's mind. In a long and very able letter which he addressed to the Governor-General in August, he sketched out all the details of the system of administration which he conceived would be best calculated to advance the public interests, introduced by some more general observations, which contain so good an abstract of Malcolm's political creed, that it would be an injustice to him to withhold them:

"My general opinions regarding the principles on which the administration of this quarter should be grounded have been repeatedly stated. Events (far beyond our control) have forced great and awful duties upon us. There is, among other evils concomitant with our present state, a tendency to direct rule, alike arising out of the character and condition of the remaining Native Governments and our success and established supremacy, which it will be difficult, if not impossible, to counteract. But we must try to march slow time if we cannot halt, and to support, at least for a period, what is still left of native rank and power. Its dissolution, to be safe, must be gradual, and we must make, before that crisis comes, a change in some of our principles of administration, and try to render those less depressing to our native subjects, and to obtain to our aid the efforts of their better feelings, by associating them more than they now are with our system of rule.

"We are fast losing what has long been our chief strength—a comparison of our Government with rude, unprincipled, and

* Then Commander-in-Chief at Bombay.

unsettled States. And it is this consideration, beyond all others, which calls for such changes as will render our sway over this vast empire more popular, particularly with the higher classes of the natives of India. Every observation I have made since I held my present station has sunk deeper the conviction of these facts upon my mind, and satisfied me of the necessity of giving as early as possible a more consistent shape, both in form and substance, to our administration at remote points, and of concentrating authority in one person, whose local knowledge and efficient powers will enable him to control and direct all those that are within his circle in a manner that will give conformity of principle and of action to the whole, and who, while he becomes the shield to the natives of the countries over which he is placed against innovations or unnecessary encroachments on their rights or habits, and prevents all collision or difference in lesser authorities, may be expected, from his acquaintance with the principles of the general administration of the empire, to suit and temper their application to the actual condition of the countries under him, and to save a distant Government (which cannot have minute local knowledge) from much of that embarrassment, if not hazard, that there is in deciding on the numerous cases and plans referred to it by a multiplicity of agents, whose views must, from the limited scene on which they act, be more contracted, but who, impelled by the ardor of public zeal and a laudable desire to bring themselves forward, will continue with unremitting activity to press upon the attention of their superiors every arrangement which promises local benefit, though that can often be only obtained at the expense of feelings and principles essential to keep the whole machine in order. The evils of such unconnected rule need not be enlarged upon, but it is important to remark (and I do it from the conviction of experience) that it is when the minds of men have been heated by such great changes and revolutions as have lately occurred in the central parts of India, that they are most malleable, and consequently most susceptible of those impressions it is desired to give. Errors now are therefore much more important than they would be when they were viewed with more coolness, or when we were better understood. This latter is, indeed, the most essential point; but it is one which cannot be effected till we speak by our actions the same language to all in a similar condition—till princes trembling

for their power, chiefs doubtful of continued independence, and all who dread further encroachment have their minds tranquillised by the constant contemplation of an uniform and consistent rule, instead of being disturbed and distracted as they must be by systems differing in form, if not in substance, in almost every province.

"Far from me be it to say that any of the measures adopted or recommended by the numerous select and able officers now employed in this quarter are, as applied to their local charge, unappropriate and unwise; but they vary. This is the evil—for that which may inspire confidence in one part shakes it in another. Men in the condition of the inhabitants of these half-conquered countries listen to every tale and exaggerate every rumor that excites their fears or their hopes. This makes them, unless great care is taken, prone to become the dupes of the designing and turbulent, and nothing, in my opinion, but an alteration in the shape as well as the substance of our administration can prevent that confusion and distraction which will compel us to further interference, and hasten the destruction of all that yet remains of native power and rank in the continent of India. There are, I believe, many who seek to arrive at this goal: I am not one of them. When we reach it, we have, in my opinion, touched the pinnacle, and must from that hour descend. This speculation, however, has no further importance than as it accounts for my strong sense of the necessity of there being one head to the whole of Central India, who has sufficient of general views and of local power to keep (under the direction of the Supreme Government) the whole machine right.

"To allow changes to work themselves (which is ever the safest course), to be content, which such a man, from his presumed experience and established character, may be supposed to be, with that forbearance which views abuses even, when there is a tendency to reform, with indulgence, and which exercises a control that is most efficient when least in view, and which in its operation makes princes and chiefs regard with reverence and attachment a power which elevates when it has ample means of depressing, and which is so constituted that it can only be conciliated by their good or offended by their bad actions,—these objects may be attained through the action of one authority, they cannot through that of a multiplicity of agents."

But strong as were the arguments adduced by Malcolm in favor of the establishment of a separate Government in Central India, the scheme which many years afterwards developed itself into what is now the Lieutenant-Governorship of the North-Western Provinces did not then meet with the encouragement it unquestionably deserved. There seems to have been, on the part of the Court of Directors and the Governor-General, a disposition to acknowledge the soundness of the principles enunciated by Malcolm, but both authorities shrank from being the first to recommend the adoption of the plan. At all events, Lord Hastings wrote to Malcolm that the Court was not inclined to initiate the measure themselves, and that there was little chance of their giving effect to any reforms suggested by a Governor-General whom they had become anxious to remove:*

"I do not see any chance," he wrote in November, 1820, "of the Court directing a territory to be formed in Central India for a Lieutenant-Governor. Howsoever it may have been thrown out to you that my recommendation of such a step would be adopted, be assured that it was only said to get rid of the application on the spot by an apparent reference to me; for the Court is by no means in a disposition to adopt any suggestion of mine. I firmly, and on good grounds, believe that the Court is laboring to work

* Mr. Canning, who was then at the Board of Control, declared that Lord Hastings had never, in his public or private letters to him, ever suggested such an arrangement as that which Malcolm had sketched; and added, "Lord Hastings cannot doubt of the pleasure which I should derive from any arrangement conducive to the public service, and consistent with not a niggardly but a just and rational economy, which should at the same time furnish an opportunity of enabling you to add to the honors which you have won, and (which there has certainly been no disposition to withhold from you) the more substantial means of a suitable termination to a career so full of brilliant achievements and solid merit. But it never did occur to me that the finding of these means would be thrown upon us on this side of the water. I am sure it is not in the wholesome, any more than it is in the ordinary and legal course of things, that the suggestion of appointments, especially of such as are to grow out of special circumstances which can be fully known only in India, should be sent out from England." So it was clearly shown to be nobody's business to initiate the desired reform.

me out, in which object they have the full concurrence of Mr. Canning. I am perfectly ready to go, if I can answer to the King and to myself that I do not frowardly seek it. If, therefore, the chance of a separate district being formed in Central India is what is to determine your plans, I would decidedly say to you that I do not think the prospect exists."

The time which Malcolm had fixed for his departure from India—the cold season of 1820-21—was now drawing near; but the great Malwah Report was unfinished. He had foreseen the impossibility of bringing his labors to a close at a sufficiently early period to enable him to embark at the desired time, and he had, therefore, written to Lord Hastings to intimate his intention to continue at his post until the following June.* Malcolm judged rightly that the Report would not only add greatly to his reputation, but confer also much benefit on the public; and he labored at it in his old unstinting way, ever resolute to do the best he could. It may be doubted whether he ever took so much interest in any other of his literary works. The first pages were written on the 14th of June, 1819, and from that time, except when interrupted by illness, he never ceased from his work. He had designed at first little more than an official Report; but as he proceeded with his inquiries into the history of the country—as he listened to the oral traditions which were current among the people, and consulted such scanty scriptural records as existed among these rude people—so much of universal human interest was developed, so many romantic episodes sparkled up to give life and light to the story, that what was at first a

* "I wrote your Lordship," he said on the 4th of August, "under date the 18th of July, regarding my intended return to England. I find that I ought, to save the season, to reach Bombay early in November. That is now impossible, and I have, therefore, made up my mind to stay till next June, when I shall request a few months' leave to go to the coast, and sail the first opportunity."

mere official duty became, in time, one of the few luxuries of his life; and, as the work expanded into goodly proportions, he began to discover that he had written a history, not a report, and that what had pleased the numerous friends of all kinds to whom he submitted the different chapters, might be pleasing also to the general public. He was immersed in this work, busy with the concluding chapters, when a copy of Mr. Prinsep's "Narrative of the Political and Military Transactions in India during the Administration of the Marquis of Hastings,"* reached him. He said that he thought the book was "a clear, calmly-written, authentic narrative," and that he had no reason to complain of the manner in which his own part in the transactions had been handled: "I shall never write a line," he added, "in answer to this book, nor can I now think of a second volume of the 'Political History.' My Report of Malwah will be done in two months, and it shall sooner or later be published, and as far as name goes (it is no season book to bring money) it will be to me worth ten Political Histories. I trust it will contain the anatomy of Central India in a way that will be appreciated; and there are some parts of it which are not mere dry matter. Fanny Stewart, who has read them, says they are like the 'Tales of my Landlord.'"

He spoke here of the stories of Alaee Bhaee and Kishen Komur, now well known to readers of Indian history—stories upon which Malcolm, who was never slow to illustrate what was really good and beautiful in the native character, and wise and beneficent in native rule, dwelt with genuine ardor and enthusiasm. No man had a kindlier feeling towards the people of India, or was less

* The original edition of this valuable work was published in 1820, in one volume quarto. It was afterwards enlarged and published in 1825 in two volumes octavo.

prejudiced and one-sided in his estimate of their character and conduct. He resented the flippant impertinence or the arrogant presumption of those to whom every black fellow was an object of contempt or a theme of vituperative declamation. And it pleased him to have an opportunity of conciliating the good feelings of thousands of readers towards the people of the country in which his lot had been cast, by adducing eminent examples of virtue and self-devotion from the annals of those very people whom it had long been the fashion to revile as men destitute of lofty thought and generous impulse, and as a nation incapable of self-government and unworthy of independence.

And so Malcolm worked onwards to finish his Report, not relaxing from his other labors all the while. The cold weather of 1820-21 found him in good health and good spirits. He was not Lieutenant-Governor of Central India, but he had almost all that he desired but the name. Lord Hastings had extended his authority by placing some of the minor agencies more immediately under his control, and had given him, in addition to his political salary, the military pay of a brigadier. His allowances were equal to those of the Governor of Bombay, and he wrote home with much satisfaction that he was enabled to save 500*l.* a month out of his income.* He had every reason, as he repeated again and again in his letters to his wife, to be thankful for the good gifts which had been showered upon him; and he began to laugh at past disappointments. Lord Hastings' idea of shelving Malcolm in the Government of the Straits Settlements had at first, as he admitted, excited his ire; but

* An unreflecting reader will sometimes wonder, on perusing similar statements to this, how an Indian officer can save as much as, or more than, his entire salary. It is forgotten that the interest of previous savings may, perhaps, yield a large income by itself.

he now saw only the ludicrous side of the proposal, and he could joke freely at the notion of being converted, after such a career, into a "Pepper-cloves-and-cinnamon Governor." But he was still of opinion that to remain in India after the specific work upon which he was then engaged had been completed, would be little less than to administer to his own degradation. So he remained fixed in the resolve to go home in the following year.

He was still, however, eager for active life, and the distant sound of a trumpet roused all his martial enthusiasm. In the autumn of 1820 there had been a possibility at least of a campaign upon the Indus. A party of our troops in Cutch had fallen upon a body of soldiers in the pay of the Sindh princes, mistaking them for a predatory gang by whom the border had been much infested; and in retaliation the Sindhians had crossed the frontier, and had committed depredations in our territory. The offenders had been chastised by the British troops on the spot, and it was debated whether operations on a large scale should not be undertaken against the Ameers. For this service Malcolm promptly volunteered, and his offer, had war been declared, would have been gladly accepted.* But the Ameers repudiated the acts of their soldiery, and Lord Hastings was wisely averse to a war, success in which would have been more injurious than

* At another time there were reports of the probability of a war with the Sikhs, and Malcolm again volunteered for service, writing to Mr. Metcalfe, who was then Political Secretary, in the following strain: "There is a report that Runjeet Singh is run mad. If so, he may go to war with Company Bahadur. I hate to be plaguing the lord with speculations on contingencies that may never occur. But should any circumstances occur to make it possible for me to render service in that quarter, bring forward my name as volunteer for the Indus. I quite court a campaign in that quarter, and will give my whole soul to the object. Say nothing about this unless you see a feasibility; but if you do, I depute you to throw down the gauntlet of a newly-made Grand Cross against all the infidels of the Punjab and of Sindh and Caubul, including the twelve lost tribes of Israel!"

failure. So he wrote to Malcolm, with an exposition of his views, characterised by an amount of candor, justice, and liberality such as these unfortunate princes were never destined to see reflected in our subsequent dealings with them:

"My glad acceptance," wrote the Governor-General, "would have been immediately signified had there appeared to me a probability that a war would take place; but the strong inculcations from the Government, that a contest so unprofitable, and originating in a circumstance of such a questionable nature for us, should, if possible, be avoided, made me trust that the differences would be surely accommodated. It seemed oddly assumed that while the outrage committed by the Sindhians required to be expiated, no satisfaction was to be necessary for the outrage on our part, which had provoked the other. It is true our fault was ascribable to error, though an error not very venial, and the attack of the Sindhians was deliberate. The mistake, however, on our part was so slightingly acknowledged, that the Ameers regarded themselves as treated with superciliousness as well as injury, and they committed an act of retaliation. Certainly this was a ground for war, had war been desirable. It was so much the contrary, that no conceivable benefit would have attended the entire success of military operations, while heavy expense and many other disadvantageous circumstances must have been entailed upon us."

This, however, was but a temporary disturbance of the even current of Malcolm's life. The new year found him still with his pen in his hand, putting the finishing stroke to his Report, and preparing for a tour, partly of military inspection, partly of administrative duty, and altogether of pleasure; for he delighted to be again on the march. On the 24th of February he was at Mehidpoor. Encamping on the old battle-field, he wrote thence in a strain of mingled regret, gratitude, and pride to his wife:

"I cannot pass this spot without writing to you. When I look from my tent upon the field where we conquered, and think of the many gallant fellows whose bones are scattered over it, what gratitude have I to God for having preserved me for the great joy of once again meeting you and the dear children. Of all the feelings connected with Mehidpoor none is so cherished by me as the knowledge of that happiness and pride with which you heard that your husband had done his duty on that day. What a contrast has this country known between the three years that preceded, and the three that have followed that action. Its inhabitants had lost all—even hope; its fields were desolate, and houses roofless. Now we might challenge India—I might almost say the world—to produce a country where there are fewer crimes, or more general happiness and comfort—exemption from domestic and foreign foes."

This tour was long remembered by Malcolm as one which was in many ways conducive to his improvement; for he had been toiling to finish his Report, his health had not recently been very vigorous, and he wanted change and recreation. They had at once a restorative effect. "My health is improving so much by idleness and amusement," he wrote to Mr. Elphinstone on the 13th of March, "and I feel so little inclined to business, playing myself as I am with a party of fourteen sportsmen amid the jungles of Mewar, that it is really no small compliment to sit down to write you a letter."

A few days later in the month, Malcolm reached the famous Rajpoot city of Oudipore, where he was received by Major Tod,* with whom he had long corresponded, but whom he had never met before. Of the impression made upon his mind by this visit he gave a lively account in a letter to Mr. Adam, in which he says:

"You will be happy to hear that Tod and myself went on

* Afterwards known as the author of the *Annals of Rajasthan*—still the standard authority on all that relates to the Rajpoot States.

famously. I came rather in the shape of too large a fish into the sea of his glory, and that was my fear of offence; but though throughout our intercourse he had some evident restraint and uneasiness caused by the bulk of his new friend, it was in a great way removed by the various applications of telling stories, laughing, speaking plain, being pleased with his researches (which I really was), and showing that with all my careless and Rangree modes, I knew what was what, both as it related to myself and station; and we got on excellently well. All proper interchanges took place in Durbar between me and *Old Porus*, as this lineal descendant of the sun styles himself. He is a weak, good-natured prince, and affords a more pleasing picture of Hindoo dignity than I have yet seen. For romantic beauty, his palace, standing upon a hill in the centre of the town, the fine lake to the west of it, and its numerous islands covered with enchanting buildings and gardens, exceeds everything I have ever beheld. I am now on the road to the Deybar Lake. We are already, though not twenty-five miles from Oudipore, deep in a rugged and wild country, formed to give shelter to the disturbers of the public peace.

"This journey to Rajpootana, and the full communications I have had with Tod and others, joined to my better knowledge of the country and people, has changed from conjecture into conviction all my former ideas regarding this quarter. It is the one from which a reaction is most to be dreaded, and one in which we can afford the fewest errors in its rule. I regret from my soul that you ever changed your first plan of rule; that which you now have cannot long prosper. Sir David (Ochterlony), if he had continued Lord of Rajpootana, might with benefit have had his power extended over Western and Southern Malwah. But I forget that, unless you enter upon it, this is to me a forbidden subject."

Oudipore was the extreme point of his journey, for the hot weather was now approaching, and it was necessary that he should make all haste back to his "summer-palace" at Nalcha. From Rutlam, he wrote on the 8th of April to his wife:

"This is a spot from which I wrote you on the Christmas

of 1818, when I had finished the expulsion of 6000 rogues from this part of Malwah. I am now so far on my way to my summer-palace at Nalcha (formerly the abode, as I wrote you, of a tigress and her cubs), after having completed a delightful tour, which took me as far west as Oudipore. I have collected a great deal of information for Government, some curiosities for you, and some fine stories for the children. . . . . As the time of my departure approaches I am wild with joy. . . . . I may add for your satisfaction my confidence that I shall leave this country and return to you at the very best moment for my reputation. Everything I foretold has happened; and everything I have undertaken has succeeded. There has not been one check. More than justice has been done in appreciating my efforts; but the tide of fortune was with me, and I have taken advantage of it. It is a sweet reflection to me, that long after I am gone our children's bosoms may glow at hearing blessings implored on their father's name. But this, too, is greatly accidental. It chiefly arises from the natives of India being yet accustomed to refer everything to persons, and giving the merit of a system to an individual by whom it is carried into execution."

But although Malcolm wrote thus modestly, disclaiming the personal merit imputed to him, no man knew better how little mere system will effect. Rightly considered, in such cases the man is the system. On this very same 8th of April, indeed, Malcolm wrote to Mr. Maloney, who had the political charge of the districts on the Nerbudda:

"To be able to understand this great theatre of action, men must traverse it, and learn from personal observation how to understand written accounts. It is like a good knowledge of the topography of a country which no maps can give until you have travelled over it and made yourself master of its principal features. Were I to remain in India, I do not think that there is a human being (certainly no Nabob or Maharajah) whom I should dread half so much as an able Calcutta civilian, whose travels are limited to two or three hundred miles, with a hookah in his mouth, some good but abstract maxims in his head, the Regulations in his

right hand, the Company's Charter in his left, and a quire of wire-wove foolscap before him."

The great secret of Malcolm's success was, that he was neither too Native nor too European. He understood the native character, and he could sympathise with the feelings of the natives; but he never fell into native habits. There were political officers at this time who, under the deteriorating influences of isolation, sank into the very opposite extreme of the Calcutta civilian school here glanced at; and Malcolm commented upon this evil as one to be as much deplored as the other. It was by preserving the high tone and the pure life of the English gentleman, and yet carrying to his work no European prejudices, no cut-and-dried maxims of European policy, to be applied, however inapplicable, to all cases of native government, that Malcolm achieved an amount of success, and acquired a reputation among the people of Central India, such as no man before or since ever earned for himself in that part of the world. When Bishop Heber, a few years afterwards, visited this tract of country, he wrote in his journal: "How great must be the difficulties attendant on power in these provinces, when, except Sir John Malcolm, I have heard of no one whom all parties agree in commending! His talents, his accessibility, his firmness, his conciliating manners and admirable knowledge of the native language and character, are spoken of in the same terms by all."

On the morning of the 16th of April, Malcolm reached his ancient palace at Nalcha. "And from this place," he wrote to Mr. Adam, "all the arrangements I have to make in Malwah shall be made." His work was now nearly done. He was already preparing for his journey to Bombay, whence he had determined to embark for

Suez, and to proceed by way of Egypt and the European continent to England. "My first detachment for Bombay," he wrote to Sir Thomas Munro, "goes off in fifteen days, and I trust to follow towards the end of June." It was part of his plan to visit, on his way to the Western Presidency, his "manly friend," Charles Metcalfe, in the Deccan.*

The Hyderabad Resident was then on a tour in the outlying districts, and Malcolm wrote to him, saying, "Do not go back to Hyderabad without a meeting with me. I go more than one hundred miles out of my road, and would go three, for three hours' conversation with you. . . . . I will, rather than miss you, go dawk; but if you are not in a furious hurry, I will proceed, *viâ* Sindwa and Dhoolia, by stages. The rain is, like everything else, no bugbear to a man well prepared. Besides, neither you nor I are exactly at the disposal of what Captain Clutterbuck calls a clattering piece of parchment, and can halt or move as the clouds indicate."

It was arranged that they should meet at Aurungabad in the second week of July, and that Richard Jenkins, the Nagpoor Resident, should join their party. The meeting was one to which Malcolm, on many accounts, looked forward with much satisfaction. Meanwhile, having finished his report, he devoted himself to the completion of another work, which, though of modest dimensions, has perhaps contributed more to his reputation than anything that he ever wrote. He drew up a paper of "Notes of Instructions to Assistants and Officers acting under the orders of Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B.," to be left behind him as a legacy—and it was a rich one—to his official friends. The Instructions

* Metcalfe, who, as Political Secretary, had kept up a close correspondence with Malcolm, had by this time been transferred to the Hyderabad Residency.

are of a general character, suited to all who have any official intercourse with the people of India; and neither the progress of time nor the mutations of circumstance can render them antiquated or irrelevant. They have been so often printed, so largely quoted, so generally read, that I do not purpose to dwell long upon them in this place. The growth at once of high principle, generous feeling, sound sense, and long experience, they are distinguished as much by their humanity as their sagacity, and they come recommended to us by the knowledge that they were the groundwork of Malcolm's own official conduct, and were not more admirable in theory than they were successful in practice. I believe that already in this narrative of Malcolm's life the reader has seen in beneficent action the principles enunciated in these Instructions. The notes themselves are accessible to every one;* and I believe that in India there are few European officers in political employ, to whom they are not as familiar as the Church catechism.

The preparation of these Instructions was a fitting and a graceful close to Malcolm's career in Central India. He had now spent three years and a half in Malwah, partly in a military, partly in a diplomatic, partly in an administrative capacity; and to no period of his life could he look back, on the brink of the grave, with greater satisfaction. From the day, when he negotiated the treaty of Mundissore with Holkar's ministers, to that of his final departure from Malwah, he had been continually engaged in efforts to restore not only the territories ceded to us after the war, but those which remained in the hands of our allies, to order and good government. He had told Holkar's Envoys that their master would be

* They are to be found in the Appendix to the *Memoirs of Central India*. They were also printed in a separate form in 1824, with a few elucidatory notes by Malcolm himself. I may add, that they are greatly esteemed on the Continent.

richer, with a principality diminished in extent, under a system which he hoped to be instrumental in introducing more conducive to the development of the resources of the country.* And his predictions were fulfilled even sooner than he anticipated. The finances of the State had been absorbed by assignments to petty princes and predatory troops. The villagers had fled from their homes. The country was uncultivated. The houses were roofless. The jungle and the tiger were encroaching on the fields of the ryut, and on the palaces of the lords of the land. But co-operating with Holkar's chief minister, Malcolm released the young Prince from the military domination which had been so fatal to the prosperity of the country, reduced the number of his mercenary troops, turned fierce marauders into peaceful cultivators, the sword and the shield into implements of husbandry, soon repeopled the deserted villages, and made the once devastated fields again bright with the smiling harvest.

Such work as this required at once a strong and a delicate hand. During the years of misgovernment which had preceded the war of 1817, a number of petty princes, occupying chiefly the hill districts, to which they had been driven in the conquest of Malwah by the Mahrattas, had been induced to desist from the predatory incursions, by which alone they could support themselves, by assignments on neighbouring villages, from which, in the general confusion that prevailed, it was difficult to obtain payment without a resort to pillage and its attendant devastation. There were few places that were not subject to murderous forays, and few, therefore, in which the cultivator could safely ply his peaceful calling. But before Malcolm quitted Central India he had relieved

* In 1817, Holkar's revenues amounted to no more than four lakhs of rupees. In 1819-20, they had risen to more than sixteen lakhs.

the country of this evil. He had satisfied these petty Rajahs, by securing to them fixed payments from the public treasury, which soon came back again to the State in the shape of increased revenue, resulting from the tranquillity which these settlements produced. It was in his dealings with these people, whom he freely invited to come to him, and with whom his tent was often crowded, that perhaps, more forcibly than under any other circumstances, practical expression was given to the principles enunciated in his famous paper of Instructions. He found anarchy in Holkar's government; he left order and system in its stead. Great changes had been introduced, but they were changes which conduced to the prosperity of all; and people who had been long accustomed to believe that the elevation of one party must be the depression of another, now found that both might be equally benefited by the same act. It was by a skilful adjustment of conflicting claims and contending interests that Malcolm gained so high a character for justice among the princes and people of the country.

To the petty states of Central India—as those of Dhar and Dewas—the alliance and protection of the British Government had been equally advantageous. In all, during the time of Malcolm's residence at Malwah, there had been a change from a state of utter exhaustion and prostration to one of returning health and elasticity. Nor was the least service that he had rendered to Central India that of ridding the country of those numerous Bheel and other robbers, who had long been the terror of the more peaceable inhabitants. Many a robber chief did Malcolm contrive to turn into an industrious farmer. He found, indeed, a reign of terror; he left one of security and peace. It would not be truthful to affirm that all these good results were attributable solely to Malcolm's exertions. They were, in some respects, the inevi-

table results of the war and the treaties which were concluded at the end of it. He did not make the opportunity, but he turned it to the best possible account. He had the advantage, too, of an admirable body of assistants; but they were mostly men who owed their official nurture to him. Indeed, one of his greatest merits is, that he trained so many excellent public servants, fitting them for the highest offices under Government with such an uniformity of success, that no man ever did dishonor to his teaching. "If there are any of your old assistants unemployed," said Lord William Bentinck some years afterwards, "send them to me, and let me use them; I cannot have too many of the school."

They were one and all devoted to their master. When Malcolm's preparations for departure were in progress, they were emulous of the honor of accompanying him to Bombay, and six or seven of the diplomatic circle went with him. The day of his departure, in the third week of June, was a sorrowful one. Natives of all classes thronged around him to bid him farewell. Many attended him several marches on his way. He was touched by these manifestations of general regret; yet he could not help exulting in the thought that they indicated the amount of good he had done.

Having turned his back upon Nalcha, Malcolm pushed on with all speed to cross the Taptee river, for the waters were rising. He visited Major Briggs on his way through Candeish, and then hastened onward to meet Metcalfe at Aurungabad. There were many subjects which he was eager to discuss with the strong-headed, true-hearted civilian, who fifteen years before had shared his tent at Muttra, building castles in the air, which time had converted into solid masonry. Malcolm, with a just appreciation of Metcalfe's high qualities, had seen

in him the man whom above all others he desired to have as his successor in Central India, and in the preceding year had written many earnest letters to his friend to induce him to undertake the office. The idea, at first grasped with avidity, was, however, subsequently abandoned by the civilian, who had plunged into the troubled waters of Hyderabad, and was already employed in the great but perilous work of rooting out the corruption which was gnawing at the very vitals of the Hyderabad State. With the highest possible admiration of his integrity and his courage, Malcolm still thought that Metcalfe was a little intolerant and uncompromising, and he thus addressed him on the subject:

"You have undertaken (proceed as cautiously as you like) a great task, but you must do good. I think we shall fight a little on some principles. I have seen a Purneah and a Meer Allum, and have, I think, more toleration of abuse than you. I should, in your situation, act in great dread of pulling down unconsciously with one hand what I raised with the other. If a man is employed on the scale your great native managers are, the control or superintendence of their proceedings in any minute manner by an European officer is impossible. The doing it in the most general way is most difficult; for to render them efficient as instruments, they must be elevated in their own minds as well as in those of others. Now to check is to anticipate bad conduct, and to depress, if not to degrade. You think worse of the natives than I do, and I believe your virtue is more unbending upon such points, or rather, your expectations of good rule more sanguine. But this is Aurungabad business."

On the 12th of July, Malcolm* and Metcalfe met at Aurungabad. They had not, I believe, met since the latter was a boy in Lord Lake's camp; but Malcolm had

* Malcolm had a large party of friends with him. "We shall be a party of twelve at breakfast," he wrote to Metcalfe on the 10th; "two joined from Jaulnah; and after that, divide into quarters, tents, &c. I shall lodge myself under one of your wings."

watched with no common interest the civilian's career, and rejoiced in the success which he had always predicted. There were many points of resemblance between them, but there were many also in which they strangely differed. Both entered the service of the Company in very early youth, and were disciplined in the same political school.* But they had arrived in India very differently trained and very differently recommended. Charles Metcalfe, the son of an East India Director, had been reared in a fashionable London street, and educated in the most aristocratic of seminaries. John Malcolm, born on the banks of the Esk, had run wild about the hill-sides, and received only the scant rudiments of a village day-school. Charles Metcalfe, recommended to Lord Wellesley at once as Goodall's favorite pupil and the son of one of the very few Directors whom the Governor-General did not esteem an enemy, landed at Calcutta to find a host of friends among the chief people of the settlement. John Malcolm had no influential friends, no academical prestige, no official connexion to smooth his way to success. For years his environments were those of the single-poled tent in the field, or the bungalow in the single-corps station. These circumstances necessarily advanced the progress of the civilian and retarded that of the soldier; but they were not without their uses to the latter. They rubbed off many angles which otherwise might have obtruded themselves, and rendered Malcolm somewhat more tolerant and more cosmopolitan than his friend; more easily to be shaken down, and more readily adaptable to circumstances.

They were both of them men of a robust manhood,

* A school of which Lord Wellesley was not the founder, but one of the greatest masters. Malcolm had sate at the feet of Kennaway and Kirkpatrick before the name of Mornington was known in India.

honest to the core, thoroughly courageous. They worked towards the same end, and, to some extent, by the same means. They were men of fine temper—Malcolm of the laughing, Metcalfe of the smiling kind—and they both sought to govern men by appealing to the better part of human nature. But Metcalfe, when that better part could not be touched, was more uncompromising than Malcolm in his assaults upon the worse. The soldier, who had seen humanity in all its variform aspects, had become tolerant of human frailty, and he believed that the vices both of men and of nations were more likely to be eradicated by leniency than by severity. The difference, perhaps, is assignable rather to the habits than to the principles of the men. Metcalfe's views were, for the most part, those of the closet; Malcolm's those of the camp. At the age when the young soldier was hunting and shooting, and otherwise disporting himself, the young civilian was reading Rochefoucault and writing maxims of his own. His virtue was of a finer and more abstract kind than Malcolm's, but it was less suited to the sphere in which he moved. Malcolm was more disposed to make allowances on the score of accidental temptations and environments; and he often found even in a man's failings the germ of good things to be turned to profitable account.

In their devotion to the public service, in the unfailing zeal and the unstinting laboriousness of their official lives, it would be hard to say who excelled the other. But in this also—in their respective modes of work—there were characteristic differences. Metcalfe's labors were, for the most part, of a steady, systematic, sedentary kind. It was easy to say when, where, and how his work was done. He lived for years together in the same house; he worked by rule; and one day much resembled another. What he did was seldom done in a

hurry. His official writings have all a deliberate character about them. Malcolm's appear to have been improvised, almost always under the influence of haste. Even the most elaborate of his state papers seem to have been written against time. They have the stamp of the saddle or the howdah upon them, as have Metcalfe's that of the bureau. As models of despatch-writing, therefore, the civilian's papers are superior to the soldier's. They are closer, more compactly written, more logically reasoned. They aim more directly at a given point, are more convincing and conclusive. But although Malcolm was a prolific writer, the least part of his business was done with the pen. He never did by writing what he could do by talking. He was always accessible to men of all classes and all characters; he worked, as he said, with the door of his tent open to every point of the compass; and his eyes, his ears, and his understanding were ever as open as his doors. Metcalfe, on the other hand, was a man of a reserved nature. Genial as he was in the society of his chosen companions, he did not delight in gregarious intercourse. He well understood the native character, and he had a great name among the native princes and chiefs; but he could not, like Malcolm, sit down on the grass to converse freely with a knot of poor villagers, or pass off his pleasantries on a wild jungle-bred robber. When Metcalfe was Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces—the very office which Malcolm had so striven some years before to erect—he ceased to take exercise abroad, and resorted to the top of his house to inhale there the cool evening air, because he so disliked being assailed by the people with petitions. Malcolm boasted that in Central India there was a levee in his tent during a great part of the day, composed of all sorts of clamorous petitioners, from rajahs to ryuts, and that he had something to say to them all.

This difference is, doubtless, to be assigned to physical rather than to moral causes. John Malcolm and Charles Metcalfe were men equally of a robust nature; but the robustness of the civilian was the robustness of an honesty that never yielded and a fortitude that never failed; it was of a quiet, settled, determined, immovable character—great, at all times, in resistance. But he had no personal activity, no love of adventure; he shrank from all kinds of athletic exercise; he was thoroughly a man, and yet he was almost ludicrously incapable of taking part in those manly sports which harden the nerves and strengthen the system, and brace men up for the part they have to play in the strenuous realities of public life. Malcolm's robustness, steadfast as it was, was also of an active kind. It was all life and motion, buoyant and breezy. An admirable horseman and judge of horses, a mighty hunter, fearless of heart and steady of hand, he was never in higher spirits than when in hot pursuit of a tiger or other inspiring game. He was altogether a man of an athletic cast, fit for any kind of adventure, equal to any fortune, made to jostle his way through the world. All this was the result of conscious physical power, as in Metcalfe the absence of these qualities was the result of a painful sense of his personal defects. For outwardly Malcolm was a man of heroic mould as much as Metcalfe was the reverse. The soldier was a man of a commanding stature and a noble presence; with a muscular but supple frame, and a face bright with manly beauty; but the civilian had no personal graces; he had a stunted figure, and a face redeemed from insignificance only by the intelligence of his countenance and the sweetness of his smile.

And now that these two laborious workers met again, both in high place, both honored, and both with an unappeased ambition—for the soldier and the civilian

had for years pointed to the highest attainable official eminence as the goal of their endeavours—many of these characteristic differences were seen and felt, and, I doubt not, freely discussed between them. Much talk was there of the past, much of the future; but more of the present. Metcalfe was then beginning his great war of extermination against the gigantic corruption of Hyderabad. He was going forth single-handed, like a true knight, to slay the dragon that was desolating the land.* This was one of the chief topics of discourse. And however much they may have differed on minor points—and those principally relating to the means, and in no wise to the end—they had one mind and one heart regarding the magnitude of the evil and the great duty of rooting it out. Before Metcalfe had ever thought of setting his face towards the Deccan, Malcolm had seen and deplored this evil, and from beneath the walls of Asseerghur had written a long and earnest letter, discoursing on the necessity of arresting its progress before it had eaten into the very vitals of the unhappy country. And now again he wrote to Calcutta on the same subject, eager to give the support of his testimony in favor of his courageous friend.† And when he turned his back upon Aurungabad, to pursue his onward journey to Bombay, high as before had been his estimate of his old pupil's merits, he went with a still more elevated opinion of the public virtue, the clear, strong intellect,

* I shall be forgiven, I hope, for the fancifulness of the illustration, if I say, referring to the story of Schiller's Dragon—familiar to many readers, who have neither read it in its original nor translated form, through the agency of Retsch's Outlines—that whilst Malcolm would have followed the ingenious device of the knight, Metcalfe would not have trained his dogs, or resorted to any such schemes, but would have gone forth unaided against the monster, trusting only to the spear in his hand and the harness on his back.

† This letter to Mr. Adam will be found in the next chapter; also another to Metcalfe himself relating to the same subject.

and the sweet disposition of Charles Theophilus Metcalfe.

How strongly Malcolm felt, both regarding the evil to be combated and the perils which beset Metcalfe's path, may be gathered from the following letter, written after they had parted, which I cannot refrain from quoting before I dismiss the subject:

SIR JOHN MALCOLM TO MR. METCALFE.

October 20, 1821.

MY DEAR METCALFE,—I have received your letter of the 8th instant. As far as your proceedings relate to the loans made and recommended, you are upon a rock; but it is melancholy to find such sentiments in the quarter to which you have alluded. They will do infinite mischief, though only for a short period. Every step you take to ameliorate the country will be misrepresented by fellows who have objects as incompatible with public virtue and good government as light is from darkness. That these men should be allowed to speak a word upon subjects such as you have to discuss and manage is deplorable. But the fact is so; and though the circumstances in which you are placed require all your firmness, recollect, at the same time, they call for all your caution and prudence, and, above all, for great temper and patience. These qualities I should never ask you to exercise in any extraordinary degree for selfish views; were your personal interests alone at stake, I know you might give way to the spirit of an offended gentleman and high public officer. That is supposing matters at extreme; but you have a more momentous duty to perform. You have to fight the good fight, and to stand with the resolute but calm feelings such a cause must inspire against all species of attacks that artful and sordid men can make, or that weak or prejudiced men can support. I may view this question too seriously, but there is no harm in my doing so. I am quite confident in your ultimate triumph, though I expect you will have great vexation and annoyance. I am glad I proceed to England so fully informed as I am upon the subject, and pray write me often. Send your letters after November to my brother.

Yours ever,

JOHN MALCOLM.

From Aurungabad, Malcolm marched to Dowlatabad, thence to the caves of Ellora, and then onward to Poonah, which he reached in not very good health. After a few days spent there in the society of his old friend and brother-in-law, Macdonald, who had come across from Madras to meet him, he proceeded onward to Bombay, which he reached on the 1st of September, and was soon in the midst of friends. "My Indian marches," he wrote to his wife on that day, "are, I trust, over for ever. I arrived here a few hours ago, after a very quick journey from Poonah. I am uncommonly well—better than I have been for many months. Elphinstone has given up Malabar Point to me—a most delightful residence almost in the sea."

At Bombay, the whole society of the settlement, headed by his old and fast friend, Governor Elphinstone, united to do him honor. He was delighted with, and grateful for, the reception he met; and the improvement which he reported in his health enabled him to bear well the fatigue attending the entertainments which were given to him. On the 14th of September he was invested by Sir Charles Colville with the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Bath, amidst most flattering demonstrations of respect from all the chief people of the place. "Yesterday," wrote Malcolm to his father-in-law, Sir Alexander Campbell, then Commander-in-Chief at Madras, "was one of grand *tomasha*,* and though with some fatigue, of real gratification to me. Your friend, Sir Charles Colville, commenced his task at eleven o'clock, and his attentions to his brother Grand Cross did not finish till twelve at night. Elphinstone put off the Governor to attend his friend, and all—ladies and gentlemen—looked as happy as though they had got ribands

* Show or ceremony.

and stars themselves. When I say that after such a day —and I may add night—I feel uncommonly well, you may judge of the improvement in my health." In other letters he spoke with pride and gratitude of the kindness and hospitality with which he had been received "by all ranks, from the Governor Sahib to the lowest;" and eager as he was again to embrace his wife and children, it was not without some tender feelings of regret that he busied himself with his preparations for his coming departure.

It has been intimated that Malcolm intended to return to Europe by way of the Red Sea, Egypt, and the Mediterranean. Many of his old associates in Central India had accompanied him to Bombay, and when at last the day fixed for his departure (the 2nd of December) arrived, they accompanied him to the deck of the vessel on which he had taken his passage for Cosseir. The Governor and all the principal civil and military officers of the Presidency accompanied him to the pier-head, and there took leave of him with the most flattering demonstrations of esteem and regard.

Nor were the tokens of respect amidst which Malcolm quitted the country confined to these local manifestations. The Governor-General bade him God speed from Calcutta, and issued an order expressive of the high sense of the distinguished services of Sir John Malcolm entertained by the Supreme Government. After referring generally to his long career of distinguished service, the Government passed the following eulogium on his conduct in Central India: "By a happy combination of qualities which could not fail to win the esteem and confidence both of his own countrymen and of the native inhabitants of all classes, by the unremitting personal exertion and devotion of his time and labor to the maintenance of the interests confided to his charge, and by an enviable talent

for inspiring all who acted under his orders with his own energy and zeal, Sir J. Malcolm has been enabled, in the successful performance of the duty assigned him in Malwah, to surmount difficulties of no ordinary stamp, and to lay the foundations of repose and prosperity in that extensive province but recently reclaimed from a stage of savage anarchy, and a prey to every species of rapine and devastation."*

But even more acceptable to him than this public testimonial was one which came to him from the political officers who had worked under him in Central India. They raised a liberal subscription among themselves for the purchase of a magnificent silver vase, which was afterwards presented to him in England. As a memorial of his labors in Central India, and of the many loving friends associated with him in this good work, it was ever greatly valued by him beyond, as he said, anything he possessed. "While I live," he wrote, acknowledging the testimonial, "I shall view it with pride; and when I am no more, my children shall have learnt to contemplate it as a trophy of friendship, which their father won by cherishing habits and sentiments not unworthy of their emulation."

And they might well be proud, not only of this trophy of friendship, but of the good work done in Central India, which had knit all these fellow-laborers together

* The Government of Madras also expressed their "deep concern that this distinguished officer is compelled by the state of his health to return to England. No praise of theirs can add to his high reputation, but they cannot deny themselves the gratification of expressing their sense of his talents, and of his unwearied and honorable exertion of them for the benefit of his country." They add: "His career has been unexampled; for no other servant of the Company has ever, during so long a period, been so constantly employed in the conduct of such various and important military and political duties; his great talents were too well known to admit of their being confined to the more limited range of service under his own Presidency. The exercise of them in different situations has connected him with every Presidency, and rendered him less the servant of any one of them than of the Indian Empire at large."

under one whom they delighted to recognise as their master no less than they venerated him as a friend. Years afterwards one of these children, then a captain of dragoons, travelling through Malwah, on his way to his regiment, met with the most touching proofs of the affection with which the memory of his father's good deeds was held by the people of the country. From all parts they came out to pay their respects to the son of Sir John Malcolm, pouring benedictions upon him for his father's sake, and loud in their expressions of gratitude to the friend to whom they owed so much. Many able public servants have since then labored in Central India, but no name is so universally venerated as that of Sir John Malcolm.

CHAPTER IX.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[1817—1821.]

CORRESPONDENCE ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS—TREATMENT OF NATIVE PRINCES—PROGRESS OF RUSSIA IN THE EAST—CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA—MANAGEMENT OF THE NATIVES—MAINTENANCE OF THE NATIVE STATES—THE SOVEREIGNTY OF OUDE—USES OF THE COURT OF DIRECTORS—ET CÆTERA.

BEFORE I follow Sir John Malcolm over the deserts of Egypt, and across the continent of Europe, to his home in Manchester-street, London, I must pause for a little space, to illustrate more fully than I have yet done the extent and variety of his correspondence during the period of his third residence in India. I am speaking now of what is called his "Private Correspondence." But the private correspondence of official men in India relates principally to public topics. Indeed, a very large portion of the business of the State is transacted by means of these private letters. No man in India had a larger number of correspondents, or wrote more frequently to them, than Malcolm; and never was that indefatigable workman more active, never did he exhibit gretaer capacity for labor, or a larger grasp of intelligence to direct it, than during his residence in Central India. And I incline to think that the letters which he then wrote are among the best which bear his name.

The selections which I have made are principally from letters of a general character, unburdened with local details—such as will be readily understood and appreciated by readers of all classes:

TREATMENT OF NATIVE PRINCES.

[To JOHN ADAM.]—It is a common fault of Residents to become too local, and to feel a partiality for the interests of the Court with which they reside. It must be acknowledged that our dependent allies have much occasion for such advocates. There is in our Government so great a desire to interfere, to improve, and to render what is well better, that it requires some check. If the man of local feelings is too attentive to the personal characters and the prejudices of those with whom he resides and associates, your distant powers are often too neglectful of them. . . . . Supposing it stands as at present, it will work its own remedy and become right in time, like a thousand other incongruities, unevennesses, anomalies, and inconsistencies that belong, and must from its shape and character continue to belong, to our great and extraordinary empire. Better meet all the difficulties these present, than give way to a passion for reform and improvement, which by inattention to the weaknesses and prejudices of the higher class of the natives, may be found to deprive us of a main pillar of our past, present, and future greatness. While on this subject, I will venture one more observation. The very circumstance of our abandoning a favorite point in a negotiation with a dependent ally has immense value, as far as relates to that moderation with which we exercise, and may be expected to exercise, our acknowledged supremacy.

[To MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE.]—We must not be deterred by recurring examples of treachery from going on, in the only way our power can go on, progressively. Arrangements are too often condemned for those defects which are inseparable from every plan that we can form to support our extraordinary power in this country. We rail at the impolicy of granting power, however limited, to Native Princes, when experience shows they, or their successors, have almost invariably used it against us; we forget the great advantages we have obtained during the period they have submitted to be our instruments. We must be content to

purchase these at some hazard; a contrary policy would carry our direct authority to the Indus in three years, and we have not the means for such extended conquest. It is, in fact, my opinion, that when we cease to have the faculty of making Indian Princes and Chiefs conquer and govern one another, we shall have obtained the point from which we may date our decline. Your arrangements must depend much upon the disposition and personal character of your Rajah; but with the sentiments I have expressed, I would raise him as high and make him as useful in independent action as he was capable of being made. If he turned out well, he is in a situation where his power would admit of increase. The Mahrattas have been beaten and bullied into a state of considerable humility. It would be glorious (and the times are favorable to the experiment) to render the descendant of Sevajee the restorer of his race to habits of order and good government.

EXCLUSION OF INTERMEDIATE AGENTS.

[To COLONEL SMITH.]—I will now, my dear Colonel, state shortly what I conceive to be the whole secret of success in a situation like yours—at least, it is the only one that I have ever known—which is, to have no native (whatever be his character) as a general medium with those with whom you have business. Let all such, from the Chief to the Ryut, come direct to you or to A——, or to any European officer you employ. Do not give any one (not even such an excellent man as your subadar, Narain Swamy) the right to receive their visits, or to come along with them to you, but send for them or any other person when wanted, or send persons to hear their story and report; but even in doing this it is essential (at the hazard of work not being so well done) not to employ any native exclusively in these references. My late moonshee, Muhomud Hoossun, had been with me twenty-eight years, and his integrity was as high as his ability; Syud Hoossun, my aide-de-camp, you know. I could trust either of these men as much as any officer in my family, but they have often been fifteen or twenty days (when work was in plenty) without being sent for, and they have come uncalled. The principle upon which I proceed has not its origin in a distrust of those near me, but in a desire to give confidence to the inhabitants of the country, and to

convey by direct communication a just impression of the European character, which they can never receive (however pure the medium) at second hand.

HOW TO OBTAIN SUPPLIES.

[To Major Agnew.]—I have some right to judge this question, having made it (from a consideration of its primary importance) my study for twenty-five years, having watched the action of different systems in every part of India, and having filled every station calculated to give me knowledge upon their comparative merits, from managing a bazaar in the country of a new ally, and being a commissary, up to having the charge of the resources of a country as Political Resident, and of the supply of troops as commanding corps and an army. I shall take the different questions in the order I find them in your correspondence with Ludlow. I do not mean to inquire into the merits of any particular case (I am not called upon to do so), but merely to state the general principles which should regulate the proceeding. First, with regard to the Sepoys employed to obtain charcoal, and the forcible means they used for that purpose, seizing men, carts, &c., I can only state that I have issued the most positive orders that no Sepoy is on any occasion whatever to be sent into the country, except on public duty; and further, that no men (except for guides), and no carts or bullocks, are ever to be pressed, even by corps or detachments marching, except in cases of public emergency, or extreme individual distress; on all which occasions the commanding officer is ordered to see the inhabitants paid, and further to report to the assistant-quartermaster-general the nature of the circumstances under which he had acted, and the names of the villages. This report is essential, not merely to check such proceedings on the part of officers, but to correct the exaggerated representations which are on all these occasions made by the country-people. I deem the above regulation so essential, that no consideration would prevent my punishing the neglect of it. I observe that, in answer to your letter, Ludlow states that nothing is to be obtained in this country but through the medium of a red coat, and that a steady soldier is better than a camp-follower, over whom there is no control. Sepoys should be given as takudars*

* Sentries posted to protect fields or villages.

to all the villages that require them, within four or five coss of a cantonment; but these men should be carefully selected, and severely punished for any neglect of duty; they should be relieved every week or fortnight, or oftener if necessary; and all the heads of the villages where they are posted (I speak of a fixed station) should be distinctly informed where they were to come to complain, in the event of the misconduct of the takudars. I have, in my orders on this subject, directed them to the assistant-adjutant-general, and they come to his tent on every occasion; they often apply to have the takudar taken away, which is complied with at once. I prefer on all occasions Sepoys to Hurkarahs as takudars. We have stronger ties upon the former, and the latter are much more prone to be venal. I have had cause to dismiss upwards of twenty of mine for the authority they assumed in passing through the country; and almost all I have ever stationed in villages for more than a day, have behaved ill. The Baroda Residency keep a number of belts and badges, which are given on all applications to the Government, to put on men for the protection of villages; this expedient aids without interfering, or employing our own people, which is a great object. The Sepoys selected for this duty should be told they will be severely punished if they abuse the confidence reposed in them; I invariably direct them to use their arms against all who attempt violence, and I have found the best effects from one or two followers being wounded by the takudars.

With respect to obtaining supplies, or anything through the medium of a red coat, I have before stated that I never allow it, and that I do not consider it to be required; on the contrary, the practice is calculated to spread alarm, and to degrade the Local Government, which it is our great object to elevate; in fact, the actual state of the Government of Holkar is so low and powerless, that it can only rise with that consequence it is our policy to give it, by constant attention to the latter principle, and particularly on all points of intercourse with its subjects. Sepoys behave well as public guards, and even as takudars, though the latter is a trying duty; but they cannot be employed in another way without injury to themselves and others. It may be convenient to send them out. Articles may be obtained quicker and cheaper; but it is a system of force that cannot be suffered. It is calculated to keep us at a distance from the inhabitants, and to produce the worst feelings

in the Government. That it is not necessary, I can pronounce on the experience not only of the force under my personal command, but the numerous detachments I have made, not one of whom has been permitted to employ Sepoys in procuring anything; and latterly I have had few complaints, and the confidence of all around us is complete. The great object is to repress the disposition to violence and excess in our followers, and this is only to be done by taking decided part with the weaker (the inhabitants), and being always eager to make examples of any men caught, without consideration who or what they are. I have had a number of my own servants publicly flogged, many belonging to officers, and several to vakeels attending my camp! I continue to promise rewards on the apprehension of plunderers with evidences against them; and now the villagers rise and seize offenders, which has made the most salutary impression both in my camp and in the country. This is a point upon which it is the duty of every commanding officer to place himself in opposition, not only to the general feeling of soldiers, who are from their habits disposed to violence, but, I regret to say, of many officers.

ERRORS OF STATESMEN.

[To the Duke of Wellington.]—As far as I can judge of politicians (and I have been one of the *clique* for more than twenty years), our general error is to overthink our subject, to suppose extremes, and to give to motives a shape and action more suited generally to the theory of our subject than to the human mind upon which the result depends. This error is, perhaps, more frequent in the East, because here the personal character of chiefs and rulers has more influence than with you; but even in Europe the greatest part of your politicians either are, or appear to be, too wise by half. Their trade is to think, and that spoils them, for nine times out of ten, when men leave the common track, they lose the road.

I have said much more than I intended upon politics; but if you have left France, you may have leisure to read a long letter, and I go on persuading myself that my being so personally mixed up with the subject will render it more sufferable. I am acting upon the principles you so much approve, and with little or no

interference, but by an active mediation of differences, and a strict watch over the public peace, I have every prospect that the tranquillity of this province will continue undisturbed. . . . . .

They may consider me as Sir Condy Rackrent did the man who told his wife he did not love her, "an incendiary." From what we have yet seen of impressions in England, there appears a number who would rather have had an annual visit of Pindarrees for another century, than another breach of the act of Parliament which proscribes all extension of our territories; and God knows, I consider the latter as so great an evil, that I would oblige the man to make out a strong case that promoted it. Lord Hastings, however, upon this point, stands upon a rock, and he has been hitherto as moderate in the use of his success as he was vigorous in its attainment.

I wrote you some weeks ago, upon hearing the attempt which had been made upon your life. For God's sake, take care of yourself. Tired of troubles in this country, I propose to return to England for quiet, and I have been of late quite in the habit of associating the continuance of peace with that of your life. It is certainly the greatest of all eminences which a man can attain when the reputation he has gained in war makes his name the bulwark of his country. I wonder this proud reflection has not oftener operated in preventing successful leaders from sighing for more battles and more glory.

PERSIA AND RUSSIA.

[To COUNT WORONZOFF.]—I have heard all the news you mention about Persia; but not the nonsense to which you allude. I am, however, so sick of the speculations which our English politicians indulge upon this subject, that I seldom read them. Persia is on the eve of being in a very distracted state. The death of the present king (an event which, from the reports of his health, must be near) will throw the country into confusion. The heir-apparent will, I think, ultimately prevail; but amidst these disputes, if cool-headed men are not on the scene, both your country and mine may be led further than is good for the interests of either. I do not think it probable they will immediately come into any serious collision; but if care is not taken, the seeds of future misunderstanding will be laid, and this can only

be avoided by an open and unreserved understanding of each other's plans, which I fear seldom takes place between Courts, though the present is a case in which the usual formulas of mystery and humbug might be dispensed with to the great advantage of both parties. The desire of securing the prosperity of Georgia and your other provinces in that quarter, and promoting the trade on the Caspian, will be your motives for interfering to prevent the north-western parts of Persia being disturbed, while we shall see in any troubles that disturb the southern and eastern parts of that kingdom a check to our profitable trade with the Gulf, and discover in your coming across the Arras (whatever be the professed object) a dangerous approximation to our possessions in the East. That all this will eventually happen I have no doubt. Besides the natural action of a great military empire, there is (as my whole life has given me an opportunity of observing) an impelling power upon civilisation when in contact with barbarism that cannot be resisted. These combined causes will bring Russia forward, and there is no nation more constitutionally jealous than one which, like Great Britain, has its greatness in a considerable degree grounded upon extended commerce. Besides, the wisest of nations, or at least those who have the greatest reputation for wisdom, have a tendency to create evils by an anticipation of them, that mocks all calculation!

There is no subject upon which all my reasoning powers (such as they are) have been more exercised than on that of the relative interests of our respective countries regarding Persia; and the result is a conviction that, as our policy must be always defensive in that quarter, it can never give serious alarm to your Court, and the latter, whether we consider the unproductiveness of the soil, or the character of the inhabitants of Persia, can have no object in advancing beyond your present limits, and the peace of all within them can be easily maintained, and promoted particularly with an increased openness and good understanding of our two nations respecting their mutual interests in this part of Asia.

In considering this question I have never entered into the irrational project of an invasion of India, because, whatever alarm men might endeavour to produce by talking of, or even making preparation for such an expedition, I have been always convinced that the obstacles were of a magnitude that must prevent its ever being carried into execution.

The actual state of the British power in India must baffle all predatory efforts, and before a regular well supported invasion could be attempted, a line of communication must be made of upwards of [ ] miles through countries which are, generally speaking, either desolate, or inhabited by the most rude and barbarous tribes of the universe. These, as a part of this plan, must be civilised—no slight process; and, after all, supposing an enormous sacrifice of wealth, and of the lives of Russian soldiers, had brought their victorious standards to Delhi — that they had, as was once proposed to Buonaparte, "hung the Mogul in his grandmother's garters" — what would they do next? Where march? How would they manage the country? Could they rely on the native princes—all the turbulent tribes whom their success had emancipated from the English rule? Can it ever occur to any man in his senses that India is either worth conquering, or can be preserved by any nation that does not possess the superiority at sea? But I will not insult your good understanding by anything further upon this part of the subject. Continental Europe must leave England to subdue herself in the East before the invasion is contemplated in anything but a pamphlet.

Though a century or two must elapse before the revolution to which I have alluded happens, yet, if you and I live long, we shall hear and see as much clashing of interests upon this point as if it was a real and proximate danger. I have received late letters from Persia, stating that the King has charged his Ambassador in England to solicit my return; but I have no such wish. To a flying mission I would not object; but I want no residence there. I should like to go home through Russia, and above all delight in seeing you again. Make my kind remembrance to the friends who recollect me.

THE PROPAGATION OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

[To Dr. Marshman.]—I am flattered by your letter of the 1st September; any man must be gratified by possessing so much of the good opinion of a society like yours at Serhampore. I should, however, ill deserve the sentiments you express, if I was to have any reserve in my reply. I shall be proud to become one of the

patrons of your college, and to add my subscription to its support, if you think me worthy of the honor after the following explanations.

Though most deeply impressed with the truths of the Christian religion, and satisfied, were that only to be considered in a moral view, it would be found to have diffused more knowledge and more happiness than any other faith man ever entertained, yet I do think, from the construction of our empire in India, referring both to the manner in which it has been attained and that in which it must (according to my humble judgment) be preserved, that the English Government in this country should never, directly or indirectly, interfere in propagating the Christian religion. The pious missionary must be left unsupported by Government, or any of its officers, to pursue his labors; and I will add, that I should not only deem a contrary conduct a breach of faith to those nations, whom we have conquered more by our solemn pledges, given in words and acts, to respect their prejudices and maintain their religion, than by arms, but likely to fail in the object it sought to accomplish, and to expose us eventually to more serious dangers than we have ever yet known.

The reasons for this opinion I have more than once had occasion publicly to state; I shall not, therefore, trouble you with the repetition.

I come now to the second part of the subject, and your more immediate concern—that of spreading knowledge.

In contemplating the probable future destiny of our extraordinary empire in Asia, it is impossible not to think but that the knowledge we are so actively introducing may, in the course of time, cause great changes; but how these may affect our power is a question that the wisest of us will find it difficult to answer. I must ever think that to impart knowledge is to impart strength to a community, and that, as that becomes enlightened, the love of independence, combined with a natural pride in self-government, which God appears to have infused into the spirit of man and of nations, will be too strong for all the lessons of duty, of meekness, and of gratitude to their intellectual benefactors that we can teach our Indian subjects; but I am not deterred by the possibility (nor should I be by the probability) of such consequences from being the advocate for their instruction in all the arts of civil life.

We live in an age which is above such policy, and we belong to a country which has recently made itself too conspicuous for destroying the fetters which had for ages enslaved the body, to tolerate arguments in support of a system for keeping the human mind in ignorance of any knowledge that is calculated to promote its happiness; but the question here assumes its most difficult shape. It is the nature of the knowledge, and the mode we pursue in imparting it, that is likely to make the difference between its proving a curse or a blessing to India; between its supporting (at least for a long period) our power over that quarter of the globe, or accelerating its downfall. Enthusiasm or over-zeal is quite competent to effect the latter, while the former requires for its accomplishment a steadiness of purpose, a clearness of head, and a soberness of judgment that are seldom found united with that intentness on the object which is also quite essential. I wish, my dear sir, I could be certain that your successors in the serious task you propose would have as much experience as you and your fellow-labourers at Serhampore—that they would walk, not run, in the same path—I would not then have to state one reserve; I should be assured it would be considered as safer to commence by giving a good deal of knowledge to a few than a little to many; that efforts would be limited to countries where the people are familiar with our Government, and would understand the object; that men, in short, would be satisfied with laying the foundation-stone of a good edifice, and not hazard their own object and incur danger (for in all precipitate or immature attempts of this nature there is great danger) by desiring to accomplish in a day what must be the work of a century.

I have given you my sentiments as fully as I can in this short letter. I really have not time to enter now into details. I hope this explanation will be satisfactory; but it is a justice I owe to you and to myself to declare, that while I shall be proud to be a patron, and to support the plan now proposed, I shall steadfastly and conscientiously oppose (as far as I have the power) any deviation from the original principles, or any departure from that moderate spirit of gradual and rational improvement in which it has originated, and in which I have no doubt it will be conducted.

I beg my respects to Mr. Carey, and Mr. Warde. I have received the latter's second volume, and congratulate him on the completion of his book.

ROBBER CLANS.

[To Walter Scott.]—I am flattered by what you say relative to my return. I can assure you that not all the "pomp and circumstance" of my station—no, not all the better motive of consciousness of doing good upon the great scale—can wean me from the ardent desire of revisiting Faderland; yet I have to tempt me complete authority, military and political, over a range as large as England and Scotland. It is my chief business to keep the peace in this lately distracted quarter, and I have been successful beyond my most sanguine expectations. The largest folks are quiet, but the difficulty is to keep the Rob Roys under.

That you may understand how exactly we have Black Mail, I send you extracts of one of my last published letters to the Secretary to Government. To make you understand one of my friends that collect the black mails, take the following anecdotes (all of which have occurred within the last ten days) of Nadir Bheel. This petty chief has his mountain home within eighteen miles of my camp. He rules over the Bheels, or hill robbers, in the vicinity, and has for ten years had the whole country above the hills to Indore, and below them to Moheysir in the Nerbudda, under annual contribution. This revenue is independent of the plunder of all who pass near his country; and armies have in vain tried to hunt him down, or to guard against his depredations. I found near my camp upwards of forty villages, roofless. The inhabitants, whom I sent for, to repeople them, told all the same story: Nadir Bheel had, on a real or pretended failure of Thankahs, destroyed them. I sent to this redoubted hero an offer of peace or war, and after a long negotiation he came into my camp. He had never ventured to put himself in any one's power before, and it was, to use the figurative but natural language of the country, the tiger of the forest walking quietly into man's abode. The day he came in I lost some cattle, and had a Sepoy wounded by some other Bheels—not his subjects. I told Nadir, at his first visit, I was delighted to see him, but that others were jealous, and meant to give me a slight opinion of his power by attacking my people the day he came in. He fired up, as I expected, and begged that I would leave to him the task of avenging the insult. It was what I wished. He sent out a party, and two days afterwards he came to see me, in great glee, having retaken the cattle, which

were given to the owners. For me, Nadir said, smiling, he had a better present. A man was brought in prisoner. "That," said he, "is the head of a Para" (a little colony of the fellows concerned in this robbery). "The principal rogue has got off wounded; but show what you have in your hand," said he to the prisoner, in a fierce tone. The man held out a coarse netting, in which I saw a man's head with a long beard. While I was struck with horror, Nadir continued, exultingly, "That is the head of this principal rogue's brother. But this is nothing," he added (as I waved for the prisoner to be carried away); "I will send you fifty heads pickled in salt—they will not keep otherwise." I told him, if any of the Bheels, in spite of the warning they got, persevered in their robberies, I should not quarrel with his measures, however severe, against such lawless fellows.

Nadir is not five feet high; rather fairer than his tribe in general; his countenance good, even handsome, if it had not been destroyed by the marks of constant dissipation. Knowing his fondness for liquor, I sent him some brandy. The savage had never before seen a bottle, and he told me, when inspired to rapture by its contents, "that certainly the handsomest thing in the world was an English bottle full of liquor, and the cleverest was a steel thing that went round and round and opened its mouth!"

He went away in high good humor. I took into service early a hundred of his retainers, prevailed upon the Government to make an agreement for a regular payment of the Black Mail, and obtained a large grant (rent-free for five years) of waste land, which he promised to cultivate. All my plans were complete, when a man, last night, came to me breathless, saying he had fled from the woods just as Nadir, in a fit of passion, inhumanly murdered Bappoo, his chief commander, who has been employed with me. I know not what will become of this, but it is more like Helen Macgregor than Rob Roy.

MANAGEMENT OF THE NATIVES OF INDIA.

[To Mountstuart Elphinstone.]—The fault I find with what you term the younger politicians (counting yourself *a Reish Suffeid*, or greybeard) is not so much that they despise the Natives and Native Governments, but that they are impatient of abuses, and too eager for reform. I do not think they know so

well as we old ones what a valuable gentleman Time is; how much better work is done, when it does itself, than when done by the best of us.

There cannot be a severer trial to an active, humane, and just mind, than to condemn it to associate with those who govern Native States. It requires all the lessons of long experience, combined with a constant recollection of what is good for our general policy, not our local interests, to stand such a trial; and the worst is, that in such situations the best agents of Government are those who make the least show. Happy would it be if we were always appreciated by the quiet around us, and the rareness of our interference beyond what was forced upon us to keep the peace; but here, as elsewhere, there is too often a game to be played, an impression to be made, and trifles are magnified till men swell themselves and work to bull size, and lead themselves and their superiors away from those clear and simple rules and principles which are essential to keep right every part of this great machine.

What I fear most on our present extensive scale is the number and opposite modes, if not principles, of agents acting within what may almost be termed the same sphere, supposing instructions the same; still, where the distance of the seat of power is so great, there will be a difference of action that will cause much embarrassment. In the present state of our political power this will be found in a degree it never has before. A Resident at Mysore, or at Lucknow, &c., had before the same task which now belongs to all our representatives; but these states, before late events, were, as far as related to their political condition, insulated. The case is now altered. We are obliged to act the moment the peace of any district, province, or kingdom, from Cape Comorin to Delhi, is disturbed.

It requires, therefore, more unity of system, than we yet have established, to succeed. The first great object is that we should be understood; that every native of any intelligence should know when we will interfere, and when we will not. This knowledge is alike essential for the confidence of the higher classes and the comfort and prosperity of the lower; without it the former will dread to exercise the functions that belong to them in the community, and the latter, in vain efforts to escape the pressure of the authorities under which they live, will lose their time and their temper in seeking prompt redress of political evils, which, under

a change of circumstances such as has taken place, may be expected to remedy themselves. The natives of India, to understand a point of this nature, must be spoken to by actions, not words; and it is only by our conduct being everywhere the same, by a general consistency of proceedings on the part of all our agents, that they can be brought to comprehend or believe that a nation possessing the power of taking the whole country, and turning it to the immediate profit of individuals and the State, can be led by any causes to abstain from so doing.

The difficulty of making such impressions I know thoroughly. A sense of their ultimate importance in a country like Malwah has led me for the last eighteen months to deny myself a private moment even at meals, and to be ready to hear every human being that had a complaint or a representation to make. There is not one in a hundred to whom I can give relief, or interfere in his business; but I explain minutely to all the causes of not hearing him, and the principles upon which our Government acts. The same story is gone over a hundred times a day for a twelvemonth. I often notice those around me smiling, and at a loss whether to think me wise or foolish; but the effect is produced as far as the explanation is heard, or the person to whom it is given trusted and believed by others. It comes from the fountain head in this quarter, and the potail of one village tells another to be quiet, and make the best of his condition, as Malcolm-Sahib himself told him, in such and such cases, he would not, nay, he could not, interfere. I of course lesson those acting under my orders to act in a similar manner; but I have found, when an agent, acting from a different view from that I took, adopted, on a sense of local expediency, any measure (however apparently insignificant) contrary to my principle, that the report spread like wildfire, that hopes of a change in my resolution were cherished, and this example pleaded by persons, whom it was impossible to think could ever have heard of it.

CONTROL OF THE NATIVE STATES.

[To MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE.] — The control which we are hereafter to exercise over the internal government of the Guickowar is a very difficult point, and one which must depend more upon the disposition and talents of the Resident than any

rules that can be laid down for his guidance. We must trust much to the constant reiteration of good general principles, and to that confidence which must in time be inspired by our abstaining from minute interference. Though desirous of improvement, we must, particularly at first, be tolerant, or rather unobservant, of those abuses which belong more or less to all Native Governments. We have a right to expect that if the prince is not competent to the direct management of his own affairs, he will nominate a man of respectability and reputed integrity to be minister. But I would not influence this choice more than by objection to any person that was different, or notorious for bad qualities.

It is a great object to make the Guickowar State liquidate its debts; till this is done it is not able to perform its duties as an ally. A defined plan, therefore, should be adopted to effect this object; but when that is agreed upon by you and the prince, and he and his ministers engage to carry it into execution, nothing but complete failure on their part would warrant our interference with the officers they employed to collect the revenue, or for directing the funds to the objects in view. By exciting their pride, and putting everything on their own responsibility, we may attain their cordial concurrence in the accomplishment of this desirable end. But give the Resident the power of protesting against the nomination of their inferior officers, and you make it a duty with him to do so in all cases where he has doubts of the character of individuals whose merits or demerits no person in his situation can learn from disinterested sources; an objection to one or two may force an appointment of a person of whom his information (which in such case is likely to be partial and imperfect) gives him a better opinion. One such instance, by proclaiming a divided power in the exercise of the patronage of the State, paralyses the weaker Government in such a degree as to destroy it as an instrument of rule, and gives rise to all species of intrigue and misrepresentation.

The *Outs* in India are, if possible, more active and full of cabals than those in England. The slightest indication of encouragement makes them rush to the attack, and in cases like that you have to manage, I am convinced there is no safety but in keeping to broad and distinct lines, and giving every possible chance to the inferior State of becoming equal to its functions. I speak here of the right of interference in the Resident. It is his

duty to conciliate the friendship of both the prince and his minister, and to offer in a mode that cannot injure the impression of their power every advice and admonition; but unless in some very flagrant case—the appointment of some man of such notorious and proved bad fame that the objection occurs to all the Guzerat world as a matter of course—I would give the Resident no power of interfering with the nomination of these inferior officers. The Resident should hear no complaints except those that involve matters connected with Company's troops or subjects with foreign states or chief tributaries, or that relate to the preservation of the internal peace of the country. To hear even, or allow those under him to hear, any other complaints or appeals, is virtually to deprive the Government, which you profess an intention to support, of the power of rule, by taking away from it that respect and confidence on which its ability to fulfil its function can alone be grounded.

This is the most difficult of all parts of our controlling Government, for it is one upon which all the native atmosphere around the Resident constantly presses him. The motives of our conduct in this particular are quite unintelligible to natives. Unacquainted with our alarm at extending our direct power, they cannot comprehend why we should not make the most of all the advantages fortune has given us. An old able rogue now in my service, who has played no mean part in the troubles of the last thirty years, often says to me, "I have lived so long and so well upon the disputes and complaints of others, that I shall never get reconciled to your doctrine upon these subjects." I believe he hardly yet thinks me serious.

I conclude you do not mean, when you say that the expenditure must be necessarily under the Resident's control, that he should regulate all its details, but that he should see engagements that have been agreed upon fulfilled, old debts liquidated, and no new ones incurred, and also that the servants of the State, particularly the army, are not in arrears. He should certainly have access to accounts if he requires it, to fulfil this part of his duty; but it will be a great point if a good choice of a minister makes his duties general, for a constant and minute investigation of accounts will lead not only to vexation and trouble, but engender deception and misstatement. All you propose about the army and family of the Guickowar appears unobjectionable, except that I should

like that he could be induced, as an experiment, to fix the pay of the contingent in Malwah. Regarding this, however, I wrote fully before. I am alike a friend to employing, to aid the Resident in the duties you propose, an able native, or even more than one, as I am to giving them high pay. We can have no other claim upon their integrity; but such should be kept as a mere servant of the Resident. Elevate him in any way into a public servant, with distinct responsibility, or even a right to his employment beyond the will or convenience of the Resident, and you incur a hazard of raising a native to an influence that may disturb your plans.

CONSTITUTION OF THE BRITISH-INDIAN GOVERNMENT, AND MAINTENANCE OF THE NATIVE STATES.

[To Major Stewart.]—I proposed sixteen years ago that the Supreme Government should be relieved from attention to the details of a Presidency. To load the Governor-General of India, upon its present scale, with the cares of a factory, appears too absurd, but then how to relieve it is a most difficult question; for what men, who view our possessions in this quarter on a large and, I presume, a just scale, deem comparatively a trifling part of the concern, stands in the first rank with many of our masters in England. It is altogether a strange anomaly, and most difficult to correct; for how to amend the Direction, and to give it a better character for its altered duties, without weakening that mound which stands between India and the corrupt patronage of England, I confess I do not know. The present constitution of the Indian Government in England has many defects, but it has great and substantial advantages. The Directors, without the power of doing mischief, can prevent it. Their general ignorance (there are a few distinguished exceptions) of the affairs of India does good. It prevents in most cases (particularly on large points) that active and minute interference which, in a body so very remote, must do harm. On the whole, then, I believe this part of the constitution must be left to improve itself; or, if any alteration is made, it must be with great care. A considerable change has taken place. The decline of the shipping interests is a progress to an imperceptible but actual change. If the trade with the continent of India ever proved a loss (and many able men have conjectured

it would), its being abandoned would greatly alter both the duties and the character of the Court.

On what would result from the loss of their army I will not speculate, but conclude this part of the subject with expressing my opinion (and it is that of a man who has received nothing but favors from the Throne, and neglect from the India House), that if ever there shall cease to be an intermediate body between the Crown and India of sufficient strength to shield the latter from encroachment, we shall soon cease to have any trouble in governing this vast empire.

A change of system in the local government of India is quite indispensable. It will force itself, and every day it is delayed will be at the hazard of embarrassment and confusion. There is no difficulty, fortunately, in this measure but what may arise from the cause to which I have alluded in the Direction—unreasonable prejudices, and an abstract dislike of change, carried so far as to hate it even when for the better. Of the necessity of emancipating the Supreme Government from the drudgery of the shop I have already given my opinion; and to save you and myself trouble upon other points, I enclose copies of several letters I have lately written, referring to the actual condition of India, and to the changes required in the mode of government, particularly where that new and different species of rule is to be tried which is to control clusters of states and communities, and to preserve them in temper and in peace without interfering with their internal administration or arrangements. This is, believe me, under the most favorable circumstances, no easy machinery to conduct, and once out of order, almost impossible to be repaired; yet you have your choice betwixt this and an indent upon Hertford College and Addiscombe for one thousand writers and five thousand cadets, and Feringy Raj all over India!

This, perhaps, must come at last; but it is the duty of every man who understands the real interests of his country to use all his efforts to avert it as long as possible. The Native Governments are abused as intolerably bad; why, even in this view, the very contrast of their government with ours is strength. Make all India into zillahs, and I will assert it is not in the order of things, considering the new sentiments that must be infused—the operation (unchecked by comparison) of that dislike to rule which all human beings have, and that depression and exclusion from all

high rank and fame, civil or military, of more than a crore of men, which must be the consequence of the establishment of our direct authority—that our empire should last fifty years; but if we can contrive to keep up a number of Native States without political power, but as royal instruments, we shall, I believe, exist in India as long as we maintain our naval superiority in Europe; beyond this date it is impossible. But, on the other hand, while we have that superiority, no European enemy (not even the redoubted Russians) can shake our Eastern throne, if we have wisdom enough (which I doubt) not to destroy ourselves!

RESULTS OF CONQUEST.

[To Major Stewart.]—The large work has been done. India is subdued. The very minds of its inhabitants are for the moment conquered; but neither its former history nor our experience warrants our expectation that these feelings will be permanent. We have never, during the whole period of our rule, gained a province by our arms in which we have not found a reaction, after the inhabitants were recovered from the stun of the first blow. Can we expect this last and greatest of our strides will be exempt from this evil—that the elements we have scattered, but not destroyed, will perish of themselves? They may; but such a result is against all history and all experience, and is, therefore, not to be anticipated.

Though I foresee danger, I by no means intend to state that we may not prevent, or that we shall not conquer it; but this I will aver, that the Government of India, during the next four or five years, will require more care, more knowledge, and more firmness than it has ever done since we possessed that country. With the means we have, the work of force is comparatively easy. Our habits and the liberality of the principles of our government give grace to conquest, and men are for the *moment* satisfied to be at the feet of a generous and humane conqueror. Tired and disgusted with their own anarchy, the loss of power even is not regretted. Halcyon days are anticipated, and they prostrate themselves in hopes of elevation. All these impressions made by the combined effects of power, humanity, and fortune, are improved to the utmost by the character of the first rule established over them. The agents employed by Government are generally

men who had acquired a name in the very scene in which they had to act. They are instructed to conciliate, and, unfettered by rules, their measures are shaped to soothe the passions and assimilate with the habits and prejudices of those whom they had to attach to the interests or to reduce to obedience to the British Government. But there are many causes which operate to make this period of short duration. The change from it to that of a colder course of policy in our political agents, and the introduction of our laws and regulations into countries immediately dependent upon us, is that of agitation and alarm. It is the hour in which men awake from a dream. Disgust and discontent succeed to terror and admiration. The princes, chiefs, and other principal persons who had been supported by the character of our first intercourse, see nothing but a system that dooms them to certain decline. They have, like weak and falling men, deluded themselves with better hopes; but delusion is ever rendered more insufferable by being of our own creation. I shall not at present dwell upon the means necessary to prevent or remedy these evils in territories subject to our own sway, but proceed to the question as it affects our political relations in general, and particularly those with D. R. Scindiah. I am alike an enemy to that minute and vexatious interference with Native States which contradicts the purpose for which we maintain them in existence, and lessens the power where it does not altogether destroy the utility of an instrument of government which the obligations of faith or the dictates of policy compel us to use, as I am to that system which, satisfied with a dependent state fulfilling the general conditions of its alliance, gives a blind support to the governing power, however ruinous its measures to the prosperity of the country and the happiness of its inhabitants.

If policy requires that we should govern a considerable part of India through its native princes and chiefs, it is our duty to employ all our influence and all our power to strengthen, instead of weakening, these royal instruments of rule. No speculation of comparative improvement or better administration should lead us aside from this path. The general good that is effected by our remaining in it must always overbalance any local benefit that could be derived from quitting it. If forced by circumstances to depart from this course, better assume the direct sovereignty of the country at once than leave to the mock and degraded instru-

ments of our power any means of avenging themselves upon a State which renders them the debased tools of its Government.

Those who are the supporters of a system that leaves a State, which our overshadowing friendship has shut out from the sunshine of that splendor which once gave lustre almost to its vices, to die by its own hand—to perish unaided by us amid that putrefaction which has been produced by an internal administration consequent to our alliance—can have no rational argument but that the speediest death of such Government is the best, because it brings them soonest to the point at which we can (on grounds that will be admitted as legitimate both in India and England) assume the country, and give it the benefits of our direct rule. But this is the master-evil against which we are to guard. Territory is coming too fast upon us. We cannot prevent accessions, and the period may arrive when the whole peninsula will be under our immediate rule; but every consideration requires this period to be delayed, and every effort should be made to regulate a march in which we must proceed. No additional province can now be desirable but as it furnishes us with positive means of supporting that general peace which is alike essential for the prosperity of our provinces and the preservation of those whom it is our policy to maintain as rulers.

APPOINTMENT TO HIGH OFFICE OF THE MILITARY SERVANTS OF THE COMPANY.

[To Mr. Canning.]—There can be no doubt, as I am distinctly informed by several letters from the India House, that it was the circumstance of Mr. Elphinstone's being a civil servant which principally promoted his success. I was aware, when despair of obtaining military command before I was superannuated, led me to seek a civil government, of all the prejudices I had to overcome. The general objection against the elevation of any servant of the Company to such high station had only one rational ground to rest upon—that of their want of knowledge of the government of their own country; or, in other words, their being *too Indian*. To remove this, I devoted four years, in which I might have rendered myself affluent (had that been the leading object of my life), to a residence in England, and a study of the constitution of my country, and particularly of those links which

connect it with its great and extraordinary empire in Asia. The next feeling I had to combat was one against the promotion to a civil government of a military servant of the Company (many King's officers had been raised to those high stations); and here, also, I thought I had been successful, and congratulated myself not more on the prospect of my personal advancement than at having contributed by my efforts to remove a bar which I had ever considered, both as it related to individuals and the public, to be as invidious as it was unjust and impolitic. Though I am still convinced (I must otherwise have lost my memory) that a great majority of the Court of Directors were consenting to my elevation, and though I am assured that I have done nothing since I left England that should have lessened the favor of that body, I could not expect, when circumstances led to my name being brought forward in equal competition with that of a civil servant of the highest character, that the feelings of partiality towards that branch of the service would not operate to my disadvantage. I am very far from imputing any such wish to you; on the contrary, I am assured you desired my success, and by placing me first on the list *(primus inter pares)* you indicated that sentiment as far as the nature of the proceeding which you deemed it your duty to adopt would permit. I am, my dear Sir, compelled to refer the very decided preference that was given by the Court to Mr. Elphinstone, when our names were brought before them in an official manner, to the prejudice I have noticed; or to admit that his late services were greater than mine in a proportion that outweighed my claim, grounded on seniority, and I cannot forget that I had reached the highest station in the political line at the period when Mr. Elphinstone first entered it; and since that I am not disposed to admit I have been passed by any man in the race.

I do not mean by any observations I have made upon this subject to affirm that the civil service is not higher than the military, or to represent the latter as having as officers any pretensions whatever to political or civil stations; but when long employment and acknowledged competence in these branches of the service bring a military man prominently forward, there should be no bar to his promotion. When arrived at a stage when he can stand in such competition, he must be considered to have passed all those obstacles which, speaking generally, limit

men to the duties of their professions. To pursue him when so far advanced with that prejudice which formed a very proper and reasonable bar to his first rise, is as unjust as it relates to the individual as it is unwise in reference to the interest of the State. This particularly applies to such an empire as that we have founded in India; for we can dispense with no talent or experience that is necessary for its government, and every principle that goes to repress a fair and honorable ambition in men, who desire to qualify themselves for this arduous task, is to be condemned. I speak of this subject more at liberty from considering that I have no longer that personal interest which I had in the question. I am never likely to be a candidate for another Indian Government.

I observe you think, if my name alone had been brought forward, that the very converse of the feeling I have supposed would have been excited—that you would have been charged with a desire of preferring military men exclusively to such high civil stations. This would have been very unjust. My nomination, had it occurred, would have been more of an exception to a rule than a precedent for one. I should have been the first Company's military servant, since the appointment of Lord Clive to be Governor-General (a period of more than half a century), that had held the office of civil Governor on the continent of India.

NATIVE AGENCY AND NATIVE INTRIGUE.

[To Mr. Williams.]—Leave my school whenever its principles become burdensome. When indolence, with all its concomitants of impatience and hasty judgment seizes possession of your mind, then take to your hookah, drink your glass heartily, listen with complacency to some artful dewan or fawning moonshee whose life is devoted to the discovery of your superior talents, and the treachery and falsehood of the black rascals with whom you have concern. If (which God forbid) you ever go off in this style, I shall pray for you to be without my pale; but as I believe you still in it, I must tell you that the great duty which political agents in your situation owe the Government, is to effect good work with bad instruments. You would have no merit if Sevajee were a different character; but you will have a great deal if, being what you represent him, you can, by kindness

and attention, mixed with temper and judgment, render him a useful ruler and good ally. Nothing can do this but frequent personal communication, and strict adherence to understood principles, particularly with regard to the degree of interference in his affairs. What he seems most to want is confidence, and he has, evidently, many mean qualities; but if we exercise a general control (abstaining from all small or detail work) in a manner that shows nothing excites our regret or displeasure but misrule, nothing meets our approbation and support but good government, it is almost impossible but the end we have in view must be gained, that is, provided we act ourselves. But the moment we allow khans, pundits, moonshees, or any animals to mix, there is a dabbling and intriguing that gives the work a perfectly new character. These animals fight in our name for their own objects. They are acquainted with our temper and failings, and our prejudices; they watch our passions, and study the very moment best suited to the tale that is to make the impression; then charge upon him, whom they desire to depreciate, the faults which their arts have led him to commit.

I do not say this is the case at Baroda, but it is the case at most Native Courts I have seen. Using natives as much as most men, my life has passed in endeavours by personal labor to counteract this evil, and I have been tolerably successful; but still I have been often deceived. Still, I continue at my object, for it is one of primary importance. It is, whether we are to manage what remains of India, not directly under British authority, through national princes and their ministers, or through natives in our service, acting on our support, and in our name. There are cases where interference of this description cannot be avoided; but it leads direct to changes that I deprecate; and I therefore hope you will keep from it as long as you can. As far as my school is concerned, I shall not be satisfied its principles have had fair play unless an honorable disciple like James Williams gives them a trial for two or three years. I will have none of your Dodojees Bobojees, or your pundits or your khans, to make the experiment.

KING-MAKING—THE NEW SOVEREIGNTY OF OUDE.

[To Mr. Gerald Wellesley.]—"His Majesty" of Oude makes me sick. If the King of Delhi was in fact an absurdity or

a mockery (I do not admit it was either), it had its root in a wise conformance to usage, in a generous consideration of the feelings of fallen greatness. It was the veneration of a great power that had passed away; and the superstition that continued to give homage to the shrine which we had addressed to propitiate our rise, was sanctioned by the example of the wisest among nations. There was little except goodness in it. The expenditure was fully repaid in the return of impression, and before we came in direct intercourse with the imperial object of our bounty and consideration, all the danger, if not the embarrassment, that might under other circumstances have been anticipated from the inconsistency between his name and power, had been done away, beyond, as far as I can judge, the most remote apprehension of its ever being revived.

I have heard and read enough upon the opposite side of this question; but I have seen and known enough to treat all abstract wisdom on such points as folly. Bacon has told us what shrunken things the minds of most men would be if stripped of their vanities and pretensions; but where would you leave states, if you were to knock away the thousand props, seen and unseen, by which they were supported? many and some of the strongest of which have their foundation in what one of your *mere* general politicians or authors would pronounce, justly enough, folly, prejudice, ignorance, and absurdity. When we can get a world made of other compounds than the present, such a man may succeed with his system; but while the great majority are foolish, prejudiced, and ignorant, it must be by conforming to their character, by gaining their passions and feelings, as well as what little reason they possess, to his side, and not by outraging them, that the great objects of Government will be answered, and the foundation laid for such gradual and slow reform as a *really* wise man would alone attempt.

But though I am for the above reasons disposed to give and countenance worship at an old and venerable though decayed shrine, would I permit others that are dependent on me to proclaim their contempt of what I am content to venerate? Would I create (for in this case permission is creation), a golden calf, and allow him to throw off his nominal subordinate title, and assume equality with the degraded representative of a line of monarchs to whom his ancestors have for ages been really or nominally

subject? But this question has a more serious consideration attached to it. The King of Oude has great means; he has immense treasures, numerous subjects, and an extended territory. Is the royal title he has been encouraged or allowed to assume calculated to put him more in love with his actual dependence upon the British Government, or is it likely to inflate him, or some of his successors, with notions irreconcileable to their condition? These opinions (which, however, are only to yourself) are, I believe, similar to what you entertain upon this subject. It is one of no slight magnitude. The matter came by surprise on me, and I am yet ignorant of the causes which led to its adoption. Had I been aware of such an intention, I should have urged all the reasons that occurred to me against it; and among these, I should have stated the impolicy of disturbing a point that was at rest.

I have heard it urged that Tippoo usurping the title of Sultan caused no sensation, while others have argued that a variety of heads divide the Mahomedans. To the first, I answer that it was not the fact. Tippoo became more unpopular among Mahomedans from throwing off his nominal dependence upon the Mogul, than all the acts of his life; and on the 5th of May (the day after he was slain), Meer Allum solicited me to allow him to proceed with an immense concourse to the principal mosque, that he might vindicate the honor of the House of Delhi, and make reparation to the insulted feelings of those who (like the Nizam, his master) still professed allegiance to Shah Allum, by reading the Kutbah in that monarch's name at the only place in India where it had been discontinued. With regard to the division of Mahomedan feelings, we have had the experience of nearly a century to prove it could not have had a more innocent point of union (if it is stated to be such) than in a common veneration for the powerless, pensioned representative of the family of Timour.

I have that respect for both Lord Hastings and his councillors, that there must, I think, be strong reasons* for this act. I have written to Metcalfe to ask them; and after all, it is not impugning the wisdom or policy of the measure, to say it has not my concurrence, where it is sanctioned by that of abler men.

* The strong reasons were a crore of rupees (a million sterling) which, in effect, the Nabob Wuzeer paid for the title which Lord Hastings allowed him to bear.

IRREGULAR TROOPS.

[To Colonel James Skinner.]—I am glad you propose to give a short memoir of your corps. If written, as I have no doubt it will, with the same clear conciseness, and in the same spirit of modesty and truth which marks your letter to the *Calcutta Journal*, it will be a most valuable document.

With respect to the merits of our Irregular Horse, you know my sentiments. We have both in our own service, and as auxiliaries, many excellent bodies of this class of soldiers. Yours are the best I have ever seen of the former description, though, I believe, some of the Rohilla Corps are very good. But you have had great advantages, and have made admirable use of them. I do not mean to flatter when I say you are as good an Englishman as I know; but you are also a Native Irregular, half-born and fully bred amid them, understand their characters, enter into their prejudices, can encourage without spoiling them, know what they can—and, what is more important—what they cannot do. The superiority of your corps rests upon a foundation that no others have. Your Ressaldars are men, generally speaking, not only of character, but of family. Those under them are not only their military, but their natural dependents. These are links which it is difficult for the mere European officer to keep up. He too often runs upon smart men, promotes (perhaps a man of low family and indifferent character among themselves) for some gallant action, and then ascribes to envy, jealousy, and all unworthy motives, the deficiency in respect and obedience of those under him, forgetting the great distance between Regular and Irregular corps on this point. Your personal kindness and generosity to your corps has also effected much, and I have ever found, in Hindostan fourteen years ago, and in Malwah during the last two, that every horseman of your corps considers, whether his duty requires him to act against the enemy or to protect the inhabitants, that he has your good name in his keeping. This, I delight in observing, is a master-motive on all occasions.

To conclude with my opinion upon Irregular Horse. Independent of the policy of keeping in pay, or in the service of our allies, a considerable number of this class, I do not, on the scale we now are, understand how we can operate in the field without them; but everything depends on their good management. They

are no more fit for the duties of Regular Cavalry than the latter are for theirs. They are our light troops, and, as such, have their distinct place. To take them out of that is their ruin. You know it is my opinion that you have gone to the very verge of making bad Regulars of admirable Irregulars.

EVILS OF TOO MUCH INTERFERENCE.

[To Captain Tod.]—I fear if we met, you might think some of my principles had a spirit of indolence in them. I try hard to quiet what is agitated, but disturb nothing that is at all at rest. I adopt no measure that I can avoid which has any retrospect of former events (and I style all such before 1817, taking that as the date of the establishment of our paramount power); not but that I see many that are good, but because I desire to be understood, and fear to give alarm. I should dread men saying to one another, Where will the interference of Malcolm-Sahib stop? Now, with this rule, I should be frightened at talking about, much less acting, in any way that went to reform of rights and tenures of lands. In my quarter, it is a series of illegitimacy, usurpation, and confusion of title, from right to left. You have, probably, a different scene. There is, however, one thing of which I am convinced, which is, the slower we go the better. I should be glad to make you a convert to a doctrine which, by diminishing your labor, would give the public a better chance of the continuance of your services.

EVILS OF DIVIDED AUTHORITY.

[To Mr. Jenkins.]—I will send you any papers I find bearing upon the management of new countries. Had you given your sentiments earlier about the Valley of the Nerbudda, I think we should hardly have had (what we seem now threatened with) countries containing the same inhabitants, divided between two British authorities, governing indistinct portions of the same people in opposite ways, both as to the form and substance of rule. This cannot increase their respect for either our wisdom or consistency, and must, I think, create much confusion. Your early report upon the subject may prevent any of these effects. But after all, our concern (which is every day increasing, and must

increase) is altogether too large and complicated for the existing form of our Government. But indolence, dislike of change, the dread of the Directors, the love of exercising power, even in its minutest fractions, will long prevent any of those great and wise measures which could alone avert those evils which are the natural concomitants of our altered condition. We shall travel to ends which I conscientiously believe might be safely attained in a few months, through years of vexation and trouble, if not danger.

[To Mr. James Stuart.]—My present situation is, in point of allowance, as good as I could desire. Its duties are both large and important; but you must, in your provisions for their execution when I go, enter more than you have yet done into their nature and extent, or you will have collision and confusion. It is true what you state regarding several of the present appointments in India being in actual power nearly what I suggest. But, as far as I can judge, much more is required, than has been done, before they can be efficient to their complex and increasing functions; but I will not revive this subject. I shall only suggest, that whatever arrangements you may propose for this quarter, the day is yet distant when you can trust to common routine; and depend upon it, you can have no danger worse than the multiplication of petty and distinct authorities. Till the scene is more settled, you must have men of calibre at the remoter parts of your dominions whose name and weight will supply the wants of an undefined system. We have duties as lords paramount of quite a novel description, and which, to be understood, must be seen and judged upon the spot. I wish you could come through Malwah on your way to England, and be convinced of this fact.

[To Mr. Adam.]—I can already perceive that I am not wrong in the predictions I early made of the increasing difficulties that would come upon us when past miseries were forgotten, and the feelings of gratitude which states and individuals released from their oppressors entertained for their liberators were changed for those sentiments of envy and dislike, if not hatred, with which all who exercise rule regard those by whose power, even when protected, they are overshadowed; but it will depend upon your wisdom how far the difficulties to which I have alluded, and

which are inseparable from your power, are gradually diminished or increased.

We have, as far as I can judge, no chance of completely overcoming them but by constituting as a permanent part of the system, not as a temporary stop-gap expedient, one high and controlling authority, with ample means to manage and direct the whole. The events of the last two months point out the necessity of this measure in a very remarkable manner. The death of the Nabob of Bhopal, that of the Maha-rao of Kotah, the infirm state of Zalim Singh, and the mutiny in Scindiah's army, have set three of your political agents (all good and able men) in action, and each has very properly limited himself, and will continue to limit himself, to his own work, and will form plans and call for troops according to his own view of the particular interests of which he has charge, and this in a country yet new to our touch, and in which interests and territories are so intermixed that no negotiation or operation can take place without vibrating through the whole. I can assure you that my mind has suffered so much lately from thinking what was expected from me, and how *little* real power I had, compared to what should belong to the station I *fill* and to my responsibility, that had I not been induced by other circumstances to leave India, I must have seriously represented my situation, with a desire to have it remedied, or a petition to be relieved. As it is, I can only repeat my opinion, that if you give any successor to me, you should make all within his circle obedient to his instructions. If you desire to portion out the management and control of the countries among Residents, be as defined as possible in their limits and respective powers; then trust to their good tempers, good understanding with each other, and to the goodness of an all-seeing and protecting Providence.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG POLITICAL.

[To Captain S——.]—No man mistakes his own character more than you do. You have plenty of qualifications (beyond a linguist), but you want spring and confidence in your own excellent abilities. All now depends upon yourself. The situation you are now named to will be one of use to you and the public, as you choose. If you do nothing unasked,—if you, dreading respon-

sibility, and not being in love with every-day exertion, limit yourself to a mere obedience of orders, why, you will prevent harm, but do little more; but if, rousing yourself to what belongs to your qualities and pretensions, you take a view of the large tract and wild tribes assigned as a noble field for mental and bodily exertion, as one in which you can do yourself credit, your country good, and bring blessings on your name by converting to order and civilisation thousands of miserable robbers, who, while they are wretched themselves, are a bane to society, you will elevate your own character and promote the views and interests of Government. I expect you will do all this. You should begin by making yourself master of the geography of the country, and of the history, character, and habits of its inhabitants. I shall look for an early and able report upon the general outlines of the whole—minute inquiry must do the rest.

BLESSING OF SELF-CONTENT.

[To Captain Tod.]—On the subject of ambition I may speak, as I have been all my life an *aspirant*. I think on that beyond all other matters in life. We are the makers or destroyers of our own peace of mind and happiness. It is the habit we give ourselves of thinking upon such subjects, or the way in which we view them, that makes every occurrence in an ambitious man's life a subject of regret or consolation.

I have, through a breach of promise in rulers, the intrigues of opponents, and the defection of friends, seen a person who was not only my junior by twelve years in the political line, but had been under me, supersede my fair and recognised claims to a Government. I have seen another officer, whose pretensions, though great, were publicly placed by the Indian Minister below mine, raised to a Government for which I was declared not eligible. All my friends are in indignation, but I am neither in a rage nor disappointed. Two most able men who were behind me have by accident (my self-love persuades me) shot ahead; but the race is not over. The day's work is not done. Besides, how many hundreds have I beaten? It is folly, according to my doctrine, that makes us unhappy. It is presumption and an over-estimate of ourselves that renders us disappointed. This is my course of reasoning; it may be wrong, but it keeps me in spirits. You may

have formed schemes which are not realised. But take a view of the past and the future. Look to the altered condition of India. You will find yourself on a high step of a large ladder, the top of which you may in time expect to reach; but both your happiness and success depends upon your being at rest with your own mind.

GAMBLING IN THE ARMY.

[To ——.]—I must now take a liberty with you, which is less authorised by the length of our acquaintance than the impression I have received of your character. I am well acquainted with all the delicacy that is requisite for a person in my situation interfering, either by advice or otherwise, with what passes in private society amongst those who are in the performance of all their public duties under his orders and control; but there is in such matters a right of friendship which should be exercised to the utmost before there can be a ground for other admonition; and I confess my habits are such, and I go so far in the enjoyment and in the delight of seeing others enjoy every social pleasure that is within limits, that it is harder for me to draw the line than for many others. But, on the other hand, my known propensities and my hearty participation in every amusement must give me more claims, than a mere dry stick would have, to be heard as the advocate of moderation in our pleasures.

My friend Ludlow had, I know, much talk with you and your good chum the Colonel upon this subject, and it is the report he made of your being his warm auxiliary that leads me to write you in the confidential manner I now do, preferring that to a direct communication with Colonel ——, for whom, both privately and publicly, I have that regard, that I am really alarmed at the idea of hurting and annoying him. But as I do conceive that the example and encouragement given by a man of his standing, character, and popularity keep up the ball more than anything else, I must say one or two words to him through your friendly medium.

I neither have nor ever had any quarrel with that moderate card-playing which men can afford; but when it goes higher, and when nights are passed at the devil's books and dice, and when young men lose in one sitting what must distress them for months, if not

years, I cannot be indifferent. The tone of every society depends upon a few, and whatever a spirit of independence may suggest, the example of their seniors has great weight. The high qualities of our friend the Colonel as a soldier, his excellent temper and warm heart, have made him altogether a man whom a younker, and some older than younkers, would be as glad to follow to the loo or dice-table as to the charge. And yet I am sure, when he gives way to those rooted habits to which we are all more or less slaves, he must at times be as much annoyed at the inroads which gambling and bad hours make upon *health, habits,* and, I must add, good discipline, as any man in the universe. Do, my dear sir, add your influence to mine to make him refrain from a course which, in the end, must hurt himself, and, what a man of his feelings will feel more, may seriously injure others. I am not a *Radical.* I want only a temperate reform, to which we might hope to gain others. You will, I know, give me all your aid.

I do not write on this subject without experience, or without interest. I have been, in my very early years, the victim of such habits, and was only saved by the combined workings of distress from debt, and a strong call from men of whose regard I was proud, and who added to the respect I owed them as superiors all the claims of friendship.

Now, as you know, I am fond of my rubber at whist, and billiards, and my race; but both my feeling and my duty are so much against gambling to any extent that can injure men, that I look forward with regret to the necessity of limiting my own enjoyments, lest I should be *misquoted* here or elsewhere.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG OFFICER.

[To Cornet M——.]—I have received your letter, and am pleased with it. There are some points on which you are wrong. A young man like you should never be balancing about climate or expenses. If you are wanted to survey—if you get one hundred rupees, fifty rupees, or nothing—you should volunteer. Calculation about difference of expenses is stuff and nonsense. If you cannot carry a large tent, take a Goorkha and pitch under a tree. Instead of two or three horses and twenty followers, take one horse and five or six men. Instead of good dinners and the

&c., &c., &c., of Hindostan, take your curry and rice. It should be your pride to be above all these luxuries, and to give yourself up to the judgment of your superiors and the dictates of zeal. These are, however, points which depend upon your disposition; but you must try and alter that, if it leads you out of the track which can alone ensure success.

COMPULSORY COLLECTION OF SUPPLIES.

[To Colonel Ludlow.]—I allow no commissary or any other person to employ hurkarahs or chuprassies in any way but carrying letters, or with their own cattle. They must never be seen in any communication with the natives of the country either to obtain cattle, labourers, or grain. The Government money and private money will obtain these in the only way that I can ever consent to their being obtained. It must be an extraordinary emergency of real service that will ever make me infringe upon this principle. I will not do it to save any money or trouble, or to accommodate the public service, or to save John Company's cash. You say no person employs chuprassies but those that have a right. I know of no man in Malwah that has a right to send one into the country for any purpose that implies the least interference with the freedom of the natives to give or to refuse to give anything they have; and I must entreat of you to abstain as much as you possibly can from aiding the Commissariat or any public officer with your influence by applying to the vakeel or any local officer. I did this at first, but have left off. I employ no hurkarahs. Colonel Houstoun sends none into the country; and every one of the Commissariat that were caught going from their exact duty have been flogged; so that set are now in as good order as others. If we want to inspire that confidence among the natives which will secure us spontaneous service and abundant supply, we must refrain from the exercise of our commanding influence. If we commence with the latter, it is like the use of strong liquors—dram must succeed dram, and the bad habit daily grows worse.

ADVICE TO AN OLD OFFICER.

[To Colonel ——.*]—I do not yet know the plan that is in

* Colonel —— had asked Malcolm to recommend him to Government as his successor.

contemplation for the fulfilment of my numerous duties when I depart (which I soon shall), much less the person or persons meant for them. It is a subject on which I cannot intrude the name of any friend, as I feel it belongs exclusively to Lord Hastings to determine on those he thinks best fitted to the charge. I must, however, add my opinion that, while your rank and pretensions make it impossible you should commence a political career in a subordinate station, you will have to encounter many and serious difficulties before you can, at a single leap, obtain one of the first situations in the line.

It is very painful to me, my dear ——, to be obliged to throw cold water upon the hopes of one whose disappointments have been already so great; but if you are of the same temperament you were in former days, you will forgive anything but coldness and insincerity, and in the full confidence that your feelings and character are unchanged from what I knew them, I will add my opinion upon the conduct you should pursue. You have, for your period of service, been fortunate as to rank—you held the highest station, and your efforts in it have established your character, particularly with the army to which you belong. You were forced to resign station to obtain health. In the latter object (which is above all others) you have succeeded. You may have sacrificed fortune, and find some difficulty in educating a family; but, after all, what is there appalling in your prospects if you view them with confidence; but it is essential for your happiness, as well as your reputation, that you should not sink into an omedwar or expectant. If the gentlemen at Calcutta have nothing for you, join your corps, and show, as you easily can, how qualified you are to command. Accommodate (I speak with all the freedom of an old friend) your expenses and establishment to your condition, and give an example that no man can, whatever situation he may have held, be above the cheerful performance of his duties in his rank in the army. Take this course, and you will feel relief from that irksome state of mind which attends a life of expectation. I have traced for you the exact course I took myself when I last arrived in India. I obtained a month's leave to stay at Madras and a nomination to a corps (which secured me a brigade) in General Doveton's force. Though I had despatches I would not intrude myself. I was, however, called to Calcutta, and you know what has followed; but if it had been otherwise, I should

have gone to the old drill with as much heart as I did to larger work, because I should have had a pride in my independence, mixed with a confidence that, from the knowledge all had of my former services; and the fact that I was still competent to equal exertions, I must get on one way or another. You are (though perhaps in a different line) just as certain of getting on as I was; so, for God's sake, look at the service with heart, and do not present them an officer of your character and pretensions in the attitude of a rejected solicitor for every vacant situation. Depend upon it, if you do not neglect yourself, you are not of that stamp that can be long neglected by others.

EVILS OF PRECIPITATE REFORM.

[To Mr. Adam.]—It should have been a leading principle from the first, and having departed from it, you should recur to it, when opportunity offers, to have kept your old and new possessions distinct in the modes of rule. This was of vital importance where the latter contained a half-barbarous and turbulent population. I have been, my dear Adam, since I was fourteen (and that is nearly thirty-seven years), in India. The politics of that country have been my constant study for twenty-six of these years, and I need not tell you what opportunities I have enjoyed of forming a judgment of future events from experience of the past; but I will call to your mind that in almost every instance (Mysore excepted, where every pains was taken to avert the evil) when we have had an accession of territory, or of tributaries and dependents, as the result of a successful war, there have followed vexatious and expensive litigation, if not war, to complete the conquest. I am quite assured that in nine cases out of ten this has been caused by an unwise precipitation in the process of amalgamating our new countries with our old. This general principle I have stated never required such attention as at this moment, when we have boldly and wisely avowed ourselves the arbiters and lords paramount of India, and when all, but particularly the higher classes, watch with tremulous anxiety every act even of a subordinate local authority. There is no country where this applies so strongly to as Rajpootana, and no country I have seen requires so much of your care to prevent years of serious and harassing trouble.

I contend that different habits and different principles of action are essential to establish and maintain the peace and prosperity of the country lately come under our control, provided always it is your desire to protract the existence of their present princes and chiefs; if not, and you covet direct rule, yours is decidedly the best plan, and you have only, if a vacancy occurs at Delhi, to appoint an able, but obstinate judge, and my word for the rapid extension of your territories, for not a day will pass in which the rude Rajpoots, Meenahs, Mhairs, Goojurs, and Bheels of Western India will not commit some unpardonable outrage, violate all law, contemn established authority, plunder property under British protection, and compel a moderate and just but firm Government to vigorous action to punish and destroy offenders in order that a salutary example may be afforded, and our insulted name and authority vindicated!

This is all very fine and very proper, when all these matters are understood, but the more I see, the more I doubt the justice as well as the policy (to say nothing of the humanity) of applying all these flourishing terms and logical conclusions to the poor people to whom they are applied. The great object is to make them sensible of the character of the offence for which they are punished. The degree of turpitude must ever depend much upon men's motives, and these must be studied more than the acts of guilt and outrage, before a remedy can be applied. I confess myself (but do not let out the secret to the Lord in Council) I am a notorious compounder of felony. I consider in my continued collision with rogues, great and small, of every description, that I represent a State which can afford every sacrifice of form, so that the substance of its high name and power is not injured. I have done more than this—I have bred a tolerably large school to the same habits, and I have persuaded myself that by such a proceeding alone the peace can be kept, and our power gradually but firmly established over the minds as well as bodies of the natives of this quarter; but with all this I am satisfied that success depends upon all employed working in the same manner and towards the same objects, and upon our system continuing to have its own character unblended with any other.

[To Mr. Molony.]—In my letter to you, I recollect the nonsensical remarks upon a Calcutta civilian which followed my

request for Mr. Mackenzie's* papers, and this has naturally led to your thinking I associated him with the personage I described. God forbid! He has, from my meeting, when a younker, with his virtuous and able father,† an hereditary claim on my respect. I have merely seen him, but am fully informed of his talent, and the paper you enclosed is an excellent specimen of the character of his mind. No; my dreaded man was one of your Barlows or your Dowdeswells, just those the errors of whose well-intended but mistaken efforts the labor of the life of your able friend must be given to correct. It is, however, consoling to see the good work begun; to see the cautious diffidence of knowledge modifying and revising, where it cannot alter or destroy, the rash innovations and erroneous measures of presumption and ignorance. The men who, with their new systems and improvements, proceeded to the demolition of the most ancient, I might almost say sacred, institutions of India, were virtuous and able; but in acting without local and minute experience, in venturing to legislate for millions of human beings and countries with whom they were imperfectly acquainted, they showed both ignorance and presumption. Bold in personal rectitude, and proud of superior light to other public servants, they forgot, in their conscientious hurry to give their Government the full benefit of their purity and wisdom, every principle by which a sensible man proceeding in such a great task should regulate his proceedings, and what with their simplifications and generalisations they have precipitated us into a fine mess. What a comment Mr. Mackenzie's excellent paper is upon their measures; and all the principles he lays down are, I am glad to say, familiar to the highest authorities in England. The subject has been long studied, and is fully understood at the Board of Control. Though there may be now and then an individual whose travelled mind can dispense with those mechanical aids which the mass require, I will not give up the opinion which gave rise to this discussion—the expediency, nay, necessity for every public servant of Government being compelled to have part of his early education in active duties in the revenue and judicial service, but particularly the former, and there is no one act of my friend Sir Thomas Munro that I admire

* Mr. Holt Mackenzie. The reference is to some papers on the settlement of the north-western provinces.

† Henry Mackenzie, the author of the *Man of Feeling*.

so much as his sweeping Madras of all the young gentlemen, who had fixed themselves in garden-houses, as the inheritors elect of the future offices of secretaries, councillors, &c. They must now, thank God, go through country work, and learn from personal observation the men, and their habits, for whom they are to legislate.

Your account of your principal towns, &c., is very acceptable to me. Pray add, hereafter, any memorandum you make or receive from others. If you can send me any more of Mr. Mackenzie's papers I shall be greatly gratified, or if you could get me one or two of the best answers, such as were minute, it would be a great favor, for though on the wing for England, I cannot detach my mind from a concern in which I take such deep interest as the future administration of this vast empire.

EMPLOYMENT OF NATIVES OF INDIA IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

[To Mr. J. Young.]—I have not ten rupees per mensem to give any man, and all I could have must, according to my leading principles, be given to local claimants. I work, and this is a great secret of my success, with the materials I find on the spot, and allow myself no latitude except that of a selection from them.

I regret as deeply as you, or any man can, that there is no opening for natives. The system of depression becomes more alarming as our power extends, but the remedy is not in raising to rank or influence our servants, moonshees, &c., however good; we must, or we cannot last, contrive to associate the natives with us in the task of rule, and in the benefits and gratifications which accrue from it. I had hoped to see great advances made in progress to this object, by measures being adopted that would at least lay the foundation of a gradual but real reform in our administration. I do not quarrel with that prudence or wisdom that has taken a different view of this subject, and allowed an opportunity to pass that may not soon return, for in a Government so constituted as this, it is only by the local authority taking advantage of circumstances and emergencies at the moment, that good can ever be done. No general plan, however wise and grounded, will ever be able to work its way amid the shoals of prejudice, ignorance, and jealousy that exist in what the Persians

call the Sea of Power — England. It is this conviction that limits my future ambition to contentment in a retired life with my family.

ROOTING OUT CORRUPTION—METCALFE AND HYDERABAD.

[To Mr. Adam.]—You can well conceive the pleasure I have had in meeting with Metcalfe. You will readily conjecture the subjects relative to past and present times on which our conversation turned. You could not have sent a fitter man to the scene in which he is employed. The first effect produced by the contrast of our friend's modes, principles, and character, to those of the late occupant of the palace at Hyderabad, must have been considerable; and it will be completed by nearer observation. For both his manner and proceedings are calculated to impress black and white with a conviction of the absence of nonsense and vanity, and the presence of reason and virtue.

He has a hard task to perform, and will require strong and decided support. I know well that, as far as this depends upon you, he will receive it; but it is an occasion on which you owe it to yourself, and to the public, to allow no feelings of personal considerations to interpose with your duty. There are two modes in which the fences necessary to protect the great empire are most exposed to be broken down; and these must be defended, or all that gives beauty and permanence to the structure is lost. The first is by the introduction of a spirit of money-making (not saving) amongst the public servants. The next is irregular and undefined patronage. These must lead everywhere (as they have at Hyderabad) to usury and jobbing. The mode in which Metcalfe is proceeding to eradicate the first of these evils is marked by good sense and consideration. The latter I almost think with you he has carried too far. I shall say nothing regarding what you have done, or rather what you (I speak here of Government) have not done. I know the course of such matters too well to make me doubt for a moment the ultimate success of his representations and recommendations upon this subject. With regard to the patronage question, he will, I am assured, proceed with an equal, calm, and firm step till he has repaired the breach that has been made, and given to this irregular concern all of shape and of principle that it is capable of receiving; nor will he be deterred from the task by

its being ungracious and, indeed, invidious. How thankful I am (now that I have had a near view of the whole scene) that I did not succeed to this labor; for to me it would have been attended with some very painful feelings. Yet I must have gone through it with a wish neither to offend nor injure, but with a resolution that would not have permitted me to deviate one inch from what I deemed the path of rigid duty, to please or benefit any man in the universe. Metcalfe belongs to the same school as myself, and will do the work as well, and perhaps better than I could. At this I rejoice; and I am assured you will rejoice also, for its being done must have been the object that led you to desire his appointment.

In his effort to repair the Nizam's finances, or rather to save him from ruin, and to redeem our character from the obloquy to which it has been so long exposed, Metcalfe has gone differently to work from what I should; he has acted from the impulse of necessity, and has commenced by an endeavour to save the Prince and the Ryuts from the imposition and oppression of the shameless and notorious Minister (with his whole train of mean and corrupt officers) whose unprincipled and ruinous administration we have so long supported. He thinks his plan can extend over all the Nizam's dominions, without its leading to their being soon added to the vast possessions of the Company (for the latter is not Metcalfe's object). I doubt this; and while I admit the expediency of all that has been yet done—as it will have the double effect of giving information essential as the ground of future measures, and of convincing the gentlemen at Hyderabad that we are serious in our resolution to effect reform—I am an advocate for the adoption of a system that would extend as far as practicable to all classes in the country, including the highest and lowest of its rogues. The personal characters of the Nizam and his Minister are the great obstacles to this course; and the effect of misrule and oppression for the last twenty years is said to have killed whatever of virtue or of talent there might formerly have been in the Deccan. These are the grounds on which Metcalfe despairs of finding instruments such as would be necessary to carry on my plans; but nevertheless I would attempt it, for I am convinced it is the only mode by which we can hope to keep alive (and that with me should be the paramount object) the Native Government.

I have stated fully to Metcalfe the reasons which lead me to

differ from him; but I must add, that if any man could succeed in the line he has taken of securing revenue to the sovereign and justice to the cultivator without further interference or encroachment, he will, for his mode of doing his work is so quiet and unostentatious that it is quite calculated to disarm jealousy and pride. But then it is essential to success that he should be left alone to do his own work in his own manner, and will you continue to leave him alone? Will the authorities in England not interfere? Will not the measures he takes, or recommends on other matters, raise a clamor amongst the discontented, the interested, or the corrupt? And will not these causes combine to disturb his proceedings?

All these considerations I have urged upon Metcalfe as worthy of his attention; but I have given you a sufficient dose of Hyderabad. Let us be glad that a change (no one could be for the worse) is in progress, and let me in particular exult that it is in the pure and able hands of one that belongs to a school of which I have lived to be the acknowledged father.

I think that from these extracts a just impression may be gathered of Sir John Malcolm's opinions on most of the leading questions of Indian policy and administration, which were at that time uppermost in the minds of our statesmen. More than a third part of a century has passed since the letters from which they are taken were written; and the progress of Time and Circumstance has abundantly shown both the truth of his predictions and the value of his warnings. On one point especially I am desirous that these opinions should not be misunderstood. He was profoundly convinced that the absorption of all the Native States of India was an event—or rather a succession of events—so clearly marked out by Providence on the map of the Future, that no human resolutions could prevent its consummation. He knew that, sooner or later, these States would, by their own rashness or their own corruption, forfeit their title to

independence; and he believed that the British Government ought not then to shrink from asserting itself as the paramount power, and thus securing its own safety and the happiness of a misgoverned people, by assuming the administration of a State no longer competent to the management of its affairs. But he saw clearly what were the uses of the Native States; he sympathised largely with the fallen princes and chiefs of India; and he desired to aid them in the work of self-government by leading them to a right understanding of their duties. He was anxious, therefore, that nothing should be done to hasten on the inevitable hour of their extinction. If they could be taught to possess themselves in peace and good-will towards their neighbours, and to govern well and wisely for the benefit of their people, so much, said Sir John Malcolm, the better. But continued failure, in one or other of these respects, he knew would bring down upon the Native States, one after another, the judgment of the Lord Paramount, and he conceived that in such a case we ought not to shrink from asserting the supremacy which Providence had placed in our hands. That this was his creed may be gathered from the letters which I have quoted in this chapter. And it is the creed of all right-thinking men.

CHAPTER X.

OVERLAND TO ENGLAND.

[1821—1822.]

DEPARTURE FROM BOMBAY—VOYAGE TO EGYPT—JOURNEY TO CAIRO—INTERVIEW WITH MEHEMET ALI—INCIDENTS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—NAPLES AND ROME—SWITZERLAND AND FRANCE—POST-HASTE TO ENGLAND.

THE first day upon board-ship was to Malcolm a sad one. Although his face was turned towards home—although he was on the way to regain his lost treasures—he could not help feeling that he had left many good and true friends behind him in India; so he recorded in his journal that it was with a heavy heart he saw those, who had come on board to bid him farewell, go over the side of the vessel, and that what with the flurry of his spirits and the confinement of his cabin, he passed a sleepless night. But the morrow found him elate with thoughts of the prospects before him, and rejoicing in the quietude and relaxation of sea-life. The incidents of his voyage were few—and those few of the old complexion—a shark and a man overboard being the chief. A few characteristic passages culled from his journal may, however, be given here to keep up the sequence of the narrative :

December 4.—Had a good night's rest, and was in the highest spirits to have broken the chain, and to find myself released from the load of public duties, the crowd of public servants, the attentions of friends, the calls of acquaintances, the bustle of Indian life, private and public hospitality, horses, carriages, and half a hundred domestics—well seated in a small but airy cabin, with my good and faithful English servant, Charles, my sole attendant, four trunks all my baggage, and an Arabian horse my only animal, with a fair breeze, steering for old England, with hopes—I may say certainties—of more enjoyment than most men. But I will not dwell upon it more than to say that I go with, I trust, an humble and a grateful heart to that Providence which has enabled me to go through this last scene of my labors in India in a manner that has been most fortunate. I leave that country with the approbation, testified in flattering orders, of those under whom I acted, and of my own government, Fort St. George. I have had, added to that, attentions from the community at Bombay far beyond those ever given to any man of my rank and station, and I have, thank God, an approving conscience, which tells me I have done my best; and all this happy departure is crowned with the reflection that this combination of success and of public and private approbation will give pleasure and pride to Charlotte and our dear children; for I can honestly say that the thoughts of my praises reaching their ears give me a thousand times the delight I ever experience when they first reach my own.

December 12-13.—The only remarkable events of these two days were harpooning a porpoise, which broke the harpoon, and a horrible roll the ship took, which upset all that was upsettable in her. I proceed most monotonously with my lessons in Italian, and besides having made some progress in the grammar, have read forty pages of an account of Naples. I have, however, made an effort in rhyme, which, please God, shall be entered to-morrow.

December 14.—I am no poet, but I love rhyming, and I have ever cherished a disposition to versify. It is good in many ways. It improves a man in writing prose, for it forces a selection of words that becomes habitual. It improves the ear, and renders it more sensible to inelegances of expression. It is also good, as it exercises the imagination, and when the lines add to smoothness a happy expression of feeling, and impart pleasure to those for

whose gratification they were intended, the small talent of versification has effects that render it a happy and an enviable one. It gives delight to those we love, and the means employed are all of an elevating nature. They carry both the giver and the receiver into regions of sentiment, if not romance, which may, in their relation to the coarser earth on which we dwell, be called the pleasure-ground of life; and though it would be idle and unprofitable to remain always in them, it would be folly in him who possessed them not to wander there sometimes, to lose the world and himself among their pure streams and deep shades. Such habits will, I believe, tend not only to sweeten the cup of life, but to invigorate the understanding. A man will return with new spring to the common cares and concerns of this world, but, at the very least, he will have gained for himself and others some pleasurable moments of existence. Such is the train of reasoning with which I persuade myself to give every now and then an hour or two to idle rhyme. I may account it as one of the most remarkable proofs I have of my incessant occupation during the last four years, that I have not written one line, except a song to commemorate the battle of Assye.

December 18.—We had expected to reach Mocha in twelve or fourteen days, but were disappointed, being exactly seventeen.

December 20.—Went on shore at Mocha early in the morning. Found a horse ready, sent for me by the Governor, and being mounted, took the opportunity, with Captain Hutchinson as my guide, to look at the town and its environs. Remained in the factory, seeing numbers of the inhabitants, till four o'clock, when, after a short visit to the Governor, we returned on board, and up anchor. The following are a few notes I made in my hurried visit to the shore:

. . . . . We noticed in the sandy streets of the suburbs several children's graves, with a ridge of sand over them and a small branch of date to mark the head. In India, premature births are buried in streets.

Captain Hutchinson had just informed me that whenever he came suddenly, and without their observing, upon any men of the Arab tribes who dwell in the vicinity of Mocha, they invariably laid their hands upon their sword, and sometimes drew it; but the moment they saw who he was, they indicated, by

putting their hands to their hearts, or giving a slap on the thigh, that this act of habit or usage was remote from feelings of hostility; and indeed they were beyond all the other natives civil and attentive. As I entered Moeha, a respectable-looking Arab who met me drew his sword, and assumed a position as if of defence. I looked at him and smiled, on which he immediately made an obeisance, with a look of kindness that showed he had no bad intention. He, however, kept his sword drawn, apparently to prevent insult from the rabble of boys and blackguards who had accompanied me on my ride from hopes of charity, and in others from curiosity.

Captain Hutchinson told me, during the ride, of an extraordinary usage at Mocha. When the dates are ripe, a large stone is put on the head of a child of five or six years of age, and one or two of the best marksmen fire at it with ball. When knocked off, great joy is testified by the spectators. Two or three dollars are given to the child, and ten or twelve to the marksmen. Captain Hutchinson has not seen this ceremony, but means to do so next year, and to ascertain how far any fraud is practised. He never heard of any accident to the child. Sheikh Abdul Ruzzeen, a respectable merchant, told Mr. Ferguson that the boy is placed at thirty-one yards, and the stone on his head, about three inches above it. The mark is generally hit at the first shot. Only two or three men are allowed to fire.

On the 21st of December, having taken in water and replenished their stock, they set sail again; but soon encountered baffling winds and bad weather, and passed their Christmas in drear discomfort.

December 24.—Strong unfavorable wind from the northward. Ship rolls and pitches enough to make me dead sea-sick. Poor Sultan very uncomfortable, but seeing him likely to fall, from having what sailors call "too much play," confined him by a studding-sail boom with its sail wrapped round, which squeezed him very comfortably against the side of the vessel, and made a fall impossible.

December 25.—Last night very bad; and what with reefing, double-reefing, down topgallant-yards, luffing, swearing, the

blowing of boisterous winds, and the high waves of angry waters, I had no sleep, and got up sea-sick to death. Charles, who is always the same, had laid out new pantaloons, white waistcoat, laced jacket, and smart cap, and I put them on as a duty to the day. "Merry Christmas!" was the salutation from all quarters. I repeated it, but saw no one merry but the ship, who danced at a most lively rate.

As I could not remain in the dark cabin below, and it was almost impossible to keep one's legs upon deck, I felt grateful for a small place the captain directed to be made for me to lie in, upon deck, between two guns. My bed was some flags, and I was secured on one side by the bulkhead of the vessel, and on the other by a capstan-bar. Here I lay, and with a sheet of paper and a pencil amused myself by writing some nonsensical lines to my dear little children; and I really think I shall be more gratified by the smiles this chicken flight may one day excite in their faces, than by all the approbation given to the higher soarings of the Muse.

December 26.—Still contrary wind, but rather moderated, and we are becoming more accustomed to this tossing about. We have had for these last few days a great number of locusts blown on board, and the numbers of these insects that have passed the ship head is incredible. They have appeared for four or five hours floating past in heaps, and look at a distance like a red bank, above a mile long. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the inhabitants of Egypt, Arabia, or Abyssinia (God knows to which land they belong), are freed by the gale that plagues us from these locusts, who appear drowned in numbers sufficient to have made a famine in a day wherever they had alighted. I have a native of Bussorah who looks after my horse, who has amused all the ship by the voracious manner in which he eats the locusts. It is indifferent to him whether they are dead or alive (boiled or raw); he plucks off the wings, legs, and a piece of the head, then eats them with great relish. He tells me that they are in Arabia deemed a dainty by man and beast, and told me to try Sultan. I did, and was surprised to see the horse eat the locusts so greedily. "He has learned it in Arabia," said his keeper (Ahmed).

December 27.—Still contrary wind, but towards the evening,

on our standing in the land, it shifted two or three points to the eastward of north, and enabled us to make a good start. . . . . I remarked the moon (three days old) last night, and the planet Venus, to be brighter than ever I had seen them in my life; and to-day, at two o'clock P.M., I saw both quite distinct with the naked eye. This, I am told, is remarkable.

December 28.—A foul wind; as we tacked at sunset, saw the coast of Abyssinia.

I forgot to mention that I saw and examined one of the Doulah's horses at Mocha, which had lately been brought from Senâr, and was evidently of that breed of fine animals of which Bruce speaks. He was black, fifteen hands high, of lofty crest, round-barrelled, very short-backed, and tail well set on; apparently gentle, and of good action. His legs were not so good as the Arab, but seemingly from that breed, but of improved size. Horses are constantly brought from Abyssinia, and these or their cross must often pass for the Mocha Arabian. This horse and all others at Mocha were hogged. On inquiry, I was told numbers of fine horses might be obtained from Senâr, but in part prevented by the Doulah taking the best at his own price.

December 31.—We had a fine land wind from the Arabian coast this morning at two A.M., and by its aid made forty-two miles of latitude. Our spirits, which rise and fall with our breeze, pretty high to-day. Transcribed three public letters, one requesting a pension for Mahomed Hussein Khan's (my late moonshee's) family; the other regarding the Guickowar contingent in Malwah; and the third respecting military roads from Bombay and Baroach to Central India. I have enlarged in this letter on their very great importance, both for military purposes, and those of good and liberal government all over India.

January 1, 1822.—Happy new year! As the day is pleasant and the ship quiet, I am not miserable; but I do trust my next new year will be much happier spent, as I purpose it shall, with my dear family. I was awoke at ten o'clock at night by a bustle on deck. At first I thought it a shoal, but soon heard it was caused by a native (a Lascar) having fallen overboard. He shouted loud and often for aid, and the boat, which was quickly let down, reached him before he had been ten minutes in the water, but just as he was sinking. "He had the *goggles* in his

throat when we came up—but we first gave him an oar, and then *grabbed* him," was the description which the coxswain (a rough sailor) gave of their success in saving him.

January 2.—Light and baffling winds. I this day finished the perusal of Forsyth's "Travels in Italy." It is in strong contrast to Eustace.* As learned as a classical scholar, and much more skilled in architecture, he comes often with advantage on the same ground as the Catholic priest; but if the latter is prejudiced by his education and religion, the former has not escaped the opposite effects of his. Even when detailing their good works, he speaks of monks and popes like a Presbyterian. I was, however, only once satisfied that Eustace had a complete victory over him. It is in the description of Cardinal York, in whose character and habits they both agree; but Eustace paints it with equal taste and feeling, while the picture of my countryman is destroyed by one vulgar, if not unfeeling, touch. He talks of the attentions and frequent visits of Prince Augustus, and adds that when they met they "royal highnessed each other incessantly."

January 4.—Same winds, same feelings; but the weather is fine, and we eat, drink, and sleep like very quiet, happy people. Still I feel it as a species of non-existence.

On the 9th, Malcolm and his companions landed at Cosseir, of which place he records that "the sense of the asses seems to rival that of many of the inhabitants." But the comparison was intended rather to exalt the former than to degrade the latter; for he sets down with gratitude that the people had at all events sense enough to be very courteous and attentive to the English travellers. "I have met with the greatest attention," he writes, "and an offer of camels and every aid for my journey to the Nile." He was anxious to push on with as little delay as possible; so after one quiet day to recruit himself after the voyage, he mounted Sultan, whilst his fellow-travellers perched themselves on camel-back; and on a fresh, bright, delightful morning, they

* He had read Eustace's Classical Tour a few days before.

commenced their journey. In those days Egypt was a country rarely explored by English travellers, and little known to the English. Now every young writer and cadet scuds across the mystic land, stares at the Pyramids, and thinks little more of the Nile than of the Thames or the Shannon. Much that Malcolm entered in his journal was at the time novel and interesting; but the years which have elapsed since it was written have destroyed the value of the record, and I therefore pass over some minute descriptions of places and acute reflections on the past and present condition of the country, which years ago would have found attentive readers. Having ridden, partly on Sultan and partly on a camel, to the banks of the Nile, he purchased a boat, and commenced his river-voyage, likening it to sailing on the Ganges. Everywhere, as he advanced, he met with great attention, especially from the public functionaries, by the express orders of the Pacha Mehemet Ali, who had heard of his approach, and was anxious in the extreme to see and converse with one whose fame had reached him from Persia and Arabia. Malcolm was no less desirous of conversing with this celebrated man, who was then in the full vigor of life,* with the lustre of some great achievements upon him. In the month of February they met at Cairo. What passed between them has been chronicled in Malcolm's own words, written shortly after the interview. Recent transactions have rather increased than diminished the interest of the record:

"After we had been seated a few minutes, the Pacha, by a signal, sent away all his officers and attendants, leaving only his Chief Dragoman and Secretary, Mr. Bogan, Mr. Lavater (acting for Mr. Salt), Mr. Azir, First Dragoman to the English Consulate, Captain Pasley, and myself. He then began by stating that his

* Mehemet Ali was born in the same year as Sir John Malcolm.

anxiety to see me had been increased by Colonel Johnston and the party who preceded him having declared their want of knowledge of Persia, and referring him to me as a person beyond all others fully informed of the power and actual state of that country. He entreated I would, on this and other subjects, speak without reserve. I gave him as correct an account as I could of the present condition of Persia, the character of its king, that of the ruling princes, and the opposite systems and interests of the two principal Abbas, Ali Meerza and Mahomed Ali Meerza. I gave him an account of the troops of Persia, and her means both of offensive and defensive war. The Pacha, who frequently interrupted me by most pertinent questions, seemed to receive as highly valuable and interesting much both of the information and opinions I gave. After much conversation regarding Persia, the Pacha asked me why we supported that nation, and whether its being at war with the Turks would not alter our feelings towards it? I replied that it would excite no feeling but a desire to reconcile the differences between two states, whose remaining in union and in strength was important to our interests. In Persia, I added, we were interested, because that kingdom formed a barrier to our Indian possessions, while in the Turkish Empire, particularly Egypt, we had the same barrier, and a still stronger interest, as its condition affected the general peace and harmony of the commonwealth of Europe.

"The Pacha, after we had fully discussed Persia, turned the subject to Europe, and begged me to give my opinion freely as to the likely result of the differences between Russia and the Porte. I told him I had been out of England five years, and though I had seen all the late papers, I did not feel confident to speak decidedly upon the subject, particularly as I wanted exact information as to the actual state of Turkey. He smilingly said he must have my opinion, and that he would do away my excuse by giving me, as far as he was able, his own as to the condition of the Porte. He did so in a clear and concise manner, and apparently quite unreserved. The sum of his statement was, the total incapacity of the Turks to meet the Russians—their consequent dependence on the powers of Europe. He ascribed their weakness to many causes, one of which was the want of that religious enthusiasm they before possessed. But still, he said, although

the rebellion of the Greeks, and the support they meet from Russia, threatened a dreadful blow at the Turkish Empire, a desperate effort would be made to repel it. He stated his perfect knowledge that both the rebellion of the Greeks and the invasion of the Persians had been at the direct instigation of the Russians, whose whole policy, he observed, had been for many years so systematically directed to the overthrow of the Turkish power in Europe, that he was quite convinced nothing would prevent war. The concessions they demand from the Porte are great, and if granted, could never, after what has passed, give confidence; for the latter must know they were only the forerunners of other demands. 'In short,' he concluded, 'I am convinced there will be war; and that the question has been decided in the Russian cabinet, and will not be altered by the interference of other European powers. Now give your opinion,' said he. I did so, without hesitation. I said, I always considered the Emperor in an embarrassing situation, at the head of a vast empire of which the army (owing to its employment in Southern Europe) might be said to be too civilised, while its peasantry were too barbarous for its Government. The army in the present instance desire war from professional, and the civil part of the population from religious feeling. Yet, I added, from what I know of the character of the Emperor, from the show, if not the reality, of moderation which he has hitherto paraded, and from the serious interruption which his other plans would receive from a rupture with other countries in Europe, I am of opinion he will be most anxious to avoid immediate war; and I added, if the Porte is so incompetent (as you describe it) to the contest, what can it do but accord with the policy prescribed by its situation? If alone, it can only anticipate defeat; and therefore, as concession must in such case be the result, why not make it at first, when less would be demanded, than after success? But supposing that the states of Europe (particularly England, Austria, and France) are determined to interfere to preserve the Porte and prevent the aggrandisement of Russia, what more can the former do than throw herself upon them? The unfortunate origin of the quarrel has added to the difficulties of the Christian allies of Turkey, but she will ultimately gain by concessions made to Christian feeling. She will secure their decided support if attacked in violation of any en-

gagement that may be made. I concluded by stating, that though I did not believe there would be immediate war, I did not anticipate a long peace. Whichever party (Turks, Russians, or Greeks) settled the present troubles with advantage or loss, was likely to be led by resentment, bigotry, hatred, and ambition to future acts of aggression. The Pacha said he only differed with me in one point—that of immediate war; and he urged many reasons in support of his opinion, without, however, changing mine, and I repeated my belief that Russia would not at once enter upon a war which, if successful (as it appeared certain it must at first be), would embroil all Europe; for it was nonsense to think that the principles which led to the downfall of Buonaparte would be so soon abandoned, and nothing but their being so could render the leading states of that quarter neutral spectators of the aggrandisement of Alexander.

"My private conference with Mahomed Ali Pacha lasted upwards of an hour and a half, and I left him, strongly impressed with the force of his character. His manner is plain and unaffected, so is his mind; he is in argument not only perspicuous, but keen and logical. He seems well informed, and singularly free from prejudice. He spoke of his own efforts at improvement, and of the great difficulties he encountered from the ignorance and prejudice of his countrymen. He professed the full credit he gave to the English as the best allies of the Turks. 'To you,' he added, 'I need say no more than that though civil to all, I must prefer, in a political view, a nation who we are convinced cannot desire our downfall, and who, from its naval superiority, has beyond all others the means of giving to my Government powerful and efficient aid.'"

On the 25th of February, Malcolm, accompanied by his young relative, John Pasley, sailed from Alexandria on board his Majesty's ship *Cambria*, commanded by Captain Hamilton; and, after much bad weather, arrived off the island of Cuxos on the 1st of March. The Turkish and Greek fleets were then in the offing, and all the people of the island were kindling with resentment

against their Ottoman foes. On the 2nd of March, Malcolm wrote in his journal:

"We had communication with the four patriarchs or heads of the island. Much conversation took place as to their reputed piracies, in which they defended themselves with accusations against the merchants, who pretended to have English, when they had Turkish property. They complained grievously of the injury their trade had sustained by vessels under English colors supplying Turkish garrisons (particularly that of Napoli Romania) with provisions. I asked them if interest had not made these merchants impartial, and procured them supplies of ammunition, without which the Turks could not have been attacked.

"These patriarchs are good-looking men, one rather graceful, but another rough in his form, and apparently more so in his mind. I expostulated on their cruelties. They plead the example of the Turks. To this I replied, 'Then by following that example you make yourselves as bad; besides, you violate a principle of your religion which bids you forgive your enemies.' One of them smiled and nodded assent; but his rough companion said something that appeared better. I asked the interpreter (our pilot) what he said, who replied 'He tell must kill Turk. That good.' I replied, 'That it is good while they are in action, but to murder them as at Lamos, in cold blood, is very bad, and those acts will lose the Greeks that good name which will best promote their cause in Europe.'

"I was glad I saw these men; they had evidently but very limited information, and seemed most concerned about their own interests. They, however, looked energetic men, and had an ample portion of that feeling which forms the only bond with the Greeks—'a sentiment of detestation and resentment against the Turks.'"

On the 3rd of March, the *Cambria* put off from the island, and two days afterwards sighted Candia. At daylight on the 6th, Zante was in sight, and in the course of the day they ran into the Roads, but afterwards put out again to sea to ascertain the position of the Greek and Turkish fleets. On the 7th they returned to Zante,

and thence sailed for Corfu, which they reached on the night of the 8th. On the following morning, Sir Frederick Adam—an old acquaintance—then Commissioner of the Ionian Isles, came alongside, and the *Cambria* was ordered back to Zante. It was intimated, however, to Malcolm, that he might land at the Lazaretto, and, after performing a short quarantine, be admitted into the island. Sir Thomas Maitland—another old friend—who commanded the fleet in the Mediterranean, was also at Corfu. He sent Malcolm a warm-hearted note of welcome, ending with the words—"Make no arrangements till you see me; I can manage for you better than you can for yourself." So, next day, Malcolm left the *Cambria*, "with sentiments of sincere esteem for her excellent and manly captain and all on board;" and, after a very brief sojourn in the Lazaretto, proceeded to Sir T. Maitland's "beautiful country-house, overhanging the sea."*

The scenery of Corfu greatly delighted Malcolm: "I ride over these bad roads with more pleasure than ever I rode over good ones, for I am rewarded every hundred yards with a new and magnificent view. To a man from Bombay, that noble harbor will suggest a comparison with that of Corfu; but, to complete it, the noble range of western mountains should, like those of Albania, be covered with snow." Years before, Malcolm had deplored his inability to appreciate the charms of natural scenery,† but the seeming deficiency, as I have suggested, resulted only from the circumstance that, in India, he passed from point to point with a preoccupied mind. Now that his mind was wholly free from the pressure of

* Of Sir Frederick Adam's country-house and grounds Malcolm wrote that they were "charmingly situated, with all the beauties that could be desired by an amateur in a marine villa." "Sir Frederick," he added, "is a great gardener and improver, not more from taste than from a sincere desire of forwarding, by example, the general improvements of the islands in whose administration he holds so prominent a position."

† *Ante*, vol. i. p. 101.

public business, and that he had time and opportunity to enjoy himself, nothing gave him more delight than the beautiful scenery which, as he proceeded onward, opened out everywhere before and around him; and his journals abound in snatches of description eminently happy and picturesque, and written with a fervor which plainly indicates that he had by this time become, what in early life he declared he was not, "a very enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of inanimate nature."

But at Corfu, Malcolm directed his attention to other points of interest than those presented by the beautiful scenery of the island. He conversed much with Sir Thomas Maitland and Sir Frederick Adam regarding the administration of the island,* and the political aspects of the great Græco-Turkish question. On the latter subject he made an entry in his journal distinguished by his wonted sagacity:

"Whatever is done in the way of settlement between the Turks, Greeks, and Russians, this year, will be patchwork. The hour is approaching, and must soon arrive, when the *pied-à-terre* which we have in this quarter will be found most important, for neither our interests in Europe nor India will admit of our being neutral spectators of the change to which it is destined. In our usual cold and hot fits we do nothing till the danger comes, and then we overdo everything. But if the necessity or clamor (I care not which) for economy is too great to admit of our aiding these islands (particularly Corfu), we assuredly might transport thither cannon, carriages, and ammunition. I pity the general who has to defend Corfu against a sudden and vigorous attack, and to such it is quite possible it may one day be exposed."

* Regarding the principles of administration recognised by his friends at Corfu, Malcolm wrote: "I was glad to find, both from conversation and observation, that the two principles which I esteem the most important in a Government like that of these islands, were fully appreciated and acted upon. The first is publicity and openness in every act of administration—the second is great attention to integrity, especially in our own countrymen."

On the 21st of March, Malcolm quitted Corfu, and was "put on board a Government yacht by Sir F. Adam, Lord Sidney Osborne, Colonel Robertson, and others." "I never," he wrote in his journal, "left a place with more grateful feelings both to old and new friends. Amongst the latter I must reckon, as men whose friendship I shall hereafter cultivate, Lord Ponsonby and Lord Sidney Osborne. I received letters to their friends in Italy, whilst Sir T. Maitland, not content with giving me a Government vessel and furnishing her with excellent wines and choice viands for a month, gave me introductions through Italy, which, while they afforded me the best chance of a short quarantine, secured my presentation in the best style at the courts of Naples and Rome."

Their destination was Burletta, where Malcolm and John Pasley landed on the 27th of March under a salute. It was soon rumored about the place that the English Government yacht had brought a distinguished general, and all the chief people of the place thronged down in full costume to pay their respects to his "Excellency." He was compelled, however, to remain two or three days in quarantine, at the end of which he was released; and then, as soon as he had returned the visits he had received, started, in a hired carriage, for Naples.

On the evening of the 1st of April he found himself in that beautiful city.* At Naples, where he was hospitably entertained by the Duke of Leeds, he saw all the wonders of art which the city possessed, and wrote in his journal many criticisms upon them, distinguished by much appreciative taste. Of course he visited Herculaneum and Pompeii. Looking at them with his old

* Malcolm entered in his journal that it was quite beautiful—but that the beauty chiefly consisted in the buildings. "In natural beauty," he added, "the bay and its vicinity are not so striking as either Corfu or Bombay."

Oriental eye, he made only one observation upon them, and that I do not remember to have seen before. "I made one remark," he wrote, "that has not occurred, and indeed could not, to any mere European visitor—the striking resemblance of the houses of the better classes at Pompeii to those of my Asiatic friends—the square in the centre; the hall or saloon (a good-sized room) opening to it; the other rooms small and badly lighted; the bath, and the well-arranged means of supplying it with water, both hot and cold, with a dressing-room attached."

Vesuvius and the other lions of the vicinity having been visited, Malcolm applied for a pass and an escort to carry him through robber-haunted Capua, and the privilege was granted by Baron Fremont, chief of the Staff. On the 7th of April, he started *en route* to Rome; a handsome, well-painted carriage which he had purchased, afforded him a prospect of a comfortable journey. But the carriage broke down at the end of the first stage, and the travellers were compelled to return to Naples, obtain a refund of the purchase-money, and buy another and a safer vehicle. On the 9th, Malcolm was at Rome. He had many letters of introduction, but the first which he delivered was to Canova. "I had an immediate visit," he wrote in his journal, "from that truly great genius, and was delighted alike with the simplicity and modesty of his manners. He showed me all his works."*

Malcolm did at Rome what travellers do at Rome, he philosophised over its past glories—its grand historic associations; and after three days spent amid the ruins of

* The first sight of Rome had disappointed Malcolm, who wrote in his journal: "I must say that as I entered the city I was disappointed. With the exception of a broken arch, a ruined aqueduct, and a solitary pillar, which now and then gratified my eager eye, I saw nothing but the shops and markets, and the dwelling-houses of other towns. It was unreasonable to expect it should be otherwise. But I was unreasonable; and I did expect it. I was elevated into better feeling with the place when I walked through the rooms of Canova."

the Eternal City, he started again upon his homeward journey. Posting with all possible speed, he reached Florence on the 14th of April. On the 16th, he was at Bologna; and on the evening of the following day he was at Milan. On the 19th, he "entered Piedmont, and proceeded along the foot of the mountains on the brink of the Lago Maggiore," the scenery of which he declared to be enchanting. On the next day he crossed the Simplon, and viewing the Alps still with the eye of the old Indian General, he wrote in his journal:

"The Alps are certainly noble mountains, and the great military road Buonaparte has constructed over them here, is an enduring monument of his fame. But these scenes and works struck me less forcibly than they would a mere European. Many of the mountains I have traversed in India (not speaking of the Himalaya) are nearly as high, and with the exception of their snowy summits, beat them in scenery. The labor of making the roads to the tops of the mountains in India is as great. It is here to be remarked that the French had, in the same length of mountain, double the labor we had in the roads we have hitherto made in India. The Alps divide two kingdoms that are alike different in their level. Our ghauts, both in Mysore and the Deccan, are walls of great table-lands, which are on nearly a level with their summit. What I have said is in justice to our unnoticed labor in the East—not with a view to detract from the merit of the French."

Malcolm was better pleased with the Swiss than with the Italians;* and he was charmed with the Lake of Geneva, and with the town itself, which he declared to be "worthy of being the climax to all the views of the day —views which, taking them all, from the lovely cottages

* Writing with reference to the Swiss style of cultivation, Malcolm says: "There is a Scotch plainness in it which appeared to forget nothing that is useful, while it neglected all that is ornamental, in a way that pleased me. The fact is, I had been put out of humor by the over-gardening of the Italians, who *absolutely festoon a cabbage.*"

on the lake to the summit of Mont Blanc, exceeded anything I have ever seen in my life." He was "in raptures," as he said, with fine scenes, and was sorry to leave the neighbourhood of so much beauty. But he was now nearing home, and he said to his companion that, after all, the best prospect was that of Manchester-street. They pushed on with all speed, making sometimes, as Malcolm said, "a noble day's journey." Somewhat disconcerted by this rapid movement, the courier shook his head, and said, "Serving an English general is hard work; but never mind, you want to see your wife and children." And in a few days he did see them. On the 26th of April he was in Paris; and, after another day or two, in London.

CHAPTER XI.

HYDE HALL.

[1822—1827.]

REASONS FOR SETTLING IN THE COUNTRY—HYDE HALL—MALCOLM'S HOSPITALITIES—HARE, WHEWELL, AND SEDGWICK—THOUGHTS OF FRESH SERVICE—LITERARY PURSUITS—VISITS TO IRELAND, FRANCE, AND SCOTLAND—PERSIA AND RUSSIA—PERSONAL ANECDOTES.

It is easy to imagine the enjoyment of a man of Malcolm's warm-hearted, earnest nature, in finding himself again in the dear society of his wife and children. Such delight is hardly purchased by years of absence, but it is only by such a lesson that we are taught fully to appreciate the benignities of home.

He found his family in Manchester-street, and for a little while in the profound enjoyment of the blessings contained within the four walls of that London house, he had no thought of anything beyond them.

But they presently moved to Frant, near Tonbridge, where Malcolm, when last in England, had purchased a cottage, in which his family had resided at intervals during his absence. Here he soon perceived that the balance of advantage was greatly on the side of a residence in the country. London assuredly was not the place for one who had been accustomed to much exercise, to long marches, to the freedom of camp life, to the sports of the field. Neither was it the place in which his

young family might best grow ruddy and robust, active and energetic, supple-limbed and high-spirited. So he turned his thoughts towards the country, and sought a home amidst fields, in which his children might disport themselves, and in which he, as playful as the youngest of them, might join in their sports. And he found one, after a while, on the eastern borders of Hertfordshire, not far from where the Eastern Counties railway now runs, half-way between London and Cambridge, near the town of Sawbridgeworth. Some members of his family were anxious that he should settle in Scotland; but he wrote that there was no chance of his ever being able to reside there unless he gave up his literary and other pursuits, very essential to him. "Frant," he added, "cannot contain my family, nor can this house (Manchester-street). I sell the one, and in a few months give up the other. All my books and curiosities, and indeed property, are scattered over the kingdom. So I have been compelled to take a good house, as I can only have one. It is called Hyde Hall. You will see it in Helen's map, near Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire. Its only fault is being too good—that is, too large; but I get it very cheap. I have thirteen acres of plantation, fifty of park, and I am lord of a manor of 2300, with plenty of game. My lease is for three, five, seven, ten, or fourteen years, at my own option; and all this at a disbursement of 450*l.* a year. The distance is twenty-five miles from town, on the Cambridge and Newmarket road, with dozens of coaches running half a mile from the house."

But before settling down as a country gentleman, Malcolm, accompanied by his wife and his eldest daughter, left England, full of the thought of a brief tour upon the Continent, as the fruit of which they all promised themselves a larger share of happiness than the excursion actually yielded. They had not proceeded

farther than Montreuil when an accident befel Lady Malcolm, which arrested their journey, and turned all their joy into anxiety and sorrow. Walking one day on the outskirts of that old parapeted town, she unsuspectingly approached the summit of a high scarped wall, and before Malcolm could warn her of the danger, which arose from extreme near-sightedness, fell down a descent of some twenty feet. The accident was a severe one, and for many days Lady Malcolm was confined to her bed in the Montreuil hotel, suffering great pain and needing all that surgical skill and the unremitting care of the most affectionate of husbands could do to avert serious results. After such a mischance as this, they were glad to be again in England, and before the end of the year Malcolm was settled in his new home.

Happy were those days spent at Hyde Hall—joyous the scenes they witnessed. They saw Malcolm, indeed, in a new character—a character new to him, almost, it may be said, new in itself. There never was a finer mixture of the Indian nabob and the English country gentleman. Many of the best qualities of both shone out conspicuously from him at this time. Liberal, open-handed, hospitable in the extreme, with catholic tastes and catholic sympathies, a man of infinite merriment, active as a stripling and playful as a child, he was an Englishman without his reserve, his exclusiveness, and his suspicion, and an Indian without his lassitude, his querulousness, and his irritability. He threw open his doors, invited many to enter, and played the host in a hearty, genial manner, as refreshing as it was spontaneous. There are men now living in high places, who look back to those days at Hyde Hall as among the happiest of their lives, and others who have gone before to their honored graves cherishing to the last the same grateful recollections of the kindliness which never failed, the

cheerfulness that was never clouded—the inexhaustible love and perfect lovableness of the master of that sunny home.

Among others who were frequent inmates at Hyde Hall were some Cambridge men—Fellows of Trinity—to whom he was much attached. First on the list in respect of time—though in respect of love all bracketed in that tripos—was Julius Hare, afterwards Rector of Hurstmonceux and Archdeacon of Sussex. It was in Hare's rooms at Trinity that Malcolm first met Whewell and Sedgwick, now the Master and Vice-Master of that great College—collegiate magnates of the first class, with names honored in no lower degree in the great university of the world. It seems that Malcolm had gone to Cambridge on a visit to Hare, taking with him Schlegel, whose acquaintance he had made in London, I believe in the first instance through Madame de Staël. Whewell and Sedgwick were invited to meet them; and the evening still dwells in the memories of the survivors as one almost without a parallel for the wonderful flow of talk that enlivened it. Schlegel, somewhat egotistical, turgid, and opiniated, threw off the lecturer and the pedant, and, under the contagious influence of Malcolm's joyousness and geniality, discoursed with a pleasant freedom and self-abandonment not common to his nature. Malcolm himself, then as ever, had an inexhaustible fund of stories of all nations, and Schlegel did his best to cap them. They, who then saw the historian of Persia and Central India for the first time, were no less struck by the extent and variety of his information than they were charmed by his geniality of manner. The impression thus made was strengthened at every subsequent meeting, and has not been obliterated by death.

Hare, Whewell, and Sedgwick became, as I have said, frequent and ever-welcome guests at Hyde Hall.

Malcolm's hospitality was of that best and pleasantest kind which made every one who came within its influence thoroughly at his ease. There was a kindliness and a joyousness in it, which many said were unequalled in all their experience of mankind. The conversation in which Malcolm and his friends indulged was animated and exhilarating, but there was no leaven of ill-nature in it. "Conversation," wrote one whom I have named above, "may have all that is valuable in it, and all that is lively and pleasant, without anything that comes under the head of personality. The house in which, above all others, I have ever been an inmate, the life and the spirit and the joy of conversation have been the most intense, is a house in which I hardly ever heard an evil word uttered against any one. The genial heart of cordial sympathy with which its illustrious master sought out the good side in every person and every thing, and which has found an inadequate expression in his delightful 'Sketches of Persia,' seemed to communicate itself to all the members of his family, and operated as a charm even upon his visitors."*

Another great charm of the conversation of Hyde Hall was that it was so perfectly natural and spontaneous. It was not the custom there to talk for effect. Playfulness, not unmingled with wisdom of the most unobtrusive kind, was the prevailing characteristic of the society to be met in that joyous home. Grave men threw aside their gravity there and became sportive as children. There could not have been a better place for diggers and delvers after truth, wearied by their profound researches in the mines of science; for there was none in which such recreation was to be found—a recreation literally of energy and activity, which sent men

* Julius Hare's *Guesses at Truth.*

back refreshed and strengthened to their work, and, what was more, with an enlarged humanity, a deeper love for the fellow-men for whom they were laboring with such grand results. It was no mere compliment, but a truth felt in his inmost heart, which Julius Hare wrote to Lady Malcolm, when he said, "It is impossible to leave Hyde Hall without being, not indeed, like the wedding guest, 'a *sadder* and a wiser man,' but certainly a wiser one, and, if one were not going away, a gladder." If a man could not be merry and wise at Hyde Hall, we may be sure that there was no mirth and no wisdom in him.

But men of all kinds congregated beneath Malcolm's roof, and there were some by whom this playful wisdom was but imperfectly, if at all, understood. One old and esteemed friend of the family, who had heard much of the very clever Cambridge men whom he was to meet at Hyde Hall, said confidentially, after a day or two of disappointment and surprise, that he could see nothing in them. If that was called good conversation, he could answer for it that there was better to be had in the City on any day of the week. I do not know anything that could more pleasantly illustrate the charming *abandon* of Malcolm and his guests at this time, than the worthy citizen's remarks on the ineptitude of their conversation.

Perhaps, not altogether unmindful of his astonishment, they endeavoured to mystify him more and more by assumptions of simplicity beyond the natural carelessness of their holiday manners. For although they went to Hyde Hall emphatically to make high holiday, there were times when they would break out into interesting and profitable discourse, to which no one could listen without being wiser for what he heard. Philosophers, or historians, or statesmen, or divines might Malcolm and his guests be in the estimation of the world; but they

were all poets at heart; and many were the animated conversations, the friendly but energetic wit-combats, of which poetry was the theme. The claims to the world's homage of this or that master of song was contended for or denied with affectionate earnestness on the one side, or a jealous exclusiveness on the other; and men in whom neither the hard restraints of the exact sciences nor the cold routine of official life had cramped the imaginative faculty, or quenched the fervor of their romance, quoted whole pages of poetry, with as much voluble enthusiasm and as much literal correctness as though they had had nothing to do all their lives, but to lie in the sun with an open volume of Wordsworth or Burns. For those were the poets whom Malcolm and his associates discussed and quoted with the greatest earnestness in their Hyde Hall holiday-talk. I have already said that Malcolm could not be brought to subscribe to the commendations which his Cambridge friends so freely lavished on the poetry of William Wordsworth. But he had a genial relish for Burns. Something of this may be attributed to his nationality. But there was that besides in the heart of the Ayrshire poet to which Malcolm's inmost nature responded. A man himself, he had all a man's sympathy with the manly utterances of the inspired ploughman. That he could not see reflected in Wordsworth's pages his own cheerful philosophy; his wise delight in little things; his strong sincere convictions that pride, howe'er disguised in its own majesty, is littleness; his faith that the world is full of blessings; his buoyant childhood surviving in the man, has often filled me with surprise. Perhaps, like many others, he was deterred from seeking out for himself the wisdom in which he would have delighted, by other men's reports of the not meaningless trivialities which have lured many to conclusions as false as though they were to repudiate the au-

thor of the Novum Organum for his idle talk about the revivifying properties of puppy-dogs.

But greatly as Malcolm enjoyed the pleasant social intercourse in which he indulged at Hyde Hall, he was not altogether content to subside into a mere English country gentleman. He devoted much time to literature, and he made several excursions both in the British Isles and on the continent of Europe. It was during this epoch of his career that he wrote his delightful "Sketches in Persia"—the most popular of all his works. He had kept copious journals during both his missions to the Court of Teheran, and from these memoranda he wrote the book which has charmed, and still charms, so large a circle of readers in all the principal languages of Europe. It is written without method, and must not be consulted by the biographer or the historian, either for records of Malcolm's life, or incidents illustrative of British diplomacy in Persia. Perused with any such object it can only mystify the student. There is much of absolute fact in it, but the anecdotes are drawn partly from the annals of the first mission and partly from those of the second. It was not intended to instruct, but to amuse the reader; and yet it is full of instruction. The truth of the local coloring struck everybody. It was as patent to the untravelled as to the travelled reader. The fine flow of animal spirits which runs through the book from the first page to the last—the heartiness and sincerity of it, so characteristic of the writer—made its success at once. There was a freshness about it that charmed and gladdened old and young. Nothing has been written about Persia that can in any way be compared with it.

The "Sketches of Persia" were not published before 1827. They were written at intervals during Malcolm's residence at Hyde Hall. But his studies were inter-

rupted by occasional tours, undertaken partly with the object of visiting friends and partly for the purpose of increasing his stock of information relative to the countries of the West. In 1823 he started on a visit to Ireland. Lord Wellesley was then Lord Lieutenant of the island, and he had sent his old friend a warm invitation to visit him there. Malcolm's brother Charles also was then resident in the vicinity of Dublin, so that the journey had a double object.

Accompanied by a friend—Captain (now Sir Henry) Hart—Sir John Malcolm left London on the morning of the 19th of August, by a Birmingham coach, and travelled onward till he reached the neighbourhood of his brother Gilbert's village, near Moreton-on-the-Marsh. There he alighted, and leaving his servant in charge of his luggage, walked on to Todenham, where, under his brother's charge, there was a small colony of the younger members of the family—his own son included in the number. It was a joyous hour, we may be sure, for them when Sir John and his friend burst suddenly into the school-room and let all the boys loose—himself, as ever, as great a boy as any of the party. "For some time," as he wrote to his eldest daughter, "there was an end to all peace and quiet at Todenham." There were all sorts of fun, ending with a volley of squibs and crackers; and next day a grand cricket-match, in which Sir John took part, and then proceeded on his journey to Birmingham.

Leaving his friend to lionise that town, Malcolm paid a visit to his friend Mr. Littleton, of Toddesley, near Wolverhampton, beneath whose hospitable roof he "found Mr. Canning and his Secretary, Lord George Bentinck."* Next day, returning to Wolverhampton,

* Malcolm wrote that he and Lord George had been partners at whist in the evening, and won almost every game, against a couple of wealthy Staffordshire gentlemen. They must have been troublesome antagonists for any not very expert players.

he rejoined his friend there, and then they took coach for Shrewsbury and Holyhead. Between these two places—a distance of a hundred miles—they were outside passengers. "It rained all the way," wrote Malcolm, "but still I never enjoyed a journey more. The road is the finest in England—constructed by Telford, an Eskdale man." With the scenery, too, he was enchanted—"the woods, the crags, the overhanging precipices, the interspersed green spots, the clear deep pools, the foaming waterfalls of the Dee, the Conway, and their tributary streams," were objects of delight and admiration. He had now full leisure and freedom of thought to enjoy the beauties of inanimate nature.

Embarking at Holyhead next morning, Malcolm crossed the channel in a steam-boat, and made Dublin after a seven hours' voyage. "The first thing that struck me," he wrote from the Irish capital, "was the justice of Foster's remark, that he never could conceive what the English beggars did with their old clothes till he saw those of Ireland." His brother Charles was residing near Kingstown, and thither Malcolm, in the first instance, repaired; but on the following day, having received a very affectionate invitation from Lord Wellesley to his charming country-seat, "Woodstock,"* he transferred himself to the residence of his old master, where he met with the warmest welcome. "I shall not attempt," he wrote to his daughter, "to give you any account of the conversation or amusements of Woodstock. Lord Wellesley was in the very highest spirits;

* Writing of this place, Malcolm says: "Nothing can be more beautiful than the situation—on the declivity of one of the Wicklow mountains, and about two miles from the sea, to which there is a gentle slope of enclosed and highly cultivated country, while behind it the hills rise into rugged barrenness. The house is very well for a moderate gentleman, but wants accommodation for a Lord-Lieutenant. That, however, recommends it to Lord Wellesley, who likes the seclusion for which it furnishes an excuse. And it must be a treat, indeed, after the bustle of Dublin."

and I could not help feeling with pleasure that my visit was one cause. Walks, dinners, Irish stories, Indian tales, politics, sense and nonsense (which is better), filled up every moment. I was quite sorry to go away." Malcolm, too, was in the highest spirits, and, we may be sure, contributed his proper share to the entertainment of the party.

There were few things in Ireland which Malcolm more desired to see than Donnybrook Fair. And he fortunately arrived in Ireland at the right season to participate in the humors of that great national institution. Colonel Camac, who had been on Lord Wellesley's staff in India, and Malcolm's travelling companion, Captain Hart, accompanied him; and they were soon in the thick of all its sports, and ere long on the brink of its contentions. Sir John's ready tact and good-humor rescued them from trouble, and they returned home in the evening without broken heads, by no means dissatisfied with their day's amusement.

A day or two afterwards, Malcolm "went to spend the day with the Attorney-General of Ireland, the celebrated Mr. Plunkett," who, added the journalist, "is as witty as he is acute, and as agreeable as a companion as he is able as a lawyer and a statesman.* No day could be pleasanter. At dinner we had a large party, and I was delighted to be carried back to other times by Judge Day, a fresh, healthy man of seventy-nine, who was very cheerful and full of anecdote."

Next day, Malcolm tells us, he met Lady Morgan, of whom, or rather of whose sister, he gives the following account:

* In another letter, Malcolm says: "I breakfasted on the last day I spent in Ireland and had three hours' conversation with that remarkable man, whose clearness and soundness of mind strike me every day with more surprise."

"On Wednesday we had a very pleasant party at your uncle Charles's. Amongst others, the famous Lady Morgan and her sister, Lady Clarke, who, without the pretensions of the authoress, is, I think, wittier and more agreeable. I was never so entertained as by this little sly-looking woman playing and singing her own funny songs. One, a parody on Miss Stephens's 'Sweet Home,' made by Lady Clarke on Mr. Home, the celebrated pastrycook of Dublin, was excellent.

No one makes pastry, makes pastry like Home.

She sang delightfully, and was quite happy in the last verse, the last line of which (after all his pies and tarts were enumerated) states that

All the sweets of this world are centred in Home.

She had a thousand others. In one she most funnily describes her sister:

She is, though I say it, an elegant artist,
A radical slut, and a great Buonapartist."

A visit to the Curragh of Kildare, to attend the race-meeting there, a dinner at the mess of the Royal Irish, and another brief sojourn with Lord Wellesley, who was very anxious to detain him, completed Malcolm's Irish experiences:

"My last days at Woodstock," he wrote, "were like the first; and at parting with Lord Wellesley he was, if possible, more affectionately kind than at our meeting. This great man has both failings and infirmities; and these, while they impede his progress, are the food of his enemies. But, after all deductions, he is so superior to the whole set of them in comprehensiveness of mind, in disinterestedness, and in public virtue, that his administration of Ireland must be attended with great benefit. Party has been violent against him; but its action is diminished by the good of many of his measures. This is now generally acknowledged; while the publicity now given to every act, and the shame now thrown on jobbery, that bane of Ireland, must work a change."

On the 9th of September—a beautiful clear day, with little wind—Malcolm crossed the channel, homeward-bound; and on that night slept at Bangor, where he saw "the noble bridge building across the Menai," or, as he playfully wrote it, the "Minny," which was the pet name of his eldest daughter, to whom he was writing. He was now about to see something of Wales, commencing his explorations of the Principality under the best possible auspices—the hospitality of the Wynne family. After an admiring glance at Llangollen, he proceeded onward to Wynnstay, where he was received with the utmost kindness by Sir Watkin and Mr. Charles Wynne.* There was a large and pleasant party in the house, and some rural gaieties in store for him—chief among which was a grand archery meeting, which well-nigh proved fatal to him; for the carriage in which he was returning with Mr. Wynne and his family was upset, and nearly precipitated over a bank some fifty feet in descent. Every one was more or less hurt; but there were no serious results, and in a few days Malcolm proceeded on his journey.

From Wynnstay he went to Powis Castle, where he was received with all becoming kindness by his old friends of the Clive family. Thence he proceeded to Walcot, where Lord and Lady Powis welcomed him as warmly as their children. At the beginning of October he was again in London, where he sate down and wrote a long letter to the Duke of Wellington on the state of Ireland, entering into all the evils endured by that un-

* "I reached Wynnstay at three o'clock," wrote Malcolm in his journal-letter to his daughter. "Every one was out in the grounds. I sallied forth to find them. After proceeding about half a mile I saw four ladies in a boat rowing a gentleman. These I hailed. The helmsman was Mr. Charles Wynne, and the rowers were his wife and daughter, Lady Delamere (his sister), and Lady Glynn, daughter of Lord Braybrooke, of Audley End. They took me on board, where I had not remained a quarter of an hour, when I was invited to the land by Sir Watkin to ride round the grounds before dinner."

happy country, tracing their sources and suggesting remedies. He was glad to have an opportunity of writing another report, though not upon a subject which he understood quite as well as Central India.*

Nor, indeed, as Persia and Russia. The affairs of those two countries had, since his return to England, occupied much of his attention, and early in 1823 it had been in contemplation to send Malcolm on a third mission to Persia. The direction and control of our relations with the Court of Teheran were again to be placed in the hands of the Government of India, whence they ought not to have been removed; and Sir John had been invited by the Chairman of the Court of Directors, on the suggestion of Mr. Canning, to take charge of the new mission.† He had promptly accepted the invitation; but he had communicated both to Mr. Canning and the Court of Directors his rooted conviction that the embassy, to carry out with success the objects for which it was designed, ought to be placed on as high a footing, as regarded rank and authority, as any mission that had ever proceeded to Persia; and that he should be regarded

* The letter, however, is a very remarkable one, considering Malcolm's limited means of observation. Towards the close of it, he characteristically says: "There have been some burnings and some shocking murders, from the usual motives of a class of villains, who, if they do not in some districts form the greater part of the lower orders, overawe it, which is just as bad. The immediate suppression of these savages is a work that to me appears full of insurmountable difficulties, under any measures that your present military or civil power will authorise. In some of the southern counties nothing short of the exercise of arbitrary power over the proprietors and occupants of the soil, as well as the disturbers of the peace, could effect a speedy settlement of these counties. I wish I had them, as I had some worse counties in Malwah, and that I could act without fear of the Parliament, the Lord Chief Justice, and the hangman, and set about putting the zemindars and ryots to rights."

† Writing to Mr. Canning on the subject of this invitation, Malcolm said: "Though I felt that the sacrifices I was called upon so suddenly to make were, for many reasons, very considerable, yet I could not hesitate, for one moment, as to the course which it became me to take. I have, therefore, without hesitation or stipulation, informed the chairman that what remains of me is at the disposal of the Government of my country and the East India Company."—[*Manchester-street, March* 16, 1823.]

in that country as the representative both of the Company and Crown. "For," he added, "to give success to the present course, the impression conveyed to the Persians must be that the Crown and Company are one and the same thing as to interests, and that the representation of both is vested in me." To this, Mr. Canning had replied that he was rejoiced that Malcolm had accepted the invitation—that there should be no more clashing between King's and Company's envoys—but that it was "the very essence of his recommendation that the embassy should be Indian, not English, and the correspondence with Calcutta, not with London." He could not, therefore, "consistently with that object, do anything that could bring the nature of the mission into question."

Of the expediency of placing the conduct of our Persian relations immediately under the Governor-General of India, no man was more firmly convinced than Sir John Malcolm, and no man had at his command a more undeniable array of arguments in support of the proposition.* But there was this difference between Malcolm's opinions and Canning's: Malcolm desired to transfer the selection of the agents and the controlling authority entirely to the Government of India, but to clothe the mission with the additional prestige conferred by the

* A summary of them is given in a memorandum, written in 1823, from which I take the following: "There cannot, I think, be two opinions as to the wisdom of Mr. Canning's proposition to transfer the management of the connexion to the Indian Government, by whom all subjects relative to Persia must be better understood than they can be in England. It must be best able to judge how far our interests in the East (the only interests that can give us any concern with Persia) are affected by the measures that have been or may be adopted by that country. The proximity of the Indian Government is a great advantage, and so is that knowledge which it possesses of Asiatic forms and usages. But above all, it alone can command at all moments competent instruments to employ and furnish them with adequate means to meet cases of emergency; and it may be confidently asserted that should such ever arise, we could devise no means so likely to defeat our own objects, as by keeping or deputing an ambassador, or any person, civil or military, to Persia, who were, in any degree, independent of the Governor-General of India."

immediate countenance of the Crown, from which, as well as from the Company, the envoy was to receive credentials. Canning, on the other hand, wished to keep the actual control of the Mission in the hands of the Foreign Office, whilst the Company, from which it was nominally to emanate, was to select the agents and to be responsible for its success. He was resolute not to confer the credentials from the Crown, which Malcolm declared to be absolutely necessary, in the conjuncture which had then arisen. So, as there was no hope of reconciling the difference, Sir John abandoned the idea of turning his ambassadorial face again towards the Court of Teheran.

"I resign with some reluctance," he wrote to the Duke of Wellington, "this prospect of being useful to my country in a scene where I think local impressions might have given me the power of doing good. I shall, however, have the consolatory reflection that in taking the line I have done I have been actuated by no interested motives. It has neither been a question of money nor of personal ambition, but a conscientious conviction that the terms on which I am sure I should go* would greatly diminish, if they did not altogether destroy, my ability to fulfil those expectations which were formed from employing me." And the Duke took the same view of the question. "The King of Persia," he wrote in reply to Malcolm, "has now a diplomatical intercourse with the King of England. He has agents in this country; and we are much mistaken if we suppose that the difference between the King's and the Company's Government is not perfectly known in Persia. It is highly desirable that the intercourse with London should cease, and that with Bengal be revived, for many reasons referable to our Indian, as well as to our European interests. But I am

* That is, under Mr. Canning's system—"without credentials from the Crown."

quite certain that this object cannot be effected for many years, unless the person to be employed should not only be accredited by the Crown as well as by the Company, but should likewise be well acquainted with the country, the people, their manners, &c. This is my opinion, and I will deliver it wherever I may have an opportunity."

Canning, however, was not to be moved. "I beg leave to observe," he wrote to Mr. Wynne, who was then President of the India Board, "that the whole and sole object of the transfer which I proposed was to make the Mission wholly Indian, and get rid of credentials from the Crown and correspondence with England altogether; and that I proposed this arrangement to you, to be proposed to the East India Company, leaving to them exclusively the selection of an ambassador whom they were exclusively to pay, instruct, and accredit." It need not be added that on such a question as this the dictum of the Foreign Office was decisive. It was determined that a Mission on a very moderate scale should be sent from India, without credentials from the Crown.* And in this state our relations with Persia continued for some years. If it were really Canning's intention that the Mission should be exclusively under the control of the Indian Government, that intention was not fulfilled. In spite of the nominal authority of the Company's Government, the Foreign Office exercised undeniable control over the Mission, until, in the year 1835, it again assumed the direct charge of our Persian diplomacy, and has ever since unfortunately retained it. The opinions of Wellington, Canning, and Malcolm have been ignored, and the evils predicted by the last-named have, consequently, been abundantly fulfilled.

* It may be mentioned here that the officer actually appointed to the charge of the Mission was Major (afterwards Sir John) Macdonald, who had married Lady Malcolm's sister. He was nominated by Lord Amherst

In the autumn of the year 1824, Sir John Malcolm set out on an excursion in Scotland, in the course of which he saw some old friends, and made some new ones, and visited, in goodly company, many places which he had not before explored. His family letters, written chiefly to his eldest daughter, exhibit a growing delight in the beauties of inanimate nature, and abound in descriptions of scenery. He visited Burnfoot, of course, spent some time in Edinburgh and Glasgow, inspected Owen's establishment at Lanark, of which he wrote a long account, and next lionised the Falls of the Clyde; thence to Stirling, on a visit to Sir Robert Abercrombie; and thence to his old friend Mr. Johnstone of Alva, who "insisted on taking" him to Tuliboli to see Sir Henry Moncrieff. Remembering the admonition, "Thine own friend *and thy father's friend* forsake not," Malcolm required little persuasion to start upon this pilgrimage. I will give Sir John's own account of the visit, and of another which he paid immediately afterwards to the aged parents of his old friend and pupil, John Low.* There is a fine characteristic flavor about the following passages in his journal:

"When we left Dollar, I went to a woman standing at the door of a house to inquire the best way to Tuliboli. 'You'll gang just on till you come to a stane on the road; then ye'll turn and gang straight by the Crook.' 'What,' said I, 'straight by a crook!' 'Ay,' replied the dame, with an unmoved face; 'but

on Sir John's recommendation. "The best proof which I can give you," wrote the Governor-General, "of the weight of your recommendations, is to tell you that I have just appointed Major Macdonald our Resident Minister in Persia. He had a powerful competitor in a Bengal Civil servant, but I am willing to think that Major Macdonald's pretensions were superior to any others; that his knowledge and experience of the country will render him the most effective minister I could have chosen; in short, that in anything relating to Persia I could not do better than be guided by your opinion."

* Now General John Low, C.B., member of the Supreme Council of India.

it's no a crook in the road, but a crook in the river, which ye must gang by! Then, when ye're doun on a wee east (about a mile), haud west for twa miles, and when ye come to a road between twa dykes, which gangs north, just go down it and you'll see the Toun!' I reported the directions, at which Johnstone laughed. The Toun,* he informed me, meant the old solitary house of Tuliboli, at which we at length arrived. Lady Moncreiff was not well, but I passed a most delightful day and evening with the old gentleman. Sir Harry Moncreiff, though seventy-eight, retains all his faculties perfect. He is a man who mixes sound piety with great energy, judgment, and decision. He leads, and has long led, what are mockingly called the Highflyers of the Scottish Kirk. But to this evangelical party Scotland owes the steady resistance to those daily attacks made upon her excellent and moderate establishments. An attempt is now in progress to give favorites and Government parsons two offices, such as that of principal† of a college and minister of a large parish. It has succeeded; but so much has been done by Sir Harry, Professor Macgill, of Glasgow, and others, to expose the evil tendency of acts that, by giving men more duties than they can perform, must either render them negligent heads or professors in a college, or unfaithful ministers of religion, as also the danger of making pluralists in the Scotch Establishment, that the experiment will probably not be repeated. I shall buy you Sir Harry's Sermons and works on the Evidences for Christianity, by which you will judge of the piety and strength of his mind. He has other qualities you would like. He is the most cheerful of men, and is full of entertaining anecdote, with a warm heart to his friends, and amongst the dearest of those the Burnfoot family have ranked for forty years.

"From Tuliboli I made an excursion of thirty-five miles to see old Mr. Low, of Clatto, the father of John Low, who was so long with me in India, and ranks at the head of my list of *soldier favorites*. I had given no warning, for I was uncertain to the last whether I should be able to visit them. When I entered the

* The word is Saxon for a house, and the country people still use it in its original signification.—J. M.

† This was done in a late appointment at Glasgow, and carried by the influence of Government to please the Duke of Montrose.—J. M.

drawing-room, I found a respectable-looking old lady, whom I knew from her countenance to be the mother of my friend. I announced myself, and she gave almost a shout of delight. She hastened out of the room the moment she had seated me near her daughter, and returned with one of the heartiest and happiest-looking men, on the verge of fourscore, I had ever seen. His large hand was stretched out to welcome the General about whom his boys (his son William had also been with me) had written so much. Their letters, said he, have contained little, for six years, but Sir John Malcolm, and here you are at Clatto! I told him I was aware he had heard enough of me, and was therefore determined to let him see what kind of a person it was about whom his sons, particularly John, had plagued him so much. At this moment Colonel Bethune, a son-in-law who lived near, and had come in, was going to send away his horse to walk home, but I begged he would lend him to me, as I saw the spires of the auld town of St. Andrews at about a distance of six miles. 'It is now two o'clock,' I said; 'I shall return by five, after seeing this once celebrated residence of royalty and present seat of learning. Besides, I have four old Indian friends that I must shake hands with.' 'You are welcome to the horse,' said Colonel Bethune. 'It rains,' said Mrs. Low. 'I will not halt long enough,' I replied, 'at any place to get wet.' 'Go along,' said old Low. 'It is exactly as John wrote us; and bring any or all of your friends that you can persuade to dinner. I have sent for my youngest son Henry, who is ten miles off, shooting; but the servant knows why he is wanted, and said he would find and bring him if above ground.'

"Away I trotted, saw the noble remains of monasteries, cathedrals, and palaces at St. Andrews, shook hands with a General Campbell, who was kind to me as a boy; with a Colonel Wilson, who was secretary to my commander when I was *at the wildest*, and whose goodness has helped me out of many a scrape; and with Captain Binny, who taught me Persian; and with Colonel Glass, a brother sportsman. They were not less surprised than delighted with this flying visit, and it gave me much gratification.

"I got back in time for dinner at Clatto, where I passed a delightful evening. The old gentleman, who had returned from India forty-four years, married a Miss Malcolm, bought the estate, and built the house (an excellent one), in which he has ever since

lived. He, or rather she—for it is as usual the mother's work—has brought up a large family, all of whom are well settled in life. Two of the daughters married intimate friends of mine, Colonel Deas, and Colonel Foulis; another married Colonel Bethune, who has the adjoining estate; and one, unmarried, lives with Mrs. Low's sister, Lady Fettes, near Edinburgh. With the family materials I had, and the praises truth entitled me to give their sons, you may suppose conversation did not flag. But there was another source of pleasure to the old gentleman. Several officers who had been his friends as ensigns had by accident been my commanding officers when I went first to India, and I had been at the same stations he had. The revival of these personalities and localities delighted him beyond measure. He gave me Madeira sixty years old, which he had brought from India. His memory was as fresh as if he had only left the scenes of which we talked a few months. 'I have to thank God,' said he, as we parted, 'for the health and happiness I enjoy; but I was really beginning to think it was but a frail tenure a man of my age held life upon. This visit, however, is like a new lease. I shall live for some years to come upon the recollections of this day.' Mrs. Low, with whom both you and your mother would be much pleased, confirmed this speech next morning at six o'clock, when she rose to get me my breakfast before I went away in the Cupar coach. She gave me more calm, but not less sincere thanks for my considerate visit. I assured her I had gratified myself as much as I had them, and went towards Edinburgh quite in good humor with myself and all the world."

After ten days spent at Edinburgh, where as ever he was most hospitably entertained by the good people of that most hospitable city, Malcolm turned his face southward, and visited Abbotsford. "I was two days there," he wrote to his daughter, "and most delighted was my friend Sir Walter to see me. We walked together over all his estate, and looked at all his fine castle. We had a large party and many a tale, and Sir Walter declares that I beat him in legends. But his is the wizard's art of giving them the shape that delights the world." From

Walter Scott's, Malcolm went to Minto, "the lord of which came to Abbotsford to meet him, and was his guide through the country;" then continuing his journey southward, he paid another visit to Burnfoot, and returned home in the course of November.

The year 1825, in the annals of Sir John Malcolm's life, was remarkable chiefly for a visit which he paid in the summer to France, at the time when all the country was astir with the thought of the coronation of Charles the Tenth. The Duke of Northumberland, with whom Malcolm was on terms of intimacy, was then Ambassador Extraordinary to the French Court; and both he and the Duchess—an old friend—were glad to welcome him at the French capital. His journey thither was distinguished by no noticeable incident. He left Hyde Hall on the 19th of May, spent a day or two in London, crossed from Dover to Calais on the 23rd, and thence proceeded on by diligence through Boulogne, Abbeville, and Beauvais, to the capital.

On the day after his arrival he dined with the Duke of Northumberland, and "was warmly invited to accompany him to Rheims," in the cathedral of which the King was to be crowned. "Nothing," he wrote, "can be more splendid than the Duke's hotel and the style of his entertainment." On the evening of the 27th he started by diligence for Rheims, with a "motley party," on "an overloaded machine;" and after a break-down at Soissons, arrived just in time to be too late to witness the King's entry into the town. "However," wrote Malcolm, "we followed close in his track, and along the road. For the last ten or twelve miles, we found triumphal arches at short distances from each other, some of painted wood, some of leaves and flowers, decorated with inscriptions of the King's name, the Dauphin, the

Dauphiness, &c., with mottoes expressive of the virtues of the Royal Family and the attachment of the people. When we entered the boundaries of Rheims, the beauty and the style of these tributes of loyalty and respect increased, and the interest of the scene became much greater from the crowd of people who had floated in to see their King."

On entering the town, Malcolm went at once to the Duke of Northumberland's hotel.* The Duke himself was absent in attendance on the King, but the house was full, and among the family and suite were some of Malcolm's old friends, and others, too, among the visitors of the Ambassador.† "The splendor of the Duke's equipment," he wrote in his journal, "and the style of his expenditure, as well as his own unpresuming manners, I found the talk of all Frenchmen, and it is equally the wonder." A French lady told Malcolm that they talked more about *his* Duke than *her* King.

On the 29th of May, Charles X. was crowned in the cathedral of Rheims. Malcolm was charmed with the spectacle, and on his return to his lodgings wrote the following account of it in his journal:

"I am just returned from the consecration, or coronation (I know not which to call it), of Charles X. of France! I never was more gratified than by this scene. The cathedral is a fine and a large building, and has been recently fitted up, painted, and ornamented

* Malcolm says that this house, though "dirty and almost unfurnished," cost the duke 2000*l.* for the week. It was large, however, and close to the cathedral.

† The party was so large, that Malcolm wrote they were all obliged to "double up." The chaplain offered his room to Sir John; but Mr. R. Clive had secured him a cleanly lodging hard by, where he was more comfortable and more independent. A French officer was, however, obliged to go through Malcolm's bedroom on his way to his own; and although he generally retired two hours after Malcolm, he always stopped to apologise before passing Sir John's bed—not a bad illustration of French *politesse*. It would have been the chief care of a polite Englishman to pass through the room without waking his neighbour.

for this occasion. Its centre and great aisles were surmounted by galleries and decorated seats, in which, according to their ranks and classes, were placed princes of the blood, princesses, ambassadors, peers, peeresses, marshals of France, generals, while common officers of all ranks below lieutenant-generals were, with strangers, mixed up according to favor or accommodation.

"A volume has been dedicated to the description of the scene, which lasted nearly five hours, but was never wearisome; for, independent of that gratification which the eye derived from a contemplation of the whole splendor of the scene, it could fix as it chose on individuals who had played a great part in that wonderful drama which Europe has presented during the last thirty-five years: the King, so long an emigrant in England, at the age of sixty-eight receiving his crown with all those ceremonials that had attended the coronation of his illustrious ancestors; the Dauphin and the Duke of Orleans, after the vicissitudes of their past life, placing the crown on their relation and king; the venerable Duke de Bourbon (Condé) standing near, and though bent by years, looking with delight on the ceremony. The Duchess of Angoulême, who is by all revered for the miseries of her early life, and by many almost worshipped for her piety and her charities, looked as if she felt deeply what was passing. The young Duchess of Berri, though her manner is that of a girl, seemed to me—and I was near her—to fix her attention at times upon the scene, which, if I read her thoughts aright, associated it with the contemplation of its repetition; and considering the age of the Dauphin as well as the King, the elevation of her son (the Duc de Bordeaux) is probably no very distant event.

"Near the King, when he entered, was the Head Chamberlain of France, Talleyrand, whose history is more interwoven with the revolution, the wars, the restorations, and the treaties which have disturbed and settled Europe, than that of any living being. I saw, as he stood before me, the bishop, casting off his mitre and his robes, become one among those devotees at the shrine of Reason who stripped the king to whom he owed allegiance, and the nobility to which he belonged, of all the dignity and respect which the usage of ages had granted them. The next appearance of this able, but unprincipled man, was to awaken from the mad dream of liberty and equality, and to aid in building up with new mate-

rials a building not unlike in all its essential parts that which had been destroyed. When the master-workman, Buonaparte, had succeeded with such aids in completing this edifice, and had become drunken with success, I saw, in the withered and decrepid man before me, the calm, calculating priest and statesman who tried in vain to prevent his fatal errors in Spain, and who raised his warning voice against the disastrous expedition to Russia. Distrusted, if not degraded for his wisdom by their enemy, his feelings and his interests led him to contribute to the restoration of the Bourbons, by whom, though no longer employed beyond the honorary duties of his high office, he is treated with respect and attention. There are few men who have passed so unhurt through such extraordinary vicissitudes, and fewer to whom remarkable worldly wisdom has so well supplied the absence of good and great qualities.

"In one line there were standing before me eight marshals of France—Jourdan, Soult, Mortier, Marmont, Oudinot, Macdonald, Lauriston, and Molitor. The first and oldest of these carried me back to the days of Robespierre, and all the rest, except Mortier (who was promoted last year for his conduct in Spain), had received their bâtons from Buonaparte, with whose greatest successes their names are associated. Their look and their manner is decidedly different from that of the more ancient nobility of France; but the chivalric and finished courtier and soldier of the time of Henry IV. had degenerated into a count or marquis, who, polite and brave, but trifling and proud, and who, from having all his pretensions from external causes, looked down on the other classes, and was little known to those he occasionally commanded. The cross (as sportsmen would call it) of rough, strong soldiers, will do great good to the nobility of France; and while the difference between them daily ceases, both parties will be improved. It is impossible to describe all the remarkable characters I saw, but when I looked at them, all in one group as it were, assembled at the coronation of a Bourbon, after a lapse of nearly fifty years, since the occurrence of that ceremony, my mind was filled with recollections of the past, contemplation on the present, and speculation as to the future. I hardly heeded the ceremonies, though these were very imposing. The cathedral was, inside, much larger and grander, both in the building and decora-

tions, than Westminster Abbey; but it did not admit of a procession, and there was no great Westminster Hall to dine in. The French procession was necessarily in broken parties. This was so far pleasing to an inquisitive spectator such as I was, as it gave him time to ask who one party were, before the next made their appearance. Cardinals, archbishops, bishops, canons, vicars, peers, heralds, guards, gold-sticks, came, prayed, stood, paraded before my eyes.

"The grand officers of the Court preceded the King, who had the great part to perform. He was seated at one moment, at prayers the next, then disrobed, afterwards robed, the rich royal mantle put upon him, after which the crown of Charlemagne was put upon his head by the Dauphin, the Duke of Orleans, and the Duke of Bourbon, who came afterwards, when the King's confession was over, and took the communion together, and the King having put on other robes, had the ancient crown taken off, and a light one formed of diamonds put in its place. And in all the ceremonies he went through, nothing pleased me so much as the clear and strong voice in which he took his oath. He was anointed by the officiating cardinal, and during this process, as well as at other periods, very fine anthems were sung. Indeed, nothing could be better than the instrumental music. One or two voices were also wonderfully good, but when the whole conclave of cardinals, bishops, &c., joined in chorus, it was not so attractive.

"The only part of this ceremony that caused me, as a Protestant, who wants the reverence a good Catholic has for every part of the vestments of his pontiff, to smile, was the frequent taking on and putting off the rich embroidered mitres of the bishop. When the ceremony was worldly, they wore the covering to their heads, when spiritual, they were uncovered. The canon whose office this is takes the mitre off and folds it up, carrying it with great reverence before him; when he puts it on, two long flaps that fold up with the mitre fall from it down the back of the bishop."

On the day after the coronation, Malcolm, not without some difficulty, owing to a scarcity of horses and carriages natural at such a time, commenced his journey back to Paris; and the new month found him again securely lodged in the Rue de Richelieu. He was soon,

under the genial auspices of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, immersed in the gaieties, and surrounded by the literary and scientific society of the French capital. He made or renewed his acquaintance at this time with many eminent men. Since his visit to Paris, ten years before, his reputation as a soldier, as a statesman, and as a man of letters, had ripened beneath the warm sun of success. It was in the last-named character that he was best known on the Continent. His works had been translated into several European languages. In France and Germany especially there was a growing taste for Orientalism; and in Russia his "History of Persia" had been studied with an amount of interest proportioned to the importance of the subject in the estimation of the northern conqueror. Altogether he occupied a much larger space in the world's eye than when he visited Paris after Waterloo; and he now found his own name sufficient passport to the best society of the most brilliant capital of Europe. Small as is the space now remaining to me, I must give some extracts from Malcolm's last Parisian journal:

June 16.—Went this morning to Lady William Bentinck's, where I met Soult. We fell into conversation, and continued it on various subjects for at least two hours. He was very inquisitive as to the actual state of Persia, of Turkey, and the probable designs of Russia. The freedom with which I gave my sentiments upon these points had its effect upon him, and he lost by degrees all that reserve which belongs to his usual character.

He spoke of Buonaparte's designs against England. He possessed, he said, a volume of letters upon the subject. "The project," said he, "which he formed of an invasion of your country was suited to his tactics, which were to march directly to his point. If he conquered England, Europe was conquered, and he cared nothing for the advance of the legions of Germany, provided he could have dated one letter from London." "The battle of Trafalgar," said Soult, "dispelled the charm; but when

he marched against Russia, it was still England that was his object, and all means that Russia could furnish, had that expedition succeeded, would have been turned against India. We might never have brought back a man from England had we gone over, and our troops might have perished on the road to India, but Napoleon was sincere and earnest in both these projects."

Soult, speaking of Spain, said he did not concur with me in thinking the condition of that country would involve the Continent. "Your recognition of the independence of its colonies has put an extinguisher upon the importance of that country." Speaking of South America, he observed: "There were few greater wonders in this extraordinary age than that of Englishmen and English capital being employed in working the mines of Mexico; and if all your steam-engines," said he, "work to good purpose, where lies that relative value of gold and silver? Those metals, when found in great quantities, must cease to have their present price; and what changes might we not expect from this revolution in the value of money throughout the globe."

Soult said that England presented at this moment the most extraordinary spectacle of a nation which, raised as it was above others by unparalleled credit, was now on full march to improvements of every kind, and giving an impulse to the whole world. "During the late protracted contest," said he, "you spent your revenue ten times over, and now your Ministers, guided as they are by public opinion, are taking step after step to advance you still higher. Your bold adoption of new principles of commercial policy must be attended with benefit, and other nations must follow the same path."

Soult spoke with enthusiasm on Peel's Bill on Juries.

He told me that he thought Greece would yet involve Europe. He agreed with me that in Russia, as a military empire, *progress* was a law of existence. She could not stop; but he thought her views pointed more to the west than the east at this moment; her views to the east could alone be directed against us, and her jealousy of England was natural. "I speak with more freedom," said he, "on such subjects, as my country is not now in a position to act a prominent part; but Russia must certainly look with solicitude to every means to counterbalance that great power you derive, both in peace and war, from your superiority at sea."

Persia he thought likely to come forward, both from the designs of Russia and the changes to which the wretched empire of the Turks was destined at no very distant period. He was evidently destitute of good information on Persia, and to make him understand the books of travels lately published, I told him I would send him a French edition of the History of Persia.

When speaking of the different occupations with which a man of active habits might amuse or occupy himself, Soult said, that after the battle of Austerlitz he had five or six months of comparative idleness; that finding the indolence in which he began to indulge brought on a pain in his wounded leg, which seemed something like gout, he determined to give himself some active employment. At first he took to shooting. That did not fill his mind. He then determined to study botany, and having a very skilful man in his camp, he commenced to take lessons. "You would hardly believe," said he, "how the love of this science crept upon me. I mastered its difficult nomenclature, and then used to employ myself daily in collecting and examining plants and herbs. I sought them on plains and on the tops of hills, and used to return to my quarters with my pockets full of flowers. I never recollect," concluded Soult, "being more ardent in any pursuit; and independent of the pleasure I received at the moment, and have since derived, from the pursuit and attainment of some knowledge in this branch of science, the exercise it caused me to take completely dispelled all symptoms of gout."

June 18.—Took Humboldt to dinner at the Duke of Northumberland's, where we had a small but pleasant party. Went in the evening to les Grands Appartements—a royal soirée. We had the whole suite of rooms of the Tuileries open and filled with fine ladies and fine gentlemen. Many, and amongst them all the Royal Family, were playing at cards. The Duchess of Northumberland had the Duke de Grammont as her partner at whist, against the Duchess of Berri and Marshal Soult.

The Duke of Northumberland told me that the King and others had admitted, the other night, at the *bal à la cour*, that he had given extraordinary proof of his courage and ability in standing up and going through a French country-dance, never having seen one before, and not having danced at all for twelve years!

Humboldt, speaking of the acquaintance I had established with Soult, and of the desire the Marshal had expressed to cultivate

my friendship, said, "Do not neglect his offer, for though we may smile at his principles, he is the only one of the marshals who has a mind that extends beyond his profession."

The King never loses an occasion of being attentive to the English he happens to know, and to others of that country. As he was walking last night through the *open ranks* we had made for him at his *soirée*, he was particular in his attentions to me. He asked me how long I meant to stay, and hoped I had been gratified with my visit. I said that I meant to go in three or four days, and that I esteemed it fortunate I had come on so auspicious an occasion. "I trust," returned the King, "as you are pleased with us, we shall soon see you again, General."

I had a long conversation with Marshal Lauriston about his father, Monsieur Law, who was one of the most distinguished French officers in India in the year 1758. He appeared much pleased to find me so familiar with his history.

Lauriston appears one of the greatest favorites (amongst those of Buonaparte's school) at Court; his manners are more assimilated than those of the others to the courtiers who are about the King—the Damonts and the Grammonts. I was introduced to the former by my good friend the Duke of Richelieu, who said, and I believe with truth, as he did me that honor, "This, Sir John, is one of the best-hearted men we have in France."

I had taken Humboldt in my carriage yesterday to the Duke of Northumberland's. After dinner I asked him if he was going home. "Home!" said the Baron; "that word is unknown in Paris. No person speaks of, much less goes to, such a place!"

I gave a small dinner to-day, at which I had *Humboldt*, Klaproth, Colonel Wilson, Mr. Robert Clive, *Major Close*, Sir G. Staunton, and young Lubbock. It was an attention to some of these, and it brought others together who it was of consequence to themselves and not unimportant to objects of science should meet. This particularly applied to *Humboldt* and Colonel Wilson, as the latter possesses and may impart much information of great importance to the former.

Humboldt was for nearly three hours the soul of the party. I have seldom met any man more complete in any branch of knowledge than he is in all that relates to Mexico and Peru. This is shown by his rendering subjects which are difficult and abstruse, clear and intelligible even to the unlearned. He gave me a

perfect new light upon the subject of the mines. America will, according to him, gain more than we shall by our speculations in that quarter; and the gain of America will be more from the intellect and spirit of enterprise that we carry amongst them, than from our steam-engines. "The latter," he says, "are neither required, nor can they be applied to the extent English speculators believe. Ten of the mines have water in them. The ore is found in others near the surface; and others are situated almost in inaccessible parts, where good roads can neither be made nor kept in repair."

The most productive mines have been discovered within the last sixty years, but Humboldt has no alarm at either the enterprise or the skill of the speculators depreciating the metal, either by new discoveries or the application of superior art in working the mines of South America. It will take years to bring the production to what it was some thirty years ago; and if there was an increase, according to him, it is difficult to believe that it would ever be in a proportion to affect the currency. After all, like other articles of demand, its production will no doubt be regulated by the market. The substitution of paper money, the decrease of demand in the East Indies, where there is less made up in ornament and buried than there was when that country was more unsettled, have affected the market.

The great objects of Humboldt's present pursuits are the mean temperature of different parts of the globe, and how that is affected by elevation, table-lands, vicinity to sea, &c., &c. There is no instance within my knowledge of a man of real science living so much in society as Humboldt, and to this he owes much. His rank and reputation enable him to command the best. He seeks and is sought by all minds of the first order. His manners are pleasing, and he has some wit and constant cheerfulness. He is as ready to mix in trifling as serious conversation. The consequence is, none are *gênés* with him; and he is not only in the constant exercise of his faculties, but in that collision with men of calibre which gives him an opportunity of proving every idea as it rises in his mind, and saves him from many of those dogmas to which insulated philosophers give birth, and which, even when convinced of their errors, they cannot bear to abandon.

The fault of Humboldt's early writings was that they were too diffuse. There was, the critics thought, along with his facts, a

disposition to theorise, which, fed as it was by abundant streams of knowledge, became a sea of which the shores were not always discernible. Many of these theories were disputed, and some were, no doubt, untenable; but the success of these early attacks by English journals led to a spirit of animadversion that was not always liberal.

The fault to which I have alluded some may still discover in his conversation. It is a cup of knowledge always overflowing, and the moment you have drunk, it is replenished. In such abundance there must be some part of the mixture the quality of which you may question. His mind, from his position in his favorite branches of knowledge and in society, appears to me to run too hastily to conclusions. For instance: "The peninsula of India," said he, after some facts had been added to those he before possessed of its great ridges, falling after you leave Malwah, and rising as you approximate the equator—"the peninsula of India must once have been an island. This is shown by the elevation of such and such mountains, by such and such discovery of shells. I suppose," continued he, "that the sea once came so and so." Now all this might have been; but a greater collection of facts would, probably, convince his clear judgment that the probabilities are against the conclusion to which he hurried. This was, of course, only in conversation, but it is a specimen of his mind; but let it be remarked, he appears to have no tenacity of opinion. He is quite strong enough to confess error, and has that best symptom of a really great man—an unsatiable thirst of information, grounded on a conviction that he, with all his talents and all his efforts, is only at the portico of knowledge.

To finish this little sketch of my friend Humboldt, let me add that I never see him happier than when attending and conversing with the young and gay on indifferent subjects; and I notice with particular pleasure he is an excellent chaperon to the ladies, and that without the slightest change of manner. In him there is no affectation of lightness. He never appears a philosopher condescending to his company, but is natural throughout, having learnt, no doubt, that what sapient fools call folly is often sense, and that were it otherwise, the bow will never retain its elasticity which is never unbent. "The man that is always wise is a fool."

June 21.—Dined at the Duke of Northumberland's. Went to Baron Montalembert's, and met Lady Granville, Duchess of

Narbonne, Princess of Polignac, Madame Davidoff, Duke Maken Richelieu, Prince Polignac, Lord Morpeth, &c. When I was going away, I received a very pressing and sincere invitation from Lord Morpeth to visit him in Cumberland if ever in his vicinity.

Went to Sir Sydney Smith's. Met Mr. Fergusson, the Advocate-General of Bengal, who had returned from India by a very interesting route. After travelling through Persia and Georgia, he had gone towards the Black Sea, skirted its coast, and gone to Odessa, where he had met Woronzoff, and been most kindly treated by him. From Odessa he had come to Vienna; and the distance was only nine hundred miles. He was fifteen days, travelling with twelve horses. It was winter, and the roads and weather were equally bad. Mr. Fergusson gives a sad account of our condition in Persia. We are held light, and no respect is shown to the English character. He said it was impossible to convey an idea of the warm feeling all ranks still cherished for me. The King, he said, asked about me; so did the Prince Abbas Mirza, and, he might add, every man down to the lowest in the country. It was a sad policy, Mr. Fergusson remarked, that abandoned that country to its fate; and from what he saw and heard, he appeared convinced the heir apparent leans wholly on Russia.

The Princess Polignac came to Sir Sydney Smith's, and made herself very pleasant. She told us a good story of an Irish maid, who in announcing Le Père Elyse de Château, called him "Father Elyse from the Castle!"

June 22.—Klaproth called this morning, and I settled with him to send me the prospectus of his periodical Review of the Russian Voyages, &c. Those interesting books are lost to the public, from the language in which most of them are written being almost unknown in the south of Europe.

M. Klaproth tells me he translated a great part of the Map of China now at the India House, and if that map is sent to the English Ambassador's, or any place in Paris, he will engage to make a complete translation free of all expense to the Company, on the sole condition that he is at liberty to use the information it contains for his present work on China.

M. Klaproth mentioned that Monsieur Garnberg, the French Consul-General at Tiflis, is just come to Paris. He is full of pro-

jects of improvements. The Emperor has made a grant of forty thousand acres for a French colony in Georgia. The Emperor and his Ministers want to establish a commerce from France to the Black Sea, and from its eastern ports, through Mingrelia, with Tiflis, which is to be an emporium for eastern trade!

June 23.—This morning paid visits (to take leave) to Lady Granard, Lady William Bentinck, Mrs. Burke, Lord Granville, and the Duke of Northumberland. Went into the mail at six o'clock, and reached Calais at ten o'clock next night. Embarked next morning at five o'clock on the *Mountaineer* steam-boat, which brought us to the Tower-stairs at six o'clock, being exactly forty-eight hours from the hotel at Paris. No travelling could be pleasanter or better, and the sum total of the expense of the journey, including everything, for an individual is 5*l.* 10s.

Malcolm's next excursion was to Scotland. He left home at the end of July, halted at Edinburgh and Glasgow, and proceeded thence on a tour in the Highlands. Having visited Lord Blantyre, Lord John Campbell, Sir David Baird, and other friends, had some good shooting on the moors, and otherwise enjoyed himself, he returned to his family at Hyde Hall. The records of this journey, though amusing, contain little that is either very remarkable or very characteristic; I may therefore pass on to other things.

This chapter must, of necessity, be a desultory one—Malcolm lived a desultory life at this time—now in the enjoyment of domestic and social happiness; now enlarging his mind by travel; now occupied with literature; now again distracted by public affairs, and deep in the politics of other nations. His correspondence at this time seems to have been both scanty and irregular, or if not, he did not adhere to his life-long custom of keeping copies of his letters. There is one particular correspondence, however, of which some mention ought to be made in this chapter. Malcolm never ceased to watch

with the liveliest interest the progress of events in Persia and the adjoining countries. And he was oppressed with a strong conviction that the British Government were resolutely bent on neglecting a combination of affairs out of which, at no very remote period, difficulties and embarrassments of the most serious kind were likely to arise. The "progress of Russia in the East" had become not only a great fact, but a great danger. And Malcolm saw clearly how much depended upon the influence which British diplomacy acquired for itself at the Persian Court. But in Downing-street there was evidently a disposition to pooh-pooh all this; and to suffer things to take their chance. Even when, at the close of 1826, the Gokchah boundary-dispute brought Persia and Russia again into a state of actual warfare with each other, it was difficult to persuade the Foreign Minister that we had any concern or any interest in such a conjuncture of affairs.

That at this time Persia was less able to contend with Russia in the field than she had been twenty years before, is a fact recognised by all instructed writers in the present day, as distinctly as it was by Sir John Malcolm when the war was commenced. The experiment of disciplining a regular army after the European fashion, in spite of the energetic efforts of the few British officers whose services Abbas Meerza had so eagerly coveted, had proved to be nothing more than a failure. Fifteen years before, Malcolm had endeavoured to impress upon the Persian Government that the real military strength of the country must be sought in the irregular levies of horse with which, in their own country at least, a disciplined European army would always find it so difficult to contend. But Abbas Meerza had taken up European drill as a new hobby; and had succeeded only in diminishing the military power of the nation. When, there-

fore, war broke out between Russia and Persia at the end of 1826, the latter was of course disastrously beaten.*

Malcolm had foreseen this result, and had clearly pointed out the embarrassments which would arise from it. In a memorandum drawn up at Hyde Hall, in the month of September, he had placed his views upon record in a series of pregnant paragraphs, the truth and sagacity of which he confidently left it to time to demonstrate. Some part at least of his predictions was fulfilled almost as soon as it was recorded. The Persians were defeated and compelled to accept the terms which the Russians dictated to them. Intelligence to this effect was communicated to Malcolm in private letters from Colonel Macdonald. On the receipt of these communications he wrote the following letter to the Duke of Wellington, the answer to which, with its enclosures, I annex:

* The Duke of Wellington, who had recently been in Russia, was of opinion that the Russians were as little prepared for war as the Persians. He wrote to Malcolm in September, saying: "I am very much obliged to you for your letter of the 17th, which explains what I did not really understand before. I heard that the Emperor of Russia was particularly angry with his English friends on account of a sudden attack made upon them by the Persians, which was supposed to have been instigated by the English, of whom I believed there were none in Persia at the time. It now appears to have been occasioned by their own encroachments. Menzikoff left St. Petersburg a day or two after I arrived there. I knew him very well; but he did not come to see me before he went. The motive of his mission to that part of the empire was not known; but was supposed to be connected with General Yemoloff's supposed disposition to dislike the succession of the Emperor Nicholas. I don't know much of the politics of that part of the world; but guessing from what the Emperor told me of his difficulties in that quarter, of the large army employed under Yemoloff, and of its recent reinforcements on account of the resistance of the Moslemites in general to the Russian Government, I should say that this attack of the Persians is caused by considerations of greater depth than the mere irritation on account of an unsettled claim to a tract of pasture ground. It may be connected with the general Moslemite resistance in Asia above referred to, or it may be the *contrecoup* of the events of Russia of last winter, or of the expectations of the beginning of the year of a Turkish war; or more probably of both. But to tell you the truth, I don't much regret this irruption. It will bring the Russian council to reflect a little upon their general position in Asia, and may possibly make them more moderate in their negotiations at Akermann, in which they are decidedly in the wrong. Take my word for it, that notwithstanding their million in arms—or, rather, in consequence of their million

SIR JOHN MALCOLM TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Hyde Hall, Dec. 10, 1826.

My dear Duke,—I have letters from Tabreez as late as the 14th of October, which contain nothing but what I expected—the defeat and retreat of the Persians.

You will see Colonel Macdonald's despatches, which are clear and sensible. He writes in his private letter to me that if there is not an effort made, or some aid given, the Persian Court will lose all hopes of aid from us, and must, therefore, throw themselves upon the moderation of a power they cannot resist. You know as well as any person what the moderation of Russia is likely to be if unrestrained by any fear of giving us offence.

We have cast away the means of preventing this crisis, and I perceive nothing but an anxiety to get rid of the subject, from a persuasion, I suppose, that it has no importance but in the heated brains of some Asiatic politicians.

This impression of the sentiments of your Grace's colleagues must prevent my troubling them again. You, I know, understand the motives which lead me to have such anxiety on points that I believe, erroneously perhaps, will, if neglected, be the source of much future embarrassment, if not danger, to the interests of my country.

I am, &c.,
J. Malcolm.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

London, Dec. 11, 1826.

My dear Malcolm,—I have received your letter of yesterday. I assure you that I have not been inattentive to this Persian affair, and I enclose in confidence the opinion which I wrote to Mr. Canning upon it, and his answer to me. I am sure I am right.

in arms—they are not better prepared for war than their neighbours, and have more cause than others to dread its consequences. I will add this, that my visit to Russia, although it has increased my respect for that nation in general, and has strengthened my conviction that it is invulnerable from all continental attack, has shown me that the Emperor is not now at least, and most probably will not be for some time, in a state to do much harm to any, excepting, possibly, the Turks; and he is convinced that he will do better to avoid to attempt even that operation. I shall be at Strathfieldsaye soon, and I hope you will come and shoot some of the partridges there."

I believe I have later intelligence than you have from the seat of war.

It appears from advices from St. Petersburg that accounts have been received the details of which are kept very secret. But it is stated by Mr. Dowdeswell that Abbas Meerza had fallen upon a detachment of six thousand men, under General Yemoloff, and had totally destroyed them. The Regiment of Moscow (that detachment of Guards sent to the frontier last winter after the affair at St. Petersburg) was among these troops. This may be an exaggerated statement. But I entertain no doubt that something important in the way of disaster has occurred.

Ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO MR. CANNING.

London, Nov. 21, 1826.

MY DEAR CANNING,—I have perused the papers in the case regarding the dispute between the Emperor of Russia and the King of Persia, and it appears to me that although the original provocation was given by the Emperor, by the seizure in time of peace of the districts of Gokchah and Balilkloo, avowedly belonging to the King of Persia, the existing hostilities are to be attributed to the latter. By the good offices of Mr. Willock, means of preventing hostilities had been discovered and agreed to by the King and by the Russian Ambassador, Prince Menzikoff; but in the mean time accounts had been received by the Prince Royal, who was on the frontier with an army, that there had been a successful insurrection within the Russian territory, and he moved across the frontier to support the insurgents.

The state of our engagements appears to be as follows: The Treaty is defensive, and is stated in the third article to have been concluded "for the purpose of repelling the aggression of enemies;" and the purport of the word "aggression" in this Treaty is an attack upon the territories of another state.

The fourth article grants a subsidy to Persia in case the King of Persia should be attacked, and contains the following paragraph: "It is further agreed that the said subsidy shall not be paid in case the war with such European nation shall have been produced by an aggression on the part of Persia."

The sixth article states that in case Persia should be engaged in

a war with any European power at peace with his Majesty, his Majesty engages to use his best endeavours to bring Persia and such European power to a friendly understanding. The end of the article contains an engagement to support Persia by force, or with a subsidy, in case his Majesty's mediation should fail of success; but it is obvious, from the reference to the preceding articles, that the assistance to be afforded in the case supposed in the sixth article depends upon the fact of *aggression*.

The King of Persia will still remain, therefore, with the claim of his Majesty's interference in his favor under the sixth article of the Treaty, even though it should be decided that, as the aggressor, he cannot have his assistance and support.

I must say that in this case we stand in an unpleasant situation. The late Emperor declined to attend to our mediation in favor of the King of Persia after we had settled for him the Treaty of Gulistan; and the King of Persia is acquainted with this fact, and has suffered in consequence. We then call upon him not to be the aggressor, and his territories are seized and occupied in time of peace. He feels that his Majesty's interference is of no use, and that the Emperor of Russia will not listen to it; and we must not be surprised that he should manifest a disinclination to submit to an injustice, particularly considering the state of excitement in which his army and subjects were in consequence of the disputes of the Russian authorities with their Mahomedan subjects, and of the injustice above recited.

We have a real interest in the preservation of the independence and integrity of the Persian monarchy, and the existence of this interest is well known in Russia, as well as throughout Europe. It will not answer, then, to allow the Persian monarchy to be destroyed, particularly upon a case of which the aggression and injustice are undoubtedly on the side of the Russians. The real well-understood interest of the Emperor of Russia in this case is likewise to keep the King of Persia in a state of independence and respectability, if not as a barrier between him and India, at least as one between the Russian dominions and the wild tribes of Mahomedans in that part of Asia. I think, therefore, that you will not find the Emperor disinclined to listen to your counsels upon this subject.

I am, &c. &c.,

WELLINGTON.

MR. CANNING TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Foreign-Office, Nov. 22, 1826.

MY DEAR DUKE OF WELLINGTON,—I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have been so good as to take in looking through the Persian papers, and in giving me your opinion upon them. Mine agrees with you in every point but one; on which, however, I am not very confident in my difference of opinion. It is this:

Does not the article which defines the *casus fœderus* to be *aggression against Persia* limit the effect of the whole Treaty, and the aim of the sixth article, which promises our mediation?

Are we *bound* even to mediate in a case in which Persia was the aggressor?

I do not know that the decision of this question either way would affect the *expediency* of mediating, but it would change the nature of the obligation, and leave us more masters of our mode and time.

The whole Treaty is a most unlucky effort of negotiation; and to add to the difficulties of it, it has never been laid before Parliament, as I find upon inquiry.

I shall be very glad of an opportunity of talking with you upon this matter as soon as the first pressure of Parliament is over.

I am, &c.,

GEO. CANNING.

To the Duke's letter, containing these enclosures, Malcolm sent back the following reply:

SIR JOHN MALCOLM TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Hyde Hall, Dec. 12.

MY DEAR DUKE,—I return the enclosures, with many thanks for the confidential communication. You certainly are right. There is a positive claim in faith for mediation. I most cordially concur in your opinion as to the interest we have in keeping Persia in a state of independence and respectability; and the interest of Russia is the same, though I much doubt that Court continuing to view this subject in the light we do.

Mr. Canning appears to me, from all I have heard or seen of

his opinions, most anxious to shake off Persia. In point of policy I believe him to be wrong; but, supposing him to be right, he must take care that he does not, by injuring our reputation for good faith (no matter how or wherefore this faith was pledged), destroy that strength on which me must trust for every stand we may hereafter have to make, from the banks of the Araxes to those of the Ganges, against the encroachments of Russia. And with respect to all questions of faith, as connected with Asiatic states, we must decide them according to their understanding of them when the obligation was contracted. Better for our character to break a treaty at once than to fritter it away with nice distinctions drawn from Puffendorff, Grotius, and Vattel, familiar to our diplomatists, but unintelligible to Courts like that of Teheran. Such a proceeding would add to the belief of our bad faith an impression of our art and meanness!

I hope the news you have received of the success of the Persians is true—not that it will alter the result of the war if we stand aloof. On the contrary, it will only compel Russia to greater efforts, and the ultimate issue must be unfortunate for Persia. But these local disasters and checks will afford time for mediation, and that will come better after the triumphs than the defeats of the Persians.

I remain, &c.,
J. MALCOLM.

I must bring this chapter to a close. There are events pressing forwards for notice, which take a conspicuous place in the memoir, though near the end, of Sir John Malcolm's career. But there are one or two anecdotes belonging to this period, which ought not to be omitted, though I cannot precisely fix the dates at which the incidents occurred. It was on one of the land excursions to which allusion has been made (most probably on his journey through Wales), that being in the inside of a stage-coach he fell, *more suo*, into conversation with a fellow-passenger. His companion was obviously a dignitary of the Church of England—a man of extensive acquirements, power and subtlety of argument, and force

of expression. The conversation ranged over a considerable variety of subjects, sometimes eliciting concordance, sometimes antagonism of sentiment between the speakers. After some time, the conversation turned upon a topic of Indian interest, upon which there was a serious difference of opinion. Malcolm, as may be supposed, maintained his position with much confidence, and supported his arguments by the assertion that he had spent the best part of his life in India. "It may be so," said his companion, "but still I cannot yield to you—I have conceded many points in the course of our conversation, but I stand firm upon this—for the very highest authority on Indian subjects, Sir John Malcolm, is on my side." "But I am Sir John Malcolm," was the answer. "It is true that I did say so; but I have since had reason to change my opinion." Upon this they exchanged cards, and Malcolm was little less pleased than his companion when he found that he had been arguing with the scholarly Coplestone, Bishop of Llandaff.

Another story, equally amusing, though less flattering to Malcolm, must be told in this place. Having need one day to proceed somewhere below London—in all probability to the docks—Malcolm hired, as was the wont at that time, a boat, and was sculled down the great silent highway of the Thames. He had not proceeded far when the waterman asked him if he had any objection to take in a couple of ladies who wanted a cast down the river. Malcolm's ready good-nature would have at once assented to the proposal, even if there had not been within him a spice of chivalry and a love of adventure which rendered it rather pleasing to him. But when the boatman pulled alongside the steps of Billingsgate Market, and took in two oyster-wives with their baskets, a cloud gathered over his face, he drew his cloak around him, folded his arms, and sate stately and reserved in the bows of the

boat. The evident annoyance of the gentleman was not lost upon the oyster-women. They exchanged looks and gestures with each other, and presently broke out into verbal comments. "Didst ever, Bess," said one of them to her companion, "go down to Margate by one of them hoys? It's rare game to see the folks aboard them. There be such differences. Some will be all chatty-like and conversable, with something pleasant to say to every one, as though they had come out to enjoy life and make the best of it. Others can't make the best o' it, anyhow; but they gets sick, and goes to the side o' the vessel, and it's all up with them in rough water. Them I pities, poor things! Others, again, won't make the best o' it; but they thinks themselves too good for their company, and they goes into a corner, and they wraps their cloak about them, and they folds their arms, and sits silent and dignified—*d—n their eyes.*"

The effect of this, accompanied as it was with a practical imitation of the old soldier's dignified demeanour, may be readily conceived. Malcolm burst into loud laughter, enjoyed the joke, pocketed the affront, and took the hint. In the course of a few minutes he was discoursing volubly with the oyster-women about the mysteries of their profession. He was pleased, interested, instructed. Before he reached the docks he had added largely to his stores of information. And it used to be observed afterwards that Malcolm had a wonderful knowledge of the oyster trade; and people marvelled where and how he had contrived to acquire it.

"To think that I should have been such a fool in my old age," said Malcolm, when he got home and told the story to his wife—"I, who have been all my life priding myself on my openness and accessibility!"

CHAPTER XII.

PREFERMENT.

[1824—1827.]

PROMPTINGS OF AMBITION—RESIGNATION OF SIR T. MUNRO—CONTEST FOR *THE MADRAS GOVERNMENT*—*APPOINTMENT OF MR. LUSHINGTON*—MALCOLM'S *PENSION*—*THOUGHTS OF THE DIRECTION*—APPOINTMENT TO THE BOMBAY *GOVERNMENT*—*THE FAREWELL DINNER.*

THERE was much—nay, there was everything—in the life which Malcolm was leading at Hyde Hall, to satisfy the affections of his warm-hearted, kindly nature: honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, were the accompaniments of his every-day existence. But his ambition was not laid to rest. He felt that he had not yet done his work; and as long as he could serve his country, with profit to the state and credit to himself, he thought that it would be culpable to be idle.

It was still his desire, should occasion offer, to be Governor of Madras or Bombay. Indeed, he had not been very long domiciled at Hyde Hall before the resignation of Sir Thomas Munro vacated the Madras Government, and brought Malcolm on to the arena to contend for the prize. Munro had written to him, some years before, saying—"If ever you return to India, I hope you will come out and relieve me; for I should be delighted to see the Government in the hands of a man who has had more practical experience of India than any European who ever visited it;" and it had long seemed to

Malcolm not improbable that the wishes of his old friend would in this respect be fulfilled.

Another old friend, however, on the announcement of Munro's resignation, had bethought himself also of obtaining the succession. Mountstuart Elphinstone wrote home to his friends suggesting that he would gladly be transferred from the Bombay to the Madras Presidency—the latter, in those days, presenting the higher and more advantageous appointment; but he expressly stated, at the same time, that if Malcolm had come, or intended to come, forward as a candidate for the Madras Government, he would on no account advance his pretensions. But it was subsequently intimated to Elphinstone that Malcolm had been appointed Envoy to Persia, and in this belief he again suggested to his friends the expediency of asserting his claims to promotion.

In the mean while, a third candidate had presented himself in the person of Mr. Stephen Rumbold Lushington, a Madras civilian, who had married the daughter of Lord Harris, and who, on his return to India, had been appointed a secretary to the Treasury. This gentleman, as may be inferred from his official connexions, had the support of the Government of the day. The Court of Directors were disposed to favor the claims of Sir John Malcolm.

This was in the spring of 1824. On the 17th of March, Malcolm addressed a letter to Mr. Canning, who was then Foreign Secretary, and, from his long connexion with the Board of Control, the most influential member of the Ministry in all matters relating to the Government of India,* asking for his support. "There

* "There is no doubt," wrote the Duke of Wellington to Malcolm, at this time, "that Mr. Canning has, beyond all others of the Ministers, most influence with the Court of Directors, and takes most interest in Indian questions."

is only one way," wrote Canning, in reply, "in which I can fairly answer you, which is this: I am already in confidence as to the wishes of another person, to whom, however, I have not promised any assistance, citing your probable pretensions as my reason for refraining to do so. With regard to that other person, however, I am so peculiarly circumstanced that I cannot take any part, or express any wish, unfavorable to his success." That other person was Mr. Lushington.

This answer disappointed and somewhat chagrined Malcolm, who believed that Canning's past support of his claims in some degree pledged him still to advocate his cause. But, in no wise disheartened, he addressed himself to the Duke of Wellington, saying, "As this is, probably, the last time in my life I shall be a candidate for such a station, I must neglect no honorable means to attain the object of my ambition. . . . . It matters not who occupies the ground. My claims are good; and neither indifference nor opposition from quarters where I expected friendship and support, shall make me either compromise or resign them. If I fail, I shall learn (rather late in life) the value of the praises and professions on which I have so long been feasted."

This letter educed the following reply:

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

March 19, 1824.

MY DEAR MALCOLM,—There is a Council at Carlton House at twelve, which I must attend; and as the King has three reports to receive from the Recorder, God knows at what hour the Council will break up. But I will return from the Council to the Ordnance Office; and if I should be in time and able to see you, I will send to you in Jermyn-street.

I desired you, yesterday, not to be too sanguine. I had conversations with the President of the Board of Control and others,

after I wrote to you yesterday, from which I judge that there is no chance of your obtaining your object.

I believe that the Court object to a soldier being a civil governor; to the son-in-law being the governor where the father-in-law is commander-in-chief; and even to a servant of a particular establishment being the governor. But I think there is a disposition to bring you forward in the arrangement, but I doubt that the manner would be agreeable to you. Upon all this I am but little listened to. I am like the dog in the fable, who cried "Wolf!" so often, that nobody would credit him. I have come forward so often to assert and support your claims, that I am considered a party and an intruder in the case on the decision to be taken.

Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

The allusion in this letter to the disposition to bring Malcolm forward in the pending arrangements related to a proposal that had been made in some quarters to offer him the chief command of the Madras army, on the retirement of his father-in-law, Sir Alexander Campbell. That the fact of this officer's existing tenure of the military command suggested at least a very strong and not unreasonable objection to Malcolm's appointment to the Governorship, it would be uncandid not to admit. Of this he was, doubtless, sensible at a later period;* but, at the time, he said that the objections stated could "only be considered as a string of excuses from men who were determined to do injustice, but were ashamed of it." And he entreated the Duke of Wellington to save him from "the offer to which he alluded." "It might," added Malcolm, "be made in ignorance by some. It would be suggested insiduously by others. But if I publicly refused it, the pretext for

* Subsequent events at Bombay, which brought Malcolm, as Governor, into collision with the Commander-in-Chief, must have satisfied him that the objection was not groundless.

further injuring me which is sought by some would be obtained." To Lord Sidmouth he wrote at the same time: "I have heard that objections have been given, at both ends of the town, against my nomination to Madras, of which the principal is my having a father-in-law at the Presidency. If Bombay becomes the object, it would be found out that I have a brother there; and should I ever aspire to Bengal, I should be rejected because I have no connexions at that place. But the meaning of the objections started on this occasion will be best explained by a Persian story: 'A man wanted to borrow a horse, but the friend to whom he applied answered, "My horse is black." "I prefer that color," said the borrower. "But he has large eyes." "I like them better than small ones." "That is an odd taste; but he has hair upon his body." "Oh! I see you are making excuses." "I think that you might have guessed that by the first reply."' Now, I did guess it from the first; but I will persevere to the last in my efforts to mount myself."

And he did persevere. He had many friends at the India House who were anxious to advance his interests; but they concurred in opinion with the "West-end people" that Sir Alexander Campbell's situation at Madras was a valid objection to Malcolm's appointment to the Coast Government; but that there could be no objection to his appointment to Bombay. If, therefore, Mr. Elphinstone were to be transferred to Madras, Sir John Malcolm might be nominated to the Western Presidency. The Court of Directors saw the advantage of an arrangement which would secure the services of two such men as Elphinstone and Malcolm; but the King's Ministry would not consent to it. The Leadenhall-street arrangement was rejected, and the Crown Government remained firm in their determination to appoint the Treasury Secretary Governor of Madras.

Malcolm, however, was not to be driven from the field. He saw that there was little or no chance of success; but he believed that a public principle was involved in the discussion; and although the Duke of Wellington and other influential friends endeavoured to dissuade him from continuing the contest, he would not surrender what were his own just claims or those of the service which he represented. He took his course at all hazards, and with many feelings of regret wrote to the Duke of Wellington, whose counsel he had rejected, in the following explanatory terms:

SIR JOHN MALCOLM TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

41, Jermyn-street, April 1, 1824.

MY DEAR DUKE,—I deem it of consequence you should distinctly understand the situation in which I am at present placed.

It is upwards of eight years ago since my late friend, Lord Buckinghamshire, intimated to me his desire I should succeed to an Indian Government; and after his death you recommended me to his successor, Mr. Canning, advising me at the same time to go abroad and serve, and expressing your conviction that was the best mode of obtaining my object. I followed your advice, and my efforts were neither unsuccessful nor unnoticed.

When the Government of Bombay became vacant in 1819, Mr. Canning, in his official station of President of the India Board, brought me prominently forward, and in a kind letter he wrote me on the subject, regretted that the Directors had preferred another. This occurred before I had settled Central India (certainly the most important service of my public life); and when bad health compelled me to quit India, I came home under the strongest impression that if I recovered and a vacancy occurred either at Madras or Bombay, I should be certain of the support of his Majesty's Ministers. Information of the resignation of Sir Thomas Munro was given to me by Mr. William Elphinstone, who desired me to come to the India House, which I did, from my house in the country, on Wednesday, the 17th ult., a few hours after I received his letter. After stating to the Chairman that I

was a candidate for the vacant Government (to which they gave me no reply beyond civil and general expressions), I hastened to Mr. Wynne, to whom I stated my pretensions and hopes, adding, that with his assent I should immediately apply to you, to Mr. Canning, and through my friends Lord Sidmouth and Mr. Robinson, to Lord Liverpool. Mr. Wynne received me very kindly, but was, as I expected, reserved as to the object of my application. I cannot give a better proof of my having looked to his Majesty's Ministers than by stating, that in my application to Mr. Wynne and my friends in the administration, my request was, that they would interfere to prevent what I then deemed a supersession of my claims—the intended appointment of Mr. Elphinstone to Madras. In your first kind note, you said you would do what you could, but bade me not be too sanguine; in your second, you mentioned the specific objections made to my nomination to Madras. Mr. Canning, in answer to a note I wrote him, stated that he, being in the confidence of a friend applying for the same object, would prevent opposition to his success, but he had refused him support, citing my probable pretensions as the reason. There was nothing in the communication from Mr. Canning, nor in that I had with you, to prevent my using my best efforts to obtain my object; but I thought it right at this period to go to the Chairman and say, that I never had anticipated an objection to my nomination to Madras grounded on my near connexion with Sir Alexander Campbell, but if such had weight with them, I trusted it would not be a bar to my obtaining honorable employment in the service of my country. The removal of Mr. Elphinstone to Madras, which he had solicited, would, I said, vacate Bombay, to which I begged they would nominate me. I added, that I felt the point of precedence removed by the character of the objection taken to my appointment to Madras, and under such circumstances, I preferred greatly the duties I should have to perform at Bombay. The new principles of Government introduced into the Poonah territories; the change lately made in the Baroda State; the management and settlement of the princes and chiefs in Kattywar and Cutch, recently subjected to our authority; the repression of the Koṛsahs (a race of Pindarrees near the Indus), who annually commit depredations on our frontiers; the conduct of our delicate relations with the barbarous Princes of Sindh, with

whom we are always on the verge of war; the repression of the pirates in the Gulf of Persia; the care of our interests in the Red Sea, and our intercourse with Persia, were all points of importance, with which personal experience had rendered me familiar, and from the management of which I anticipated reputation beyond what I could ever gain at Madras. This was the ground of the preference I expressed to the Chairmen, who, on this occasion, no further relaxed from the official reserve they had throughout observed, than to say that my near connexion with Sir Alexander Campbell was an objection that had serious weight in their minds. I immediately went to Mr. Wynne to mention what had passed between me and the Chairmen. He then stated the necessity that might arise for resisting the nomination of a Company's servant, lest an exception should become a rule. My reply was, that I had been made an exception by his Majesty's Ministers; that if the objection was limited to the defence of the principle that so properly gave his Majesty's Ministers an influence in the selection for such stations, it might be easily done without injury to me; nor had they, I added, to dread that accidents would often give to individuals the opportunities, which I had enjoyed, of recommending myself to their notice by services in India. I had yesterday an interview with the Chairman, being desirous of knowing the result of my application. He confined himself to saying, that no appointment consequent on the resignation of Sir Thomas Munro would be made till after the change of the Direction. I shall, in consequence, after the levee on Wednesday, return to my family in the country.

I can quite distinguish between your Grace's feelings as a friend, and your sense of duty as one of his Majesty's Ministers; but it is to the latter, and the well-known justice and consideration of the administration to which you belong (and above all, of the nobleman at its head), that I can on this occasion confidently appeal, and still trust, that when the situation in which I am placed by the expectations which his Majesty's Ministers have led me to cherish, by the grounds they have given me to come forward, by their marked distinction of my efforts, is fully considered, they will not, when their notice and encouragement has had its natural effect of raising me in the estimation of the public and of the Company's Government, cast down that which in a great

degree resulted from their own works, and reject a person who for a period of years has been stimulated by their approbation to strive by public services for the very reward that is now at their disposal, and to which two successive presidents of the India Board have encouraged and directed his ambition. Excuse, on account of long friendship, this last annoyance on a subject that must be unpleasant.

Yours sincerely,
J. MALCOLM.

To this the Duke of Wellington replied:

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

London, April 3, 1824.

MY DEAR MALCOLM,—I received yesterday your letter of the 1st. When I wrote you the first note to which you refer, in which I begged you not to be too sanguine, I was aware of the desire of Lord Liverpool to promote Mr. Lushington to one of the Governments in India. I went to the Cabinet immediately afterwards, and I there found not only that my former intelligence upon the subject was confirmed, but that particular objections existed to your appointment to the office which you particularly desired to fill. Of these objections I informed you, and I told you what I found to be the fact, that I was not considered a fair judge upon such a question in a case in which you were concerned, as I had taken the field so often and upon every occasion in your favor. So the matter rested. The question then comes before me in this light: there is a vacancy in the Government of India, and Lord Liverpool thinks proper to propose not that Mr. Lushington should fill this vacancy, but that Mr. Elphinstone, on whose pretensions the Directors were likely to look favorably, should be appointed to Fort St. George, and that Mr. Lushington should succeed to the Government of Bombay. In this decision Lord Liverpool thinks proper to pass by your pretensions, and the opinions and wishes of myself and others in their favor. But having thus decided, can I with honor or with any advantage to you take part against Lord Liverpool? Certainly not. In the contest between Lord Liverpool or the Government on the one hand, and the Court of Directors on the other, whatever may be my opinion or wishes of, or in favor of,

the individuals put foward by the parties, I can take the side of the Government alone; and I certainly must and will (as it is my duty to do) encourage Lord Liverpool by every means in my power to carry his object, and to consent to nothing unless his object is carried.

I am much concerned that his choice has not fallen upon you. But to tell you the truth, I suspect if it had, he would not have been more successful in his negotiations with the Directors than he has been in favor of Mr. Lushington. You are become popular in Leadenhall-street, not because you deserve to be so, but because you happen to be the fittest instrument at the moment to be thrown in the face of the Government and to oppose to them. But if you had been proposed by the Government, then all the reasons against your appointment would have been urged as strongly as those in favor of it are at present.

I told you before, and I repeat it, you cannot succeed, if Lord Liverpool does his duty firmly as he ought. I shall regret exceedingly if you and Mr. Elphinstone should have the King's negative put upon your appointments; but I declare positively, that if I was in Lord Liverpool's place, knowing both as I do, and appreciating as I have a right to do the talents and fitness of both —I would recommend the King, under the circumstances above stated, not to confirm the appointment of either.

Believe me, my dear Sir John, yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

But this characteristic letter, though it may have convinced Malcolm that it was not the duty of the Duke of Wellington to array himself against the Ministry of which he was a member, did not persuade the recipient that it was his own duty, though it might be his interest, to abandon the contest. Mr. Wynne was then President of the Board of Control. A few weeks after the date of this last letter he sent for Malcolm, and exhorted him to cease from the useless struggle, and to secure for himself the pension which Mr. Lushington's friends would aid him to obtain, if he no longer continued in the field as a candidate for the Madras Government. But Malcolm at

once rejected the proposal. He said that he protracted the struggle only upon public grounds, and that no possible injury which he might inflict upon himself could ever induce him to diverge from a course which he believed to be right.

During a great part of the year the question remained unsettled. The Court of Directors were of one opinion; the Crown Ministers were of another. The subject was taken up by the Press, and a strongly-worded article in the *Morning Chronicle*, very favorable to Malcolm's claims, declared that Canning had been exerting himself to obstruct Sir John's advancement to a post, which he was so eminently qualified to fill. On reading this, the brilliant Minister wrote the following letter:

MR. CANNING TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

Bath, April 22, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,—I see in the *Morning Chronicle* of yesterday, that I am your enemy, "and that I am occupied in retarding or preventing your advancement to the Government of Bombay."

Nothing could be more surprising to me than this piece of intelligence.

I told you, at the first moment when I learnt your intention to become a candidate for the vacant Government, that I would not take any part whatever in the contest, and I have kept my word.

I state this to you, because I voluntarily made you the promise, not because I should otherwise have thought any apology or explanation necessary for taking any part, had I been disposed to take any upon this occasion, or any other of the same sort.

It happens, however, that I have so little of this disposition as never, since I ceased to be connected with the East India Company, to have expressed my wishes or opinions to any member of their body on any matter of their concerns except once—that once was when I wrote to the only Director with whom I could take such a liberty, in favour of your pension. With that Director I

have not had any communication since Sir Thomas Munro's resignation was known.

I am, my dear Sir, very sincerely,
Your obedient and humble servant,
GEORGE CANNING.

To this letter an answer was promptly sent in the following words:

SIR JOHN MALCOLM TO MR. CANNING.

Hyde Hall, Sawbridgeworth, April 25, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have this moment received your letter of the 22nd instant. As I have been for some time in the country, and do not take in the *Morning Chronicle,* it was by accident that I two days ago saw the article to which you allude.* . . . . It gave me much vexation; I must ever hate praise that is coupled with injustice to the character, and misrepresentation of the feelings and conduct of others. That is so completely the case in some parts of the article, that I felt a consolation in errors which made it impossible to ascribe the contribution to any one who had correct knowledge, or was in the least acquainted with my sentiments. My first impression was to take some steps that might evince my feelings; but, on reflection, I viewed it as one of those articles in which the name of an individual was introduced as a vehicle for party attacks, and concluded it was better to let it die, like a thousand others of similar character, of neglect.

I left town immediately after the levee, in order to avoid mixing myself in any discussion respecting the succession to the Indian Government, and I abstained from every word or act that could aggravate the irksome situation in which I find myself; and it was my earnest desire that every one of my friends should do the same. But such a line of conduct forms no check on the folly or mischief of men, who are alike reckless of benefit or injury to others, provided their party purposes are answered.

* A few lines are omitted, because, owing to the inaccuracy of the copyist, the passage is obscure. It concludes, however, by speaking of "a kindness which I have ever experienced on all occasions when I have had official or personal intercourse with you."

I trust, from your knowledge of my character, it is unnecessary to repeat that my sense of the obligations I owe you both in your public and private station are unaltered, and that I most fully understand how you are situated regarding Indian questions.

I am, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

J. MALCOLM.

To Mr. Lushington himself, Malcolm wrote on the following day a friendly letter, disclaiming all connexion with the remarks in the newspaper, and adding, "I am glad of the opportunity to express at once my opinion of an injurious and offensive article, and the regret I felt at my unexpectedly finding my pretensions opposed to those of so old and esteemed a friend. Nor was this feeling limited to you. It was extended to Mrs. Lushington and her parents, to whom I never can forget my serious obligations. But you, who so well know my situation, must be satisfied that I had, on this occasion, only one course to pursue." To this letter Mr. Lushington replied in a tone no less frank and cordial, assuring him that he "shared his regret in finding his own wishes opposed to those of an old friend." "It may, however," he wrote, "be some relief to you to know that my desire to become a candidate for the Government of Madras was communicated to Lord Liverpool before I knew that you had any views to it—when I rather thought that you were looking to that pension for past services which you had so well deserved, and which, upon your application, I was sincerely assisting to obtain for you." The rivalry, as was ever the case when Malcolm was one of the candidates, was of the most friendly and generous kind. It was not in his nature to entertain a feeling of bitterness against the man who was contending with him for a prize, or had wrested it from him.

The spring and summer passed away, and still the

contest continued. Malcolm would not waive his pretensions. The Court of Directors supported them. Compromises were attempted and failed. So at last the question was brought to a decisive issue, and on the 1st of September the Chairman of the Court of Directors announced to Malcolm that "His Majesty had not been pleased to approve his appointment by the Court to the Government of Madras, and that an official notification of this determination had been received from the Board of Commissioners." At the same time, however, Mr. Wynne announced that "this decision did not proceed from any objection personal to Sir John Malcolm, as his Majesty had commanded him (Mr. Wynne) to add, that he continued to entertain a high opinion of the character and services of that meritorious officer."

It can hardly be said that this decision was the source of any disappointment to Malcolm, so little prospect had there been, during many preceding months, of any other termination to the contest. He had done, as he believed, all that it behoved him to do; and he was not one to indulge in any useless repinings. His friends, both in the Direction and the Ministry, were now eager to obtain for him a pension from the Company in recognition of his meritorious services. In the former body there was some division of opinion, not as regarded the measure of those services, but on the score of the presumed extent of Malcolm's pecuniary resources and the danger of establishing such a precedent. The Board of Control, however, were well disposed to confirm the grant; and some of the most influential members of Lord Liverpool's Ministry, as an atonement for the wrong they had done to Malcolm, were anxious to encourage the bestowal of the pension. To the Duke of Wellington, who had himself been largely endowed by the nation in recognition of his own unparalleled services, it

naturally appeared that the attainment of a pecuniary reward was a legitimate object of exertion, and that the Government which his friend had served with such unfailing zeal and such distinguished success, was bound to award the pension. His testimony to this effect was strong and unreserved. It would be unjust to Malcolm to withhold it:

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

My dear Malcolm,—I am sorry I have not seen you, as I wished to talk over with you the prospects of your success in obtaining your reward from the Court of Directors, and I only regret that my acquaintance and relations with the members of that body are so limited, that I can be of no use to you upon this occasion.

I really think it a public object that services such as yours, former as well as recent, should meet with due countenance and reward from the East India Company. I can answer for it that from the year 1796 (nearly thirty years ago, and no mean proportion of the life of any man), no great transaction either political or military has taken place in the East in which you have not played a principal, most useful, conspicuous, and honorable part: you have in many services, diplomatical as well as military, been distinguished by successes, one of which in ordinary circumstances would have been deemed sufficient for the life of a man, and would have recommended him to the notice of his superiors.

But there is one recommendation of you of which I hope you have availed yourself in your communications with your employers, which is most useful in these times, and that is your disinterestedness, and consequent necessity of relying upon their liberality and generosity. You have filled many situations in which you might have become rich consistently with your duty to your employers; and possibly, you ought to be found fault with for not having become so. But the truth is, that you are poor, notwithstanding you have filled these situations and your services, and I am certain that those who will have to decide on the amount of your reward will not allow your omission to attend to your own interests, while you were serving them, to weigh with

them, to diminish the amount below that high scale, which your many distinguished services deserve. Wishing you every success,

Believe me, ever yours most affectionately,

WELLINGTON.

Throughout the year 1825, and the greater part of the following one, nothing occurred to give a new impulse to Malcolm's ambition in the direction of the great country which had been the nursery of his fame. He had turned his thoughts, as has been shown, towards a parliamentary career; but he had failed to obtain the object of his desires. Thwarted in this, but his eagerness for active life still unimpaired, he began to think of obtaining a seat in the Direction of the East India Company. From the following letter to his brother Gilbert may be gathered what were the feelings with which he addressed himself to this subject:

SIR JOHN MALCOLM TO THE REV. GILBERT MALCOLM.

Hyde Hall, Sawbridgeworth, August 14, 1826.

MY DEAR GILBERT,—I have this morning received your letter of the 9th instant, and as you are very anxious to know my plans, you must bear the infliction of a long letter. Circumstances have occurred which will early compel me to decide whether I am to be an idle or a busy man. The habits of my past life will probably force me on the latter course, for I already feel the truth of Bacon's observation, that, "A man who has been accustomed to go forward and findeth a stop, falleth out of humour with himself, and is not the thing he was."

I need not make any observations on the very singular circumstances which have hitherto prevented my advancement in India. Mr. Canning placed my name before that of the present governors of Madras and Bombay, in a recommendation for the latter Government. I was rejected by the Court of Directors, who afterwards nominated me Governor of Madras, and I was rejected by his Majesty's Ministers. I found consolation for my first disappointment in the occupation of settling Central India, which, per-

haps, considering how all my work has prospered, was a better harvest of fame than I could have reaped at Bombay; but the loss of Madras sank deep in my mind, as it was, in the actual state of India, taking away from me the opportunity of rendering services to my country that would have opened a prospect of reaching the ultimate object of my ambition, which is to be, ere my career terminates, Governor-General of India.

I am, and always have been, perfectly aware of the great obstacles that oppose my path to that high office. I know well the bars which the interests of one class and the prejudices of another oppose to success. These are so strong, that they would seem to most men insuperable; but hitherto they have only stimulated me to labor for its attainment. I have already gone through much toil, and if I continue in public life, I shall (to the utmost of my strength) strive to attain a station in which I am satisfied I could essentially promote the interests of my country, at the same time that I advanced the good of the vast population subject to our rule in India.

Though there are some persons in the administration on whose kind friendship I can completely depend, these are not so situated as to lead me to expect they could (even if they approved of them) promote my views; and from others who have the power, I have been treated with a neglect that shows they place no value whatever on me or my services.

I do not believe there is any personal indisposition in those to whom I allude, but I share the lot of all who are associated with Indian subjects. Such have no consequence, except when dangers press once in twenty years, when the Company's privileges are to be renewed, or taken away. At all other times, every question connected with India gives way to the slightest interest in England: and I have, perhaps, no reason to complain that on a late occasion, when the public services of my life were put in the balance against some minor arrangements in England and a point of patronage, they were as a feather in the scale.

When I made an effort at the last general election to get into Parliament, though some friends in power were anxious for my success, I was crossed in the only place where support would have made success certain by a strong ministerial interest. This was all in course, but, added to the matter-of-course rejection of me

for Madras, it compelled me, much to the mortification of my vanity, to confess to my own mind I was considered no more than Jack Smith or Tom Brown!

To make this part of my letter short, I have ceased to cherish any expectation from those Ministers who have the chief influence and direction in Indian affairs; but this conviction, though it may alter my plans, will not alter my objects. If I do not determine to go abroad next spring and make an experiment of an idle life, I shall take the field in some way or another, and that with an activity and resolution that will show I possess a power of bringing myself forward, and am not so dependent as may be imagined on what we term in India *master's favor*.

Some friends, knowing my feeling on this point, have suggested to me to become a candidate for a seat in the East India Direction, and to combine with that a seat in Parliament, which to a Director is of easy attainment. Such a position would, no doubt, afford me an ample opportunity of being useful; and it is strongly recommended by being more within my option than any other line I can adopt.

It has been argued by persons adverse to my entering upon this course, that by waiting till discussions about the renewal of the Company's privileges come on, I might be certain of coming forward with more advantage to myself, and the interests of India; but in the first place, that would depend upon circumstances of the moment, which no man can calculate; and in the second, though it is probable discussions, if not arrangements, connected with India may take place in two or three years, they may be deferred for four or five, and that is an awful period for a man who has already numbered fifty-seven.

I have hesitation in coming forward as a candidate for the Direction from a feeling that it might, with the prejudiced, form a bar to success in those lines in which I thought I could be more useful; but on the other hand, when I reflect on the past, I am satisfied that I should never be employed but under exigencies that would supersede ordinary rules; and it could never be objected to me by any rational or liberal man that I had disqualified myself for office by choosing the only line open to me of contributing my efforts to the good government of India.

I have neither sons nor nephews to provide for, and no man

has a claim upon me to exert any patronage I may acquire in his favor. I shall, therefore, seek the Direction if I seek it at all, solely as public employment, and as an aid to my parliamentary efforts.

By becoming a Director, I must be separated, as far as all Indian questions are concerned, from Ministers. This does not allude to my acting in a spirit of factious opposition, of which I am, I trust, quite incapable; but there could exist between me and them none of that previous concert and discussion by which persons come to exactly the same view of large as well as minute parts of important questions. This could only happen by my becoming what I should term a ministerial Director, and that is a position in which every principle I hold relative to the Indian Government would prevent my placing myself.

I am quite aware that these circumstances may eventually place me in an unpleasant situation; for though I owe no obligation whatever to the administration as a body, nor do I believe it is likely to be a matter of one moment's care or thought how such a person as myself acts either now or hereafter, there are high and respected individuals belonging to it and supporting it for whom I have the sincerest regard, and whose friendship I look to both as associated with my happiness and pride. The very possibility of being compelled into a course of action which may give them annoyance, is what withholds me more than any other feeling; but this apprehension, which is probably groundless, will not of itself prevent me from taking the line recommended, unless I very early see some prospect of success in another.

Do let me have your opinion upon all these points. I should have gone to see you, instead of writing this letter, but I am very busy finishing my favorite book of Nonsense, as I mean in October to commence with my hero, Lord Clive. In tracing the actions of his life, and confounding the calumniators of his memory, I anticipate much both of information and delight.

Yours sincerely,

J. Malcolm.

It does not appear that Malcolm took any decided steps towards the attainment of a seat in the Direction. Some of his friends counselled him that if he sought to obtain a prominent position in the House of Commons

during the time that the great question of the renewal of the Company's charter would be under discussion, his influence would be rather diminished than increased by his connexion with the India House. It was argued, that as a distinguished Indian officer, of great ability and large experience, unconnected with any governing board, his opinions would have far greater weight than if he enunciated them as the ostensible organ of the Court of Directors. Whether this suggestion had any effect upon Malcolm's plans I do not know, but soon afterwards a circumstance occurred that diverted his views into another channel. It was rumored, towards the close of the year, that Mr. Elphinstone purposed to retire from the Government of Bombay; and at Christmas the rumor had grown into the dimensions of an ascertained fact. Mr. Wynne was still President of the Board of Control. He had a just appreciation of Malcolm's high qualities. He desired to see him in high station; and he lost no time, therefore, in asking whether Sir John "still retained the disposition to succeed to the appointment which he had felt two years before," "as I am convinced," added Mr. Wynne, "that your nomination would be particularly conducive to the public interests, and I think that it would be equally agreeable to the Court of Directors and the King's Government."

This was written on the 27th of December.* On the following day Malcolm sent back the following reply:

SIR JOHN MALCOLM TO MR. WYNNE.

Hyde Hall, December 28, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful for the substance and manner of your communication. It involves so many considerations connected with my family and my health, and other points

* The original letter is without date; but I can have no hesitation in fixing it as above.

of personal concern, that I will deem it an additional favor if you grant me ten days, at the furthest a fortnight, before I give you a definite answer. If circumstances lead you to wish it sooner, I shall, of course, comply with your desire; but there are some matters connected with this question, in the decision of which I dread responsibility more than ever I did the largest political measure.

Let me decide how I may, nothing can alter the great obligation I am under to you for thinking of me upon the present occasion.

I am, with sincere respect, yours,

J. MALCOLM.

On receipt of this letter, Mr. Wynne, who was then at Audley End, wrote to Sir John Malcolm that he would pay a visit at Hyde Hall, on his way to London, to talk over the subject of their correspondence. The offer was gladly accepted, and at Hyde Hall the question of Malcolm's succession to the Bombay Government was fully discussed. He was not eager to accept the appointment. But his thoughts turned fondly towards his old field of employment in Central India. The scheme of the Lieutenant-Governorship was revived. It seemed so advantageous to connect with the Government of the Bombay Presidency the charge of the country which Malcolm had settled with so much address and ruled with so much beneficence, under an officer of such large experience and laborious zeal, that the President of the India Board entered into the project with no misgivings as to its expediency, and left Hyde Hall with a promise to do his best to give it effect.

There was another consideration, also, to induce Malcolm to accept the Bombay appointment. He thought it possible, that as Lord Amherst was about soon to vacate the chief seat in the Supreme Government of India, he might be appointed Provisional Governor-

General, and hold the office until the arrival in India of a permanent successor. To be Governor-General for a single year—or even for a few months—was an object which stirred Malcolm's heart with a noble ambition, and he spoke of it without reserve in the following letter to one of his oldest friends:

SIR JOHN MALCOLM TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

London, Feb. 6, 1827.

My dear Duke,—Considering your present avocations, it appears better to write than intrude a visit. When I proposed to see you, it was to state the circumstances under which I was going to India. These opened prospects that appeared to me to balance the hazard of health and the sacrifices I had to make. One expectation in which I indulged is, I fear, gone. I thought Lord Amherst might have remained two years more, and I had a day-dream that I should bythat time have been so deeply engaged in carrying into execution measures calculated to benefit the empire, that it was possible the desire for their completion, added to the short period of the charter, might have led to my being nominated Governor-General—an object to which my ambition has ever pointed, notwithstanding the almost insurmountable obstacles that appear to intervene between me and its accomplishment.

It was to lay the foundation of further claims to this high station that made me desire to lose no time in proceeding to India; but Lord Amherst's resignation has made a change, and I shall now probably be expected to wait in England, to arrange, respecting my duties in Central India, with whomever you fix upon as his successor.

Knowing the considerations which influence such appointments as that of Governor-General, it would be unreasonable to expect my name should be brought forward except under exigencies which, whatever may be the fact, will not at present be believed to exist; but as this subject may now or hereafter come under discussion, I think it right you should be possessed of my sentiments.

I am quite aware that you are not one of those who think the

highest stations in India should be denied to the ambition of Company's servants; and without desiring to detract from the pretensions of other Indians, I do think, that if our relative merits are brought forward, I stand on fair grounds.

I have been for nearly thirty years employed under the Supreme Government, and have become intimately acquainted with every branch of its duties.

I have had under my orders, and may almost say, have initiated into public life, many of the most distinguished civil servants in India.

I have commanded a considerable body of the army of that Presidency.

The above circumstances might come in aid of my pretensions, if these were ever brought forward; for being now Governor of Bombay, and its being intended to employ me in the administration of Central India, I may be said to have travelled stage by stage through every department of the empire, till I have arrived by honest labor within fair view of the summit of my ambition.

The above is meant as a justification of hope, not the expression of any expectation of being thought of on the present occasion. I know you limit yourself to your own department, and when referred to, decide entirely on public grounds, regulating your decision by considerations of expediency that leave you little scope for the indulgence of private feelings.

I shall only add, if the successor to Lord Amherst is chosen, as he probably will be, from amongst persons of high rank and influence in England, care should be taken he is a man of temper, talent, and judgment; for a very little inquiry will satisfy you, that there never was a period at which the Civil Service and the Army of Bengal required such a head. I can affirm, both from public and private documents, as well as my own knowledge, that these services are in a state which, if not early attended to and corrected, may produce as serious evils as we have yet known in India. I do not trouble you with particulars on these points, but if you mix in this question, believe me, they are worthy of attention.

I have made and shall make no communication to Mr. Wynne on this subject; and this note, written to you in the confidence of private friendship, is meant as information on the state of my feelings, not as an application for your aid or interference. I

beg you will not deem it necessary to give any answer. As my departure is delayed, I shall have opportunities of seeing you before I sail.

I am, your Grace's most sincerely,
J. MALCOLM.

To this his old friend replied:

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

London, Feb. 8, 1827.

MY DEAR MALCOLM,—You do me justice in believing that I can have no prejudice against employing a servant of the Company as Governor-General in India. But I confess that I doubt your attaining that object. I have very little to say to the selection of the person to fill that office. The power which I could exercise upon the subject would tend to prevent a bad appointment rather than to indicate a person whose appointment would be beneficial. I believe that the resignation at this moment has embarrassed the Government much, and that they will find it difficult to select a successor.

Ever, my dear Malcolm, yours sincerely,
WELLINGTON.

In a letter to Mr. Robinson,* then Chancellor of the Exchequer, with whom Malcolm was on terms of familiar friendship, he wrote on the same subject. "If Lord Amherst remained," he said, "the commission (of Provisional Governor-General) in my pocket would be a feather in my cap; and if he went, I should be Governor-General of India for twelve months." To the Duke of Wellington he wrote, also, in another letter: "The occurrence of the case supposed is very improbable; but if it occurred, the course I have suggested would, I presume, be deemed a safe one for the public service; and, while it gratified my ambition, would excite no expecta-

* The late Lord Goderich.

tion of my coming into successful competition with the powerful candidates for the permanent appointment."*

Whilst this correspondence was going on, another was passing between Malcolm and the President of the India Board, relative to the administration of Central India. On returning to London, after his visit to Hyde Hall, Mr. Wynne wrote that before giving any decided opinion upon the subject, it was necessary that he should take counsel with the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman of the Court of Directors, asking Malcolm, at the same time, to send a sketch of the scheme which he had so long been considering. The scheme was substantially the same as years before he had propounded to Lord Hastings.† "You will, I am satisfied," he wrote to Mr. Wynne, "believe me conscientious in all that I have stated. I will only add, that the subject has occupied my mind too long and too intensely to make me think it probable that I have been mistaken." "My friend, Sir Thomas Munro," he added, "was sent with a commission to India to introduce reforms of great importance; and I am positive he has done infinite good. But you would give to me the task of preserving princes not potails; of keeping in hereditary authority chiefs instead of village writers. Such a task would fill the mind of any man;

* In another letter, written at this time to Mr. Pattison, Malcolm says: "I will confess to you that from what I have seen and heard within the last few days, I feel more than ever the folly of the sacrifices I am about to make to ambitious views. I do not think that there is more *than one man* in his Majesty's councils who cares one farthing for the present question in its connexion with the safety and prosperity of the Indian Empire, or at least who views that as a primary consideration. The great object is how to serve some, and how to manage so as not to offend others. This, you will say, is England, and that it is nonsense to expect matters to be otherwise. This is true, and I am, perhaps, in that condition not to be easily pleased. I am too independent in circumstances to accept employment unless it meets my views of ambition, and too ambitious to refuse any station that holds out a prospect of advancement."

† It was then recommended that a Lieutenant-Governor of Central India should be appointed; and now Malcolm suggested that this Lieutenant-Governor should be placed under him, personally, as Governor of Bombay; not under the Bombay Government.

but to me it would come recommended by so many associations, that I should ardently devote whatever strength of body or soul remained to its accomplishment. Besides this prospect of effecting local benefit, the confidence reposed in me by the authorities in England evinced by such a testimony, would make me strong to stem the tide of premature changes which threaten to overwhelm India, and which, if not stemmed, will be found more dangerous than all the enemies we have had to encounter in that quarter of the world."

On the 13th of January, 1827, Mr. Wynne wrote to Sir John Malcolm, that he had had a long conversation with the Chairs, and found them favorably disposed towards his plan of administration, and inclined to anticipate much benefit from his superintendence of its introduction; but at the same time he expressed some doubts, and put some new questions, regarding its details. He had not, at first, very clearly understood the nature of the proposal,* but whilst asking for further information, he expressed no misgivings on his own part, or that of the India-House authorities, respecting the scheme itself; so Malcolm, on the receipt of Mr. Wynne's letter, wrote both to the President of the India Board and the Chairman of the Company, expressing his readiness to "undertake the government of Bombay under the circumstances stated—that of its being in contemplation to form an administration of Malwah on a plan of more extensive native agency than has usually been employed in our Indian territories; and that it was desired to place

* He had, at first, conceived that Malcolm proposed to unite in his own person the functions of Governor of Bombay and Lieutenant-Governor of Malwah, and he now asked: "Will not those who have been used to treat with the Governor-General or his Agent look upon it as a kind of degradation to be placed under the Lieutenant-Governor of the Governor of Bombay—himself in some degree the Lieutenant of the Governor-General? Can the advantages which I had anticipated from your great personal influence and the personal respect entertained for you attach to your Lieutenant-Governor?"

the superintendence of such a plan under him." This letter was dated on the 14th of January; on the same day of the following month, an official letter from the India House announced to Malcolm that he had been unanimously appointed Governor of Bombay, and that his Majesty had been pleased to approve of the appointment.

On the 22nd of February, the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman of the East India Company,* in an official letter, called upon Malcolm, in order "to obviate all misunderstanding," to answer categorically certain questions then put to him regarding his plan for the future administration of Central India. One related to the local boundaries of the proposed Lieutenant-Governorship; one to the details of the official establishment required for the administration of its affairs; the other, first and most important, was comprised in the following words:

"Is it proposed that Malwah shall be annexed to the Bombay Presidency, and that its affairs shall be administered by the Governor in Council at Bombay? or is it proposed that it shall be placed under your personal and separate charge, acting in a distinct capacity from that of Governor in Council of Bombay, and under the immediate authority and control only of the Bengal (Supreme) Government?"

To this Malcolm replied:

"I shall, without hesitation, reply to such of them as do not require entering upon details. In reply to your first question, I must state my opinion, that whatever may be your ultimate decision respecting Central India, it would be highly inexpedient at the present period to annex that country to the Presidency of Bombay. The reasons for this opinion will be given hereafter.

"In answer to the second part of the first question, viz.,

* Sir George Robinson and the Honorable Hugh Lindsay.

Whether the affairs of Malwah should be administered by the Governor in Council at Bombay, or be placed under my personal and immediate charge, acting in a separate and distinct capacity from that of Governor in Council of Bombay, and under the immediate authority of the Bengal Government?—I have to reply, that when I before personally communicated with you upon this subject, it was under the impression that there were serious if not legal objections to my administering Central India except in my capacity of Governor in Council at Bombay. I then stated that I was ready to undertake the task in that capacity, and should hope to fulfil it to your satisfaction; but if the objections that I supposed do not exist, and the Court of Directors confide even for a limited period to my personal charge the administration of Central India, under the immediate authority and control of the Bengal Government, I am of opinion that such an arrangement would be attended with great and manifest advantage to the public interests. I am far from doubting either the information or talents of the gentlemen who are or may be in Council at Bombay (no man can think higher than I do of the civil service of that Presidency), but it is impossible, from the nature of their past avocations and duties, that they can at present possess that minute knowledge which could alone make them competent to judge an infinity of questions which must arise in a country situated as Central India is at this period; this deficiency of knowledge might on many occasions lead to delay and embarrassment in the introduction of an improved system, the primary object of which is not to increase the powers of the person entrusted with the charge of Central India, but to give to his superiors more means than they now possess of checking and controlling his administration, without weakening those impressions which are essential to its success. If it is determined that I am to administer Central India in my capacity of Governor in Council at Bombay, I shall anticipate the agreement of my colleagues in the measures I propose for that country, and if disappointed in this anticipation, I should, when confident in the correctness of my judgment, act upon my own responsibility; but even when there was complete concurrence, the very forms of office would create delay and cause considerable increase of business, and when there was difference of opinion, I should have to balance between the good of the measure I desired

to adopt and the evil of resorting to a power which, though wisely given, would become dangerous if too frequently exercised.

"I shall conclude this part of the subject by stating that, while quite prepared to exercise the duty you propose to assign me in any mode you may desire, I certainly hope that the same confidence which has led to your expectations of benefit from employing me in the introduction of an improved system of rule in Central India, will tend to your leaving me as unfettered as it is practicable, till that system has had time to operate in a manner that will render the most minute parts of the administration of that country more clear and intelligible than they now are to those who have not the advantage of full information and local experience. When that point is attained—and I trust it will be at an early period—Government will be better able to decide than it can at present on the final arrangements best adapted to preserve the peace and promote the prosperity of this part of India."

The other questions were answered in due course,* and soon afterwards Malcolm, little doubting that affairs were in a favorable train towards the completion of the arrangement which he had so long advocated, went to Cheltenham, to drink the waters. "My health brought me here," he wrote from that place, on the 19th of April, to the Duke of Wellington; "I am better, and go to Scotland before I return to London, where I shall remain five or six weeks before I sail, and hope to obtain your opinion on some points very vital to our Eastern Empire, which no one understands more completely than you do." At the end of May he returned to town, to push forward his preparations for his departure for India, which had been fixed for the early part of July. Everything relating to the administration of Central India was still in a state of uncertainty. To Malcolm, who had accepted the charge of the Bombay Government on the condition of having attached to it the supervision of

* He subsequently sent in an elaborate memorandum, detailing the whole scheme.

affairs in Malwah, this indecision was mortifying and embarrassing in the extreme. To Mr. Wynne, therefore, he addressed himself, urging the President to take the subject at once into his serious consideration, and added: "When you first suggested my employment in Central India, I viewed it as an object of high and honorable ambition: I do so still; and if that employment is made special, and rests upon the distinct ground of my qualification for it, and the confidence of my superiors in England, it will present me with an opportunity of associating my name with improvements which I believe essential for the preservation of your power in India; and this impression will render me fully equal to all the labor of such an accession of public duty."

Time passed; nothing was settled; the hour of departure drew near. On the 13th of June the usual valedictory banquet was given by the East India Company to Sir John Malcolm at the Albion Tavern. Many of the most distinguished men of the country—of the age, were present. The Duke of Wellington was there; Canning, then Prime Minister, was there; Mackintosh was there; Lord William Bentinck, then on the eve of being nominated Governor-General of India, was there. Many, also, of Malcolm's oldest private friends were gathered together to do him honor: Mr. Haliburton and Mr. Cockburn, who had received him into their houses when a stripling at Madras; and Sir Thomas Dallas, who had first become his friend, when, a bright-faced boy of fifteen, John Malcolm was employed on his first service,* were there, to awaken a host of pleasant memories and a gratitude no less pleasant. How could one of his genial, joyous nature, be otherwise than in high spirits, or, as he was wont to say of others, "in great force," on such

* See *ante*, vol. i. p. 11.

an occasion? The banquet given to a proconsul on the eve of his departure for the seat of his new government is an ovation of which, when to private influence, to high connexions, to political expediency, he owes his position, any soldier or statesman may be proud. But Malcolm owed his elevation to none of these accidents—he had risen by the innate force of his own personal character, by the right direction of his noble energies, by the just exercise of his many high qualities, by a life of unstinting zeal and incorruptible integrity. And when he took his place in the seat of honor on that memorable occasion—and the action of thirty years has not dimmed the impression it made on the minds of many—he would have been more or less than a man if his heart had not pulsed with an emotion of honest pride, and his face kindled with its expression.

The Chairman, upon this occasion,* being no orator, delivered himself, after dinner, with suggestive brevity, and left the serious business of the evening to his guests. He said that it was useless to dwell upon Sir John Malcolm's merits, as every one knew them as well as did the Chairman himself; and, with this, he curtly gave what is called "the toast of the evening." It was received with hearty applause, and no less hearty was Malcolm's response. It was a frank, open, manly, characteristic address. He referred to those early days when, a boy of fourteen, he had made his first march to Vellore: and those recent times, when, thirty years later, he had been entrusted with the military command and civil administration of Central India. He dwelt upon the evils of too much system; of too close an adherence to fixed regulations, especially in newly acquired countries; of the deterioration of the individual energies of men by a

* Mr. Hugh Lindsay.

blind devotion to routine. Systems and regulations, he said, however wise in themselves, required a soul to be breathed into them, to convert the dead letter into a living reality, and so to conciliate and attach the millions for whom they are framed. This, he added, is the duty —the appointed work of Indian statesmen. Then he spoke of himself; of the motives which stimulated him to exertion; of the delight he felt in seeing before him so many old friends, some of whom (he alluded to Mr. Haliburton and Mr. Cockburn) had received him when he went, a boy, to India; who had aided him by their advice; stimulated him by their example; and who, "having watched every step he took with the most flattering solicitude, now looked to him to justify their kind anticipations." From these recollections, he turned to others no less sacred: recollections of the great soldiers with whom he had served, and the great statesmen under whom he had risen to the highest diplomatic offices; and, especially to Lord Wellesley,* from whom he had learnt lessons of wisdom which he had never forgotten, who had "first withdrawn his mind from the limited local scenes on which it had dwelt, and taught him to contemplate our Indian Empire as a whole." Then he spoke with pride of the unchanged and unchangeable friendship of Lord Wellesley's illustrious brother, the great soldier who sate near him; of the life-long kindness of Lord Powis; of the friendship of Lord William Bentinck; the encouragement he had received from Mr. Canning; and the delight he felt in seeing all these distinguished men now gathered together to do him honor. In the support of such men, he said, there was the best stimulus to exertion: for the remainder of his life would be one great effort not to disappoint the expectations that had been formed of him.

* Lord Wellesley was then in Ireland, and unable to attend the banquet.

"And, it is more than this," concluded Malcolm, "it comes, at this moment, as a cordial to support me under the pain of an approaching separation from those whom I love best in the world, and from a country for which, wheresoever I go, I still cherish the profoundest attachment."

Long and loud were the cheers which greeted this address, delivered as it was with all Malcolm's heartiness and sincerity of manner. Always on such occasions is the speech of the honored statesman, or soldier, of whose successful career the banquet is the triumphal illustration, regarded beyond all others with interest by the assembled guests; and there were circumstances of a personal character which rendered Malcolm's address one of unusual interest. But there were other speakers, on that evening, whose words will be long remembered; for the first statesman, and the first soldier of the country, rose, and did honor to Sir John Malcolm. It was on this occasion that Canning delivered the memorable dictum, so often quoted, and, I hope, so often yet to be quoted, proudly, but most truthfully, that "there cannot be found in the history of Europe, the existence of any monarchy, which, within a given time, has produced so many men of the first talents in civil and military life, as India has first trained for herself, and then given to their native country." "If," continued the first minister, whose brilliant career was then so near its close, "the compliments to his Majesty's Ministers be pleasing from the East India Company, it is doubly so on this occasion, when that Company concurs with his Majesty's Government in sending back to India a man whom you have brought home for a time, that he might point to the deeds he had done in your service, and that, wisely remembering them, you might restore him with power and opportunity, which

will tend alike to the completion of your advantage and his own reputation."

Pleasant was all this to Malcolm—pleasant, too, when the President of the India Board spoke of the appointment of the new Governor of Bombay as one which was more than a benefit to his own country, for it was also a boon to the natives of India*—but pleasanter still when the man, whom of all others he most honored in the world, rose, and, after briefly returning thanks on his own account, spoke proudly and affectionately of his old comrade and friend. "A nomination such as this," said the Duke of Wellington, "operates throughout the whole Indian service. The youngest cadet sees in it an example he may imitate—a success he may attain. The good which the country derives from the excitement of such feelings is incalculable. It is now thirty years since I formed an intimate friendship with Sir John Malcolm; during that eventful period, there has been no operation of consequence, no diplomatic measure, in which my friend has not borne a conspicuous part. Alike distinguished by courage and by talent, the history of his life, during that period, would be the history of the glory of his country in India." And with these words still ringing in his ears, Malcolm soon afterwards took his departure.†

* "I must give a passage of Mr. Wynne's speech as I find it reported in the *Asiatic Journal*: "The affectionate regard in which he (Sir John Malcolm) was held by the natives of India was the happy result of his own conduct. He did not hold himself aloof from or above them; he mixed in their society, associated himself with them in their hours of recreation, joined in the sports of the field with them, and by such means won their hearts. Besides, in the periods of war he had shown towards them a rare self-denial of fame as a soldier, and of wealth to himself, when these were to be purchased at any sacrifice of humanity or of the interests or reputation of the Government he served." He spoke here of Malcolm's forbearance when the army and the treasure of Badjee Rao lay before him, and he might, in a few hours, have destroyed the one and captured the other.

† Not, however, before he had himself asked permission to propose a toast, and, with characteristic generosity, had pronounced a glowing eulogium on the merits of his old friends Elphinstone and Munro.

On the following morning, he addressed a brief letter to the duke—brief, but full of feeling:

SIR JOHN MALCOLM TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

London, June 14, 1827.

MY DEAR DUKE OF WELLINGTON,—I awoke this morning with the same deep feelings of gratitude with which I went to rest last night. I would not relinquish the testimony you gave me for ten governments. After we broke up from dinner, I learnt more fully the deep impression you had made on all who heard you. It was such as can alone be produced when the head and heart are in complete union.

Believe me, your Grace's ever most truly,

J. MALCOLM.

As the days now left for Malcolm's continuance in England were dwindling down to units, he became increasingly anxious regarding the settlement of the Central-India question; and he again and again urged upon Mr. Wynne the expediency of coming to a decision. The plan now proposed was that the Lieutenant-Governorship should be vested in Mr. Gerald Wellesley, and that Malcolm should receive "special power for three years to direct and control the administration of Central India, under the Governor-General; the whole being specifically kept for that period in the Political Department." "The expectation of a task," said Malcolm, in a letter written to Mr. Wynne, at the end of June, "by the execution of which I might increase my reputation while I benefited my country, was my chief inducement to make me determine on a painful separation from my family and country. I cannot, from my time of life, expect to run a long heat; but I shall try hard, if you give me scope, to do justice to your kind opinion and confidence." It is not to be doubted, indeed, that Malcolm accepted

the Government of Bombay under something very like an implied promise that the control of affairs in Central India would be attached to it. But he was told at last that "a change so important required the most serious and attentive consideration;" and that in the mean while he was to consider himself "appointed exclusively to the charge of the Government of Bombay."

There was much in this to disappoint him; but consolation came opportunely in the shape of the appointment to the Governor-Generalship of Lord William Bentinck, in whose high independent character, steady integrity, and consistent benevolence, Malcolm had unstinted confidence. "I shall not repeat," wrote the new Governor of Bombay, "what a change your nomination to India has made in my feelings. I go with a confidence beyond what any other appointment would have given me. I can repose upon your Lordship on all those essential points that are necessary to maintain discipline and impart a high tone to the European branches of the public service, and to give the fullest protection and most liberal encouragement to the natives. I shall be most solicitous for a full settlement of the question about Central India, as I believe it is a subject of the utmost importance to the empire, and as such I do feel my fame deeply associated in the execution of the projected measure."

This was written on the 5th of July, from Portsmouth, whither Malcolm had proceeded to join the *Neptune*, on which he was to embark for Bombay. Again he committed himself to the great waters. He took with him only one member of the official family to which his situation entitled him, and a young Eskdale gentleman, Mr. James Little, who accompanied him as amanuensis and clerk. He went unhampered by promises and pledges, determined to reserve his patronage for those

who had earned it by conspicuous merit; and even to his nearest relatives and dearest friends he wrote that he could do nothing for the objects of their recommendation unless the young men recommended themselves by their own talent, industry, and good conduct.*

* He subsequently appointed Major Burrowes, who had been on Mr. Elphinstone's staff, to be his private secretary, and Captain Graham, brother to Sir James Graham (and now Registrar-General), to be his aide-de-camp. Captain Graham had been also on Mr. Elphinstone's staff.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BOMBAY GOVERNMENT.

[1827—1830.]

THE VOYAGE OUT—RECEPTION AT BOMBAY—DUTIES OF THE GOVERNMENT—ECONOMICAL REFORM—ENCROACHMENTS OF THE SUPREME COURT—COLLISION WITH THE JUDGES—PROVINCIAL TOURS—ADMINISTRATIVE MEASURES—NUZZURANA—RESIGNATION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

WHEN Sir John Malcolm now, in 1827, embarked, a fourth time, for India, he sailed under happier circumstances than he had ever sailed before, for the severance of domestic ties, which had ever been his chief if not his sole affliction, was, in the present instance, only partial. His eldest daughter, who a few weeks before had been married to her cousin, Sir Alexander Campbell,* accompanied him with her husband to Bombay.

The voyage was distinguished by no incidents worthy of especial notice. But, if not an eventful, it was a pleasant one, and to its pleasures Malcolm himself largely contributed. He did not sit "silent and dignified" on deck, but with characteristic geniality initiated many innocent amusements, and promoted all that were initiated

* Sir Alexander Campbell was the son of Lady Malcolm's elder sister, Mrs. Cockburn, to whom, on the failure of male heirs in the direct line, the baronetcy granted to the first Sir A. Campbell (Lady Malcolm's father) had, by special enactment, descended. He went out as Military Secretary.

by others. And there was scarcely one of the many expedients to which people betake themselves on board ship, to break the monotony of a long sea-voyage, not attempted, with more or less success, by the passengers of the *Neptune*. There were theatricals, for which Malcolm wrote the prologues and epilogues. And there was a newspaper, to which he supplied contributions in poetry and prose, encouraging others by word and deed to do likewise.

It is pleasant to be able to record that the newspaper was edited by a young Bombay cadet, in whom Malcolm recognised the dawning genius, the full meridian of which he was not destined to see. The youthful editor was Henry Creswicke Rawlinson. It was to Malcolm that he owed the first direction of his mind to the study of Oriental literature. There was nothing at this time in which the new Governor of Bombay more delighted—nothing, indeed, which he regarded as a more solemn duty—than to endeavour to raise, in the young men by whom he was surrounded, aspirations after worthy objects; to teach them to regard with earnestness and solemnity the career before them; and to encourage them in that application by which alone success can be eventually achieved. He stood before them, indeed, as a living monument of the great fact, that the humblest of the cadets who then shared a cabin in the steerage of the *Neptune*, might, by the exercise of his own unaided energies, rise to the highest honors, and traverse the ocean on some future day as the Governor elect of one of the Presidencies of India.

But not to this mute example did Malcolm trust. His encouragement of his youthful associates took a much more practical shape. He lent them books; set them to work; invited them into his cabin; and watched their progress with the deepest interest. There were some of

them, too, whom he associated in his own literary undertakings. At this time Malcolm was writing the Life of Lord Clive. His friend, Lord Powis, had lent him the family papers for this purpose, and he thought that he might turn the leisure afforded to him by the long sea-voyage to profitable account, by digesting his materials, and commencing the actual composition of the biography. He employed some of his young friends in copying his manuscripts—and I have often thought that if Rawlinson was so employed, it is not difficult to conjecture where he took his first lessons in the art of deciphering strange hieroglyphics.*

Malcolm's intellectual activity was of a kind that under no circumstances ever slept. Even when the motion of the vessel was so disturbing that he could not sit at his desk, he would lie upon the deck with a pencil and a manuscript volume in his hand; and, in spite of the qualms of sea-sickness (for he was but an indifferent sailor), write pleasant verses to his children; or if it were the Sabbath, paraphrase the Psalms, or the Book of Job. He always put aside, on the seventh day, his ordinary literary work; but he took his intellectual exercise all the same, by turning the Scriptures into verse. Some of these paraphrases he afterwards printed at Bombay.

On the 26th of October, 1827, Sir John Malcolm arrived at Bombay. His old friend, Mountstuart Elphinstone, whom he was succeeding, and Sir Thomas Bradford, the Commander-in-Chief, had come out to welcome him before the ship cast anchor; and he was greeted, on

* When a few months ago, in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, the accomplished master of that college gave directions for the Babylonian Cylinder (an unique specimen of the reign of Nergal-shar-ezer), which Malcolm had presented to the library, to be packed and sent to Rawlinson, that he might decipher the characters on its surface, it was interesting to think of this old connexion between the two eminent men, and of the pleasure it would have given to Malcolm to know that his sometime pupil had become the most distinguished Orientalist of the age.

landing, in the most cordial manner, alike by the European and native inhabitants of the Presidency.* On the 1st of November he took charge of the Government. "Mr. Elphinstone sails to-morrow," he wrote on the 14th. "It is difficult to say whether the settlement have done themselves or him the most honor in the farewell which they have taken of their late Governor. But what is most delightful on this occasion is the manner in which the natives have been associated with the Europeans in their expressions of such admiration of Mr. Elphinstone, and of gratitude for what he has done in this quarter of India." Malcolm delighted in nothing so much as to sound the praises of his predecessor. He declared, too, that he should adopt Elphinstone's system, and introduce no changes into the administration. "The only difference between Mountstuart and me," he wrote in a private letter, "is that I have mullagatawny at tiffin, which comes of my experiences at Madras."

Elphinstone had departed, and Malcolm was now supreme at Bombay. Of the plans which he formed for himself, in respect of his social position as Governor of the settlement, a just conception may be gathered from the following passage of a private letter, which he wrote shortly after his arrival:

"I have started on the comparatively moderate plan to which Elphinstone had recently come. I have a public breakfast at Parell on six days of the week, and one council-day in the Fort. Every one comes that likes. It is a social levee, without formality

* He was much shocked on his arrival by receiving the sad intelligence of the death of his old comrade, Sir Thomas Munro. To the Chairman of the Court of Directors he wrote in the warmest language regarding the merits of his departed friend. "Much as you valued him," he said, "a voyage to India is necessary fully to appreciate his character, and to learn what may be done upon this scene by a wise, upright, and indefatigable individual. His name will remain associated with the best elements of our Indian administration. Burke is not oftener quoted in the House of Commons than Munro by the ablest of your public servants."

or distinction. I am down half an hour before breakfast, and stay as long after it. Every human being who desires it, from writer to judge—from cadet to general—has his turn at the Governor. At half-past ten, I am in my own room, have no visitors, and am given up to business. I give a grand dinner and a dance to from eighty to one hundred every month; and a dinner occasionally to a big-wig going to England. My other dinners are to my own family. A Governor, particularly here, can have no invited private parties of persons, whom he likes, for such would be deemed favorites. My equipments are as good as my station. I have three elegant carriages; and three pairs of Arabian horses. I have four or five good riding-horses; and leave the door every morning at a quarter after five, returning a little after seven—having always gone nine or ten miles, sometimes more. I drink no wine, and live very moderately. The business is considerable; but it is always greatest at the commencement. Besides, I already see my way towards a diminution of it by making others do much of the minutiæ of business." *

On the 1st of November, 1828, as I have said, Sir John Malcolm took the oaths of office and entered upon the duties of his new government. The season was not an auspicious one for the commencement of an official career; and to a man of Malcolm's temperament there must have been much that was distasteful in the work before him. It was the especial duty of the Governors

* In this letter Malcolm says: "Elphinstone, among other reductions, made a large one in the Government House establishment." I cannot pass over this with a barren mention of the fact. The truth is, that Mr. Elphinstone having received instructions from home to reduce, by all possible means, the expenditure of the Bombay Government, thought it right to commence his retrenchments by operating on his own establishment at Government House, and at once effected a saving, to a large amount, of the public money. But not contented with this characteristic act of public virtue, he reasoned with himself that, if the reduced establishment were then sufficient, it had been sufficient before, and that therefore the excess was an overcharge to Government which he was bound to refund. His conscience was not satisfied until he had paid back to the public treasury 45,000 rupees. I find this story told in one of Malcolm's letters. He greatly admired, as must every one, the disinterestedness of his friend, but thought that it was a refinement of public virtue against which, however, something might not unreasonably be said.

of that day to inaugurate a system of necessary, but most obnoxious, retrenchment. It demands no small courage to attack the public expenditure, especially when a large portion of it consists of the personal salaries of the officers of Government; and no small tact to give effect to a series of distasteful measures of public economy without giving private offence. When, therefore, Lord William Bentinck, Mr. Lushington, and Sir John Malcolm entered upon the government of the three Presidencies of India, we may be sure that not one of them looked forward to the incumbency of a bed of roses.

To Malcolm, who had always taken large and liberal views of personal recompense, and whose delight it was to contribute to the happiness of others, this duty was peculiarly irksome. But he clearly recognised the necessity of its performance; and whilst he endeavoured to render the *modus operandi* as little offensive as possible, he determined to suffer nothing to turn him aside from his appointed work. And I believe that he succeeded as well as any man could succeed under such circumstances. "In public affairs," he wrote, not long after his arrival, "all is pleasant enough as far as the good temper of all ranks is concerned, notwithstanding the reductions I am making, and must make, in their allowances. We are deemed fortunate here from the contrast with Madras, where Lushington has managed to get himself much embroiled." "Both he and I," he wrote in another letter, "had extraordinary advantages in succeeding such men as Sir Thomas Munro and Mr. Elphinstone. Governors more purely public-minded never existed; and the tone and temper they left, it should be our care to preserve and improve. Here I have no reason to complain. We are all on happy terms. My councillors minute for ever, and give me great and unnecessary trouble. But there is no ill-humour in their occasional differences, and though now

and then fretted, I cannot but recognise the utility of some check on my 'three-tailed Bashaw.'"

In the following letter, written to his old friend Sir Charles Metcalfe, then a member of the Supreme Council of India, he entered fully and freely into the feelings with which he assumed the Government of Bombay. It is, in more than one point of view, of peculiar illustrative value:

SIR JOHN MALCOLM TO SIR CHARLES METCALFE.

Bombay, November 30, 1827.

MY DEAR METCALFE,—I have been in a great bustle since I landed, having every one to see, and loads of business to get through; or should have written to you sooner.

You will be surprised to see me here. Lord Amherst may not have shown you the abstract I sent him regarding the proceedings about Central India. It was that proposition which brought me to India. I enclose you a copy of it, as well as of what I stated as my opinions respecting that country. The change of administration prevented the business being settled before I left home; but I was assured it would be taken up immediately. I care little about it; and as I stated to them, wished to enter into no further discussion. There are points upon which every man has a different opinion. Mine are the result of some experience, and are very decided. If they desire my services in the way pointed out, they will avail themselves of them; if not, they will leave me at liberty to suit my own convenience and inclination by an early return to England.

You will be much pleased with my old and intimate friend, Lord William Bentinck. He is an able and honest man; high-minded always, and strong in his opinions when once formed. I shall be mistaken if you and he do not go on famously well together.

I did not expect that you would have remained so long in India; but found when I went to visit Lord Maryborough that you had made a further lease of your house.* It is a very beau-

* Fern Hill, near Windsor.

tiful place; nevertheless, I doubt much your making it your residence. A house in the country without a wife and five children to fill it, and without a passion for country sports, is a dull thing, unless you fill it with friends; and then it requires a flourishing revenue.

If you are my *beau-idéal* of a good councillor, you content yourself with reading what comes before you, and writing a full minute now and then, when the subject merits it; and do not fret yourself and perplex others by making much of small matters. Supposing this to be the case, you must have leisure, and if I find you have, I must now and then intrude upon it; but this I shall not do unless I have occasion, and in cases where I cannot so satisfactorily to myself apply to others.

I have been busy during the voyage with the Life of Lord Clive—all his papers, public and private, having recently been discovered and given to me. I have finished about one thousand pages, and Elphinstone, who is fastidious enough about such works, is quite delighted—not with my composition, but with the admirable letters of Clive, whom he thinks I have managed to make tell his own story in a way that is both instructive and entertaining. I may have to refer upon some points that may require looking into old public records, or inquiries from natives. Let me know whom you think the best person to correspond with to obtain such information. It must be some one who has a *schocq* for the thing; otherwise he will think me troublesome. . .

I am, most sincerely,

JOHN MALCOLM.

There were, when Malcolm wrote this letter, still some lingering hopes of the desiderated establishment of the Lieutenant-Governorship of Central India; but as time advanced, it became more and more doubtful whether the scheme would become, in his time, anything more than a scheme. The advantages of erecting the North-Western Provinces of India into a separate Lieutenant-Governorship might have been recognised, but the legislative tendencies of that day were towards centralisation in the Supreme Government of India. There was no

disposition to extend the limits of the minor Presidencies, or the powers of their Governors.* And we may feel assured that if the authorities at home looked doubtingly at Malcolm's proposal, they were not very likely to be strengthened in their convictions of its expediency by the recommendations of the "gentlemen in Bengal." It soon, therefore, became apparent that Malcolm's administrative duties would be confined to the Presidency of Bombay. He had accepted office, in the first instance, under something very much like an implied promise that the Government of Central India would also be placed under his superintendence. He had a right, therefore, to be disappointed, and he *was* disappointed:

"With such sentiments," he wrote to Lord William Bentinck, after expressing himself very freely on the subject, "your Lordship will not be surprised that, possessed as I am of an independent fortune, and with such a family and circle of friends as you know me to enjoy, I should be most anxious to return to England. I contemplate, however, no idle life. I have, I trust, a seat in Parliament awaiting my arrival; and on the approaching question regarding the future administration of India, I shall be better able to serve my country than by contending with the prejudices and opposite opinions of office-men in India and England. I now, from many causes, regret that I did not follow the opinion of the Duke of Wellington, who was strongly against my coming to India. . . . . I have already persuaded myself that whatever disappointment my ambition may suffer from the line which I can perceive your Lordship is likely to adopt, will be more than compensated by decreased hazard to health; and I am not without hope that the period which remains of my existence may be better employed than in keeping the peace amongst wild Rajahs and Thakoors, and reconciling them to principles of rule which, how-

* Malcolm, however, did not wish to see the Lieutenant-Governorship of Central India placed permanently under the Government of Bombay—he only contended that, as a special and exceptional case, it might advantageously be placed at the outset under the man who had reduced the country to order, and had really been its Governor throughout so many eventful years.

over liberal, were not known to their fathers and mothers; and all this up-hill work liable to be criticised and condemned by men who had foretold my failure, and whose reputation for foresight and wisdom depended upon the fulfilment of their prophecy."

He wrote this under manifest depression of spirit, from which, however, he was soon roused by the prospect of some earnest, stirring work before him. He was always best when braced up for vigorous action; and though the very reverse of a man of a contentious nature, a pitched battle in a righteous cause seldom failed to do him good. When, therefore, he found that the encroachments of the Supreme Court of Bombay would, if not strenuously resisted, not only bring the Government into contempt, but reduce its authority to the merest shadow, he made up his mind at once regarding the course which it became him to pursue, girded up his loins for the conflict, fixed his thoughts steadfastly on the work in hand, and threw all vain regrets behind him.

Sir John Malcolm had long seen this cloud gathering over the Bombay Government. It had risen during the reign of his predecessor; and before he left England, he had addressed himself to the consideration of the subject, and discussed it with the President of the Board of Control. But his sanguine, hopeful temperament had asserted itself on his first arrival at Bombay; and he had several times written to his friends in England that he did not anticipate any disturbance of the harmony which it was his desire to maintain between the Government and the Supreme Court. The new year found him still encouraging this belief. "You will, I think, hear good accounts of your friends in the Supreme Court," he wrote on the 6th of January to Mr. Wynne; "nothing can go on smoother and pleasanter than we do at present, and it shall not be my fault if this harmony does not con-

tinue; for I am quite sensible of its importance to the public service." "Elphinstone's prophecy of my harmony with the judges," he wrote ten days afterwards to Mr. Loch, "is hitherto true. It shall not be my fault if it does not continue; and I hope they may think it worth their while to establish a character upon me." "Sir John Grant and family have arrived," he wrote to Mr. Wynne, on the 23rd of February; "they will be a pleasant addition to our society. You will hear from others we are all on very pleasant terms, and I trust there is every prospect of our remaining so."

There was every reason, indeed, why Sir John Malcolm and Sir John Grant should have felt kindly disposed towards one another. They were both Scotchmen—both men of social habits and genial temperament. As English politicians, it is true, they belonged to very different schools; but in an Indian settlement men trouble themselves little about English politics, and never quarrel about them. Malcolm often spoke of the Grants—for the new judge was accompanied by his wife and daughters—as friends in whose society he took no common pleasure; and he had hoped to establish with them relations somewhat similar to those which had existed years before, when his friendly intercourse with Sir James Mackintosh's family had contributed so much to his daily happiness on the same scene. But this was not permitted. Before the close of the year Sir John Peter Grant became the sole judicial representative of the majesty of English law in the Presidency of Bombay. At this period of our Indian history it happened that the climate affected with peculiar malignancy the lives of the dignitaries both of the Law and the Church. Our Indian judges and bishops have since happily attained to a protracted incumbency of office; but at this time there was a rot among them. In the course of 1828,

Sir Edward West and Sir Charles Chambers died.* Then Sir John Peter Grant sate alone on the Bench.

The Supreme Court of Bombay had been established by Act of Parliament† in 1823. Like its great prototype of Bengal, it exhibited at the outset much of the intemperance, and was betrayed into many of the excesses, of a lusty and impetuous youth. The first judges began at once to sow its wild oats; Sir John Peter Grant threw them about broadcast.

It is strange that after the lessons afforded by the great contest which had inaugurated the first establishment of a Crown Court in India, an Act of Parliament, constituting a new judicial tribunal to be presided over by his Majesty's judges, should have contained the very defects which had occasioned so much embarrassment half a century before. Once in the history of our Anglo-Indian Empire was surely sufficient for an unseemly war to be waged between the Crown Courts and the Company's Government. But Bombay was now to see something not very far removed from the great strife which, when Impey, Hyde, and Chambers first sate upon the Bench, threw Bengal into a social convulsion. There was again a disputed jurisdiction. Again the myrmidons of the law, as law is administered in Westminster, were sent into strange places, with legal instruments bearing mysterious Latin names, said to have all the irresistible force and authority of the sealed commission of a king. Again the natives of India, in regions remote from the Presidency, were threatened with unintelligible summonses and inexplicable intrusions, which might drag them at all seasons of the year from one end of the country to the other, and dispose of the property and

* Sir Edward West died in August, at Dapooree; Sir Charles Chambers not till October.

† Act 4 Geo. IV., chap. 71.

persons of infants in spite of their constituted guardians, and in spite of the protection of the Government of the country, which the ermined usurpers openly defied.

It is unnecessary to write of the specific acts of aggressive interference which, before the appearance of Sir John Malcolm and Sir John Grant at Bombay, had seemed to prognosticate the great storm which afterwards arose. The case which brought on the inevitable collision is known as that of Moroo Ragonath. It may be told in a few sentences. Moroo Ragonath—a boy of fourteen, resident at Poonah—having lost both his parents, was placed, according to Hindoo custom and with the sanction of the local Court, under the guardianship of his nearest relative, an uncle. This uncle, Pandoorung Ramchunder by name, was a friend and near connexion of the Peishwah, after whose fall he had gone to reside in the Company's territories at Poonah. He was one of a class known as "privileged Sirdars;" he was under the especial protection of the British Government, and we were virtually pledged in no way to interfere with the social or religious observances of his country or his faith. But it happened that another connexion of Moroo Ragonath,* alarmed, or pretending to be alarmed, at the influence which the guardian had established over the boy, sought to remove him from the custody of his uncle. There was no local authority who was likely to aid him in such a project as this. But casting about in his mind how to carry his scheme into execution, he bethought himself, or more probably some one suggested to him the idea, of resorting to the new Crown Court at Bombay. He sought the advice of lawyers, who assured him that the Supreme Court was stronger than all local au-

* His father-in-law—that is, the father of the girl to whom he had been married or affianced.

thority, and that there was a thing called *Habeas Corpus* that could bring Moroo Ragonath to the Presidency within a given number of days. The process was very simple. He had only to make an affidavit to the effect that the boy was under personal restraint injurious to his health, and a writ would be issued commanding his body to be brought to Bombay.

The affidavit was made, and the writ was issued. It was issued by Chambers and Grant. I need not dwell upon the legal proceedings which then arose in the Supreme Court. It is enough that the two judges contended, when the question of jurisdiction was raised, that the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court was not legally limited to the island and factories of Bombay; that the only limitation had been a practical limitation, owing to the want of means to extend the power of the Court; that as the judges could not hear and determine criminal cases without the intervention of a jury, and as a jury could only be obtained by the Sheriff of Bombay, whose authority was limited by the charter, the judges could not try such cases out of Bombay "for want of machinery to do so;" but that if the power of the sheriff were extended in such a manner as to surmount this difficulty, the Court might exercise criminal jurisdiction all over the territories subject to the Presidency of Bombay. This argument being admitted, it necessarily followed that in all proceedings, not requiring the intervention of a jury, the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of Bombay extended over the whole Presidency, and that every one residing within the Company's territories was subject to it, without distinction of color or creed, occupation or condition.

In the wildest moments of the hottest youth of the Supreme Court of Calcutta, neither Sir Elijah Impey nor Brother Hyde had ever contended that the jurisdiction

of the Court was co-extensive with the limits of the Presidency. They had sought only to establish the point of a constructive jurisdiction over all inhabitants of the country in any way connected with Government, and they had contended that zemindars and others having any kind of revenue-contract with Government were constructively the servants of the Company. They strained this point to an extreme and ridiculous length, and were betrayed into many acts of egregious injustice. But the Bombay judges condescended to no such refinements as these; they strained no points of constructive jurisdiction. They boldly contended that their writs were operative from one end of the Presidency to another, and that it mattered not who or what its object might be, the law of the Supreme Court of Judicature could reach it all the same in the remotest nooks and crevices of the empire.

It need not be said that to Malcolm such a doctrine as this was novel and startling in the extreme. It need not be said that the assertion of a power, derived directly from the King, which could override all local authority, even to that of the Governor in Council, threatened the very existence of the Company's Government. To resist such usurpation was clearly the Governor's duty; so he made up his mind at once to maintain at all hazard the authority of the Government which he represented. He knew the inconveniences resulting from an open rupture with the Crown Court—he was not unmindful of the public scandal attending such a rupture; but the evils of quiescence were greater than those of resistance, and he resolved, at all risks, to resist.

With what feelings he addressed himself to this work may be gathered from the letters which he wrote, during the months of August and September, 1828, to the Governor-General and to the members of his own family.

They were principally written from Dapooree, near Poonah, whither he had proceeded some weeks before, principally with the view of maintaining, by personal intercourse, the good feeling of the many influential natives residing in those parts, with whom Malcolm's name, as that of Elphinstone, was esteemed security for treatment at once honorable and liberal:

[To Lord William Bentinck, *Dapooree, August* 19, 1828.]—I am just returned from the funeral of Sir E. West. I shall give the President of the Board of Control and the Chairman my honest sentiments as to the qualities required in a successor. Knowing how such questions are decided in England, I do not expect much good from any representations I can make, but I shall fulfil my duty. I wish your Lordship would say to them how much depends (as long as the jurisdiction is so undefined) upon the character of the chief judge. He must have temper and judgment as well as law; and above all, he must view himself as an aid to, as well as a check upon, the civil government of the country.

[To Lady Malcolm, *August* 30.]—I have been fighting with the judges; but hitherto have kept most commanding ground, and have prevented attack by complete alacrity to meet it.

[To Lady Malcolm, *September* 9.]—I enclose you a memorandum, which will show you how I am engaged in a battle with the Supreme Court, whose mischievous interference with the inhabitants of our provinces will this day be arrested by my orders. Nothing could have been more favorable than the grounds which the judge, Sir John Grant, has afforded us to fight this battle, and I quite glory that it has fallen to my lot to stand in the breach. If I am not supported, I shall not remain a week to have the Government over which I preside trampled upon, nor the empire to the prosperity of which the efforts of my life have been devoted beaten down, not by honest fellows with glittering sabres, but quibbling quill-driving lawyers.

[To Lord William Bentinck, *September* 10.]—I send your Lordship notes of my proceedings in the cause of Moroo Ragonath,

before the death of Sir E. West. You shall have all the remaining papers to-morrow or next day. In the mean time, I send your Lordship an abstract of what has occurred. You will observe my friend Sir John Grant thinks as much as any of his brethren of his jurisdiction. I am quite content to stand in the breach; and you will be satisfied when you see the papers. No man ever fought a battle upon better ground.

[To Lord William Bentinck, *September* 13.]—I send you the remainder of my correspondence about the case of Moroo Ragonath; as the jurisdiction has been denied, and must, if the Court proceed (as they no doubt will), be opposed. We shall be in a crisis; but I am quite willing to meet it, nor do I desire that one iota of the storm shall fall upon another head. It is, however, a satisfaction to me to learn, by yesterday's post, that my colleagues approve of what I have done in the most unqualified manner. . . . . The case resolves itself into a very simple question—Whether his Majesty's Court of Law, or the Government, acting according to its established regulations, shall henceforward be deemed superior in the Deccan. If this process had been served, appeals would have been made in a hundred other cases; and *Company Sahib*, as they call him, must have shut up shop, which he shall not do in this quarter as long as I am shopkeeper. To give you an idea of the extent of the lies (I will not honor them by calling them fictions) upon which such proceedings are grounded, the boy Moroo Ragonath, who has been sworn to be in a dying state, and to be kept close prisoner by a tyrannical uncle who is plotting his death, was last night one of the most lively spectators at a Fancy Ball, and wisely seeking from me information as to the cause and object of majors becoming misses—captains, tailors and beggars—and Christians transferring themselves into Turks and Parsees.

[To Sir Charles Malcolm, *September* 19.]—As to keeping peace with the Court, &c. &c., depend upon it all that will be best attained by an open, manly proceeding, which speaks out and brings matters boldly to a fair issue, leaving no room for that suspicion, intrigue, and counter-intrigue that ever attend your over-cautious and reserved course of action. Some say I hurt myself by this openness of communication, and by meeting full in

front and courting discussion on all questions, great and small, connected with my public conduct: but this mode is consonant with my nature. I should make a bungle of that caution and prudence which serve so well the purpose of thousands. Add to this my manner of going forward to my object, though it has often given small creatures temporary advantages, has hitherto answered fairly enough; and I shall therefore go on, I fear, without growing wiser. . . . My study is to merit, not to attain praise; and, standing upon the rock I do in my present station, I care neither for Bengal, Whitehall, nor Leadenhall. My object is honestly and to the best of my ability to perform my duty—and I have no other.

[To Lord William Bentinck, *September* 28.]—The enclosures will exhibit to your Lordship a new case, in which the proceedings of our judges will appear more extraordinary than they were in that at Poonah, about which I have sent you such voluminous documents. They have gained an advantage in this case, I think, by the admission of their jurisdiction in attending to the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, but this was done under the belief (sanctioned, I am informed, by an expression of a judge) that this would be all that was required; and it was expected that the prisoner, when found regularly committed, would be remanded from whence he was brought. A very different result has occurred. He is removed to the gaol at Bombay, from which, if the Court is not satisfied with the legality of our provincial adawluts, he will, it is apprehended, be released. Matters at Poonah continue as they were, the judges having postponed proceedings on that case till to-morrow. . . . I leave this to-morrow, and shall be at Bombay on Tuesday, where I am anxiously awaited. I can say nothing regarding what I shall do, as it depends upon the acts of others; but while I promise you the fullest and calmest consideration to every question that arises, I pledge myself that fear of personal responsibility shall not make me shrink from my duty. I cannot describe the sensation, especially among the natives, which these proceedings of the Supreme Court have produced. A Mahratta Brahmin of some intelligence told me yesterday that they spoke of it as resembling the great division of interests that ruined them when Ragoba and Barra Bhaee quarrelled. I must,

I suppose, stand for Ragoba, and the Barra Bhaee the twelve judges.

[To Lord William Bentinck, *September* 29.]—I shall be at Bombay to-morrow, about the time, probably, that the judges have decided whether our provincial courts have an existence or not as legal courts.

[To Lady Malcolm, *Parell, September* 30.]—I am this moment arrived from Dapooree, called by the extraordinary and unprecedented proceedings of his Majesty's judges, who have outstripped all their brethren in proceedings calculated to bring this Government into contempt. To the case at Poonah, they have added another much more extreme at Thannah. But while I preside, they shall never succeed, and I must rejoice that these gentlemen have brought such points to issue in the manner they have done. The ground I have taken is strong; and I am unanimously supported by my Council. But you will hear and see everything, and more than even you will read, in a few days before or after you receive this, for Aleck (Sir Alexander Campbell) carries home every paper.

Arrived at Bombay, Sir John Malcolm took counsel with his colleagues in the Government;* they were well inclined to support him. The result of their consultations was that, on the 3rd of October, a letter was duly drafted and despatched to Sir Charles Chambers and Sir John Grant, bearing the signatures of all the members of Council, in which, after expressing an opinion regarding the evils of a conflict of authority, they proceeded to say:

"In consequence of recent proceedings in the Supreme Court in the case of Moroo Ragonath and Bappoo Gunness,† we have

* The members of Council were then Sir Thomas Bradford, Commander-in-Chief, and Messrs. Sparrow and Romer, of the Bombay Civil Service.

† In this case, the Supreme Court had released and brought up to Bombay a man sentenced to two years' imprisonment by the criminal judge at Thannah.

felt compelled, for reasons which we have fully stated to our superiors, to direct that no further legal proceedings be admitted in the case of Moroo Ragonath, and that no returns be made to any writs of *Habeas Corpus* of a similar nature to those recently issued, and directed to any officers of the provincial courts, or to any of our native subjects not residing in the island of Bombay.

"We are quite sensible of the deep responsibility we incur by these measures; but we must look for our justification in the necessity of our situation. The grounds upon which we act have exclusive reference to our considerations of civil government and of state policy, but as our resolution cannot be altered until we receive the commands of those high authorities to which we are subject, we inform you of them; and we do most anxiously hope that the considerations we have before stated may lead you to limit yourself to those protests and appeals against our conduct in the cases specified that you may deem it your duty to make, as any other conduct must, for reasons already stated, prove deeply injurious to the public interests, and can, under the resolution taken and avowed by Government, produce no result favorable either to the immediate or future establishment of the extended jurisdiction you have claimed. A very short period will elapse before an answer is received to the full and urgent reference we have made upon the subject; and we must again express our hope that even the obligations under which we are sensible that you act are not so imperative as to impel you to proceedings which the Government has thus explicitly stated its resolution to oppose."

This letter was dated on the 3rd of October, 1828, and signed by all the members of Council—the Commander-in-Chief included. It was sent on that day, or the following morning, to the house of Sir Charles Chambers, who sent it on to Sir John Grant. On the 5th, Sir John Grant, in the worst possible frame of mind for the becoming performance of such a task, wrote a private letter to Sir John Malcolm, accusing the Governor and his colleagues of making dishonorable proposals to his Majesty's judges, and desiring that all private

intercourse between them might cease until a satisfactory explanation were rendered to him—if, indeed, it was added, such conduct were "capable of explanation."

The letter of the members of Government was intended to be conciliatory; but it stung Sir John Grant to the quick. He read it with jaundiced eyes and a distempered imagination; and it appeared to him a premeditated insult of the grossest and most offensive kind. The very expressions which were intended to soften his resentment by giving him credit for sincere convictions, and an honest, loyal desire to maintain, within the limits of the law, the dignity of the Crown of which he was the judicial representative, rankled most keenly in his breast. It seemed to him as though he had been invited to violate his conscience, to sacrifice his duty to convenience, to trample down the sacred obligations of his oath and his allegiance. And he declared that in his understanding of the proposal, which he had considered and resolved over and over again with the most painful anxiety, it was one of so gross a nature, that to entertain for a moment the opinion that it could be suggested to him without offence, was an outrage not more on the purity of his judicial character than on his private honor. The injury done to him, he said, was more of a personal than an official character, and, as such, he had no other means of marking his sense of the indignity, than by abstaining from personal intercourse with every one of the gentlemen who had ventured so to address him.

It was acknowledged afterwards by Sir John Grant and his friends that this letter was a mistake. It would be impossible to conceive a greater. But it does not appear to me that, as some thought at the time, it was intended to provoke a breach of the peace. It is true that it constructively accused Malcolm and his colleagues of making a dishonorable proposal to him; but the lan-

guage of the letter was rather of a defensive than of an aggressive character; and although Sir John Grant wrote, and subsequently acknowledged that he wrote, under the influence of highly irritated feelings, I cannot believe that he was so beside himself with wrath as to have contemplated, at the very time when he was writing in high-flown terms of his sacred obligations and the purity of his judicial character, such a violation of the one, and such a pollution of the other, as a personal combat with the head of the local Government. There are more ways of soiling the judicial ermine than by waiving points of jurisdiction and keeping his Majesty's writs out of places which they were never intended to enter.

But, whatever may have been the intent of the letter, it filled Malcolm with an equal measure of surprise and of regret—surprise, that a communication which was intended to be respectful and conciliatory should have given so great offence; regret, that it had so completely severed the ties of personal friendship which had bound him to a man, who had many good and genial qualities, and in whom Malcolm had always expected to find a pleasant and intellectual companion. But there was but one answer which could be sent back to such a letter. Anything less peremptory and uncompromising on the part of the judge might have elicited from Malcolm an assurance that the letter of the Government was intended to convey the very reverse of a personal insult. But, addressed in such language, what could he do but answer that, much as he regretted for many reasons the loss of "a private intercourse from which he had derived and expected so much pleasure and gratification," he could do nothing to prevent it? "The grounds, however," he added, "upon which you have deemed it necessary to terminate this private intercourse, are such as no conception of mine, either of your feelings or duties, could have

led me to anticipate. This, however, is not meant as an explanation. I can owe none to any person in my private capacity for acts done as Governor of this Presidency."

Contention ran very high at this time. Men's minds were much embittered by strife; and some of Malcolm's friends endeavoured to persuade him to place Sir John Grant's letter on record.* It was represented that such a measure would strengthen the hands of Government by damaging their opponents. But Malcolm was not a man to serve his own cause by injuring an adversary; and the very thought that the publication of Grant's letter might ruin his character as a judge, was sufficient, to a man of the Bombay Governor's generous nature, to keep him from placing it on record, or otherwise turning it to account.

On the 6th of October, the Court met; Sir Charles Chambers and Sir John Grant took their seats on the bench. The letter of the Government was read aloud by the clerk of the Crown. Sir Charles Chambers then addressed the Court. He said that the letter was of an extraordinary character—"written in so dictatorial a tone that, addressed as it was to the King's Supreme Court of Judicature by persons who had no right to address the Court except as humble suitors for the distribution of its justice," he had naturally felt strongly on the subject

* "I have been strongly urged," wrote Malcolm, "to put this letter upon record. I have been told that it would advance the cause of Government beyond all other documents, by showing the character of the man with whom the present disputes have originated, and I have been told that this letter would undoubtedly ruin him. This is the very reason upon which I object to its publicity. In the first place, no consideration can induce me to be instrumental in seriously injuring, except in the strict performance of duty, a man in Sir John Grant's situation, with a large and amiable family; and secondly, I am most anxious that you should not adopt or accept, as a remedy for personal evils, the censure or punishment of a judge or judges. It is the jurisdiction that must be clearly defined, and the system altered."

ever since the receipt of it. He then proceeded to say that the Court could not admit any person, "let his rank be ever so distinguished, or his power ever so predominant, to address it in any other way respecting its judicial and public functions, than as the humblest suitor who applies for its protection." "Within these walls," said the Judge, "we own no equal, and no superior but God and the King. The East India Company, therefore, and all those who govern their possessions, however absolute over those whom they consider their subjects, must be told, as they have been told ten thousand times before, that in this Court they are entitled to no more precedency and favor than the lowest suitor in it. The only mode, therefore, in which the writers of this letter could properly address this Court, is through their counsel, by way of an humble petition." He then spoke of the insult that had been offered to his Majesty's judges by the supposition that, in consideration of any political expediency or state necessity, they could violate the sanctity of their oaths. On this point he dwelt much, as Sir John Grant had dwelt upon it in his private letter to Malcolm, and then, after entering at some length into the circumstances of the different cases which had brought the Court and the Government into collision, he concluded by saying that Sir John Malcolm and the other members of Government had come forward, by menaces which implied nothing but violence, to suspend the well-known and well-established jurisdiction of the Court. "I have but one course," he said, "to pursue. Private ease and comfort have never been of any consideration with me; but as in the moral conduct of public men it may be laid down as a golden rule, that nothing can be given in exchange for an honorable reputation, the public shall find me at my post; and, although I cannot argue with those whose strongest argument consists in physical

force, I will resist, with the utmost of my ability, any attempt to dictate to my conscience or to control my public functions."

Then Sir John Grant addressed the Court. He commenced with a legal fiction, saying: "I have heard this letter read with equal attention, surprise, and regret;" and then went on to deliver himself very much in the style of the letter which he had written on the day before. He dwelt upon the outrage which had been committed on the Bench by supposing that they could listen for a moment to such overtures as had been made to them by the Government; and added, with a not very decorous allusion to Sir Elijah Impey, "The gentlemen who sign this letter labor under a great mistake, if they believe that there exists—with the exception of a very short, calamitous, and disgraceful period, that there ever did exist—a British judge to whom such a proposal could be addressed with the least chance of success." He then spoke of the two cases, which the Government, he said, had "ventured to mention by name;" of the hardihood they had exhibited in ordering that no returns should be made to the writs of the King's judges, and directing persons who were the King's subjects, not the Bombay Government's, to disobey and oppose the laws. By what right they assumed such power, Sir John Malcolm and the other gentlemen had "omitted to declare." "Meanwhile, it is the duty of this Court to declare that lawful power of this sort they have none." "They say," said Sir John Grant, in conclusion, "that they are sensible of the responsibility they incur. This is for them to judge of, not us. But I may say that I doubt exceedingly whether they are sensible of the entire responsibility they may incur. And this, at least, it is right for me to say, that, whatever responsibility they may choose to incur in their own persons, they can-

not shelter others whom they may employ or control from the responsibility such persons shall incur, if they are concerned in any offer of resistance to the King's writs issued by the orders of this Court—a responsibility criminal as well as civil, and which, in case of any loss of life occasioned by such resistance, will infer the guilt of murder in all those who shall have been aiding and assisting in it, or who shall have directed, counselled, or advised it."

The Clerk of the Crown was then ordered to write to the Chief Secretary to inform the Government that their letter had been received, but that the judges "could take no notice thereof."

Sir Charles Chambers went home, sickened, and soon afterwards died. Sir John Grant declared that the Government letter had killed his brother judge, but that it should not kill him, and addressed himself with increased energy to the conflict. Meanwhile, Malcolm prepared to leave the Presidency. "I start for Poonah to-night," he wrote to Lord William Bentinck, on the 7th of October, "and, as I have horses on the road, I shall be in time to give orders to arrest the consequences of to-morrow's proceedings in Court, which are expected to be very violent. They will no doubt direct an attachment against Pandoorung Ramchunder; but when they find that chief protected by military force, they will, I should hope, stop, and not go on with vain efforts to oppose their constables to the troops of Government." *

The Court, however, did not sit until the 10th. On that day, Sir John Grant took his seat upon the bench alone. From this time he was to fight the battle single-handed; and, right or wrong, he fought it with unflinch-

* A circular letter was sent to all the Company's judges and magistrates, informing them of the resolution of Government that no returns should in future be made to writs of *Habeas Corpus* similar to those recently issued.

ing courage. A return to the writ was moved for by Mr. Irwin, counsel for Moroo Ragonath; but no return was forthcoming; so motion was made for an attachment for disobedience; but this motion was refused. "I cannot grant it," said Sir John Grant, "but I will do all I can for you—I will issue another writ of *Habeas Corpus* (a *Pluries* writ), with a heavy fine in case of disobedience.* The writ, with a penalty of 10,000 rupees, returnable immediately, was accordingly issued, and a constable was sent to Poonah, who openly declared that, if resisted by the civil Government, he had authority to call upon Sir Lionel Smith, who commanded the troops, to render him assistance. Sir Lionel, however, was not the man to side with the lawyers in such a crisis. It is reported, indeed, that he recommended, as the best solution of the difficulty, the breaking of the catchpole's head. There were, however, no violent collisions. The writ was left at Ramchunder's house, "he being at home, and access to him denied; and every other means of communicating it to him, deemed good service in such cases by law, was used."† But all was of no avail. He made no appearance, "being aided in his contempt, as appears, by the Government, the magistracy, and the military."

From Malcolm's letters, written at this time to the Governor-General, the Chairman of the East India Company, and others, may be gathered the feelings with which he regarded the painful conflict. A few extracts will suffice:

* "The reason assigned by the learned judge for adopting this course, was that by the common law the Court of King's Bench could not grant an attachment, except in term time; and he did not consider that 56 Geo. III. (which enables a single judge in vacation to issue an attachment for disobedience to a writ of *Habeas Corpus*) extended to India."—[*Letter of the Acting Advocate-General to the Chief Secretary, October* 10, 1828.]

† Speech of Sir John Grant.

"*October* 19th, 1828.—I was a fool for coming to India at all, and this I have thought every day since I landed. This battle with the judges has, I confess, half reconciled me to the folly I have committed, for it is a subject of vital importance to the empire. I have tried to deal some heavy blows at these costly and dangerous fabrics yclept Supreme Courts; but they are too essential for the objects of power and patronage, and to feed the rising spirit of the age, for me or any man to prevail against them. Tory Ministers will continue to delight in appointing judges, and a free press in declaiming against Oriental tyranny, and the necessity of pure and disinterested lawyers to check misrule and oppression, through the dissemination of a knowledge of law and freedom, which, translated into Mahrattas, means litigation and sedition."

"*Poonah, October* 21.—All the world here and at Madras (I have not yet heard from Bengal) are with me, except five or six. . . . . The opportunity of striking a blow at these Courts (the offspring of patronage) was given to me, and, to the utmost of my strength, I will inflict it. Barnwall will tell you how calm I have been throughout; and so I shall continue, *though no man ever had* such provocation."

"*Poonah, October* 21.—*This has been,* and *continues* to be, a hard fight; but I will *not flinch—though* deserted by those who ought to support me. *Of this* you shall hear more. But the continued and *mischievous* use of the King's name, in contradistinction to that of the Company, from the Bench, has had some effect on Europeans as well as natives."

"*Dapooree, October* 24.—I transmit a letter from the Clerk of the Crown to the Chief Secretary, with the answer and my minute. This answer was anticipated, of course. But the form of the application is to be added to a long catalogue of crimes, of which I am to be accused, in a letter to his Majesty, and information laid before the House of Lords of contempt and outrage. Such, says report, are the proceedings of Sir John Grant, who is now our sole judge. . . . . The gentlemen of the law speak of his intention to call upon officers in command of divisions to aid him in the execution of the law, on the ground of authority contained in the last clause of the charter. A wretch of a constable, with what they call a *Pluries Habeas,* stated publicly at Poonah, where he still is, that, if I refused him aid, he had instructions to call on Major-General Sir Lionel Smith for the support of troops.

This has not yet been done, and probably never may; but your Lordship" (Lord William Bentinck) "will enter at once into the danger of such appeals. The very mention of them is calculated, in a country like this, to break down all civil authority; and if I did not stand upon a rock, both on personal and public grounds, the neutrality and hesitation of the Commander-in-Chief might be attended with the worst effects."

In the mean while, both the Judge and the Governor were preparing to appeal to higher authority. Malcolm drew up a full statement of the case, collected all the documents bearing upon it, and sent a confidential friend (Major Barnwall) to England by the overland route, as the bearer of these communications, and the depositary, too, of much illustrative information, which might not be contained in them. At the same time the question was referred to the Supreme Government at Calcutta. The Judge was no less active and energetic. He drew up a long petition to the King, setting forth the injuries and indignities which had been inflicted on his Majesty's Court, and soliciting due protection and redress for the outraged majesty of British law. A copy of this petition was forwarded by the Clerk of the Crown to Sir John Malcolm, who drew up a minute in reply, dated the 30th of November. On the 9th of the following January, an answer was received to the reference made to Bengal, from which it appeared that it was the opinion of all the Company's law officers at that Presidency that the Supreme Court had no legal right to the jurisdiction claimed by the Bombay judges.

It need not be said that these dissensions created considerable excitement from one end of the Presidency to the other. The European community, for the most part, sided in opinion with the Government. The exceptions were principally lawyers; and the lawyers occupied some of the local journals. Those were days when the Press

was practically only half emancipated, and legally not at all. The free expression of public opinion depended upon the will of the Governor. To the free expression of public opinion on such a subject as was then under dispute, it is probable that Sir John Malcolm would not have objected. But he knew that the local journals were little likely to contain anything beyond a free expression of the opinions of an interested class. The lawyers of the Indian Presidencies have been, at all times, as ready with their pens as with their tongues. Among them have been many able, enlightened, and honorable men; and I believe that the cause of truth, of freedom, and of good government, has benefited much by their utterances in public assemblies, and through the public press. But upon the conflict of the King's and Company's Courts it is hardly to be expected that they should declare themselves without prejudice or passion; and they are the worst possible exponents of the opinions and feelings of the natives of India. Malcolm felt that much evil might result from the public discussion of the question at issue between Government and the Courts, in the then excited state of the settlement. He sought, therefore, to limit this discussion, but in a manner which appears to me to have been the least arbitrary and offensive that could have been adopted. He caused a notification to be published in the *Gazette*, prohibiting all servants of Government from publishing in the newspapers articles and letters bearing upon the proceedings of the Supreme Court. He might at this time have "deported" any editor or contributor, by a stroke of his pen.

By the civil members of Government—Mr. Romer and Mr. Sparrow—Malcolm was honestly supported. But of the assistance he was likely to derive from the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Thomas Bradford, he soon began to entertain some doubts. The King's name is a tower

of strength. The Commander-in-Chief, an old King's officer, though at first disposed to support his colleague, seems afterwards to have been persuaded that to oppose the Court was to oppose the King. As the storm rose, he began to trim his sails; and, as it thickened, he veered round, and Malcolm thought, at one time, that he would openly support the authority of the Court, and bring the King's troops to its aid. Had he done so, a frightful calamity might have ensued, and Malcolm was resolute to avert it. He made up his mind to exercise, in such an extremity, the authority vested in him by the law, and to deport the Commander-in-Chief as he would deport any "free merchant" in the country.

There was no need, however, to proceed to any such extremity—neither then, nor at a later period. The winter of 1828-29 saw something of a lull in the conflict. The Court was not sitting. Nothing could be done till it re-assembled. Sir John Malcolm was making a tour through the outlying provinces and the adjacent native states of Western India. He visited Sattarah, Beejapore, Belgaum, Kolapore, and other celebrated places, and towards the end of January returned to the Presidency. About the same time—that is, on the 25th of January—Sir John Grant opened the Sessions at Bombay. A month afterwards, Moroo Ragonath's counsel moved for the return to the *Pluries* writ, which had been issued in October, and, no return being made, moved for an attachment against Pandoorung Ramchunder. The attachment was granted, but, as the cotemporary records assert, "with a little hesitation." Orders were issued that it should be addressed to the Governor in Council, to enable the civil authorities to execute it, if they pleased, through the agency of some person or persons selected by themselves. But there could have been little real expectation that the Government would submit themselves

to any such compromise. An answer was sent back, referring Sir John Grant to the letter of the 3rd of October, and stating that there was no intention to swerve from the resolution therein expressed, except under the orders of the superior authorities to whom the question had been referred.

But as Sir John Malcolm was resolute, so also was Sir John Grant. On the 1st of April, being the first day of the second session of 1829, the Judge, in a long speech, announced his resolution to close the Court. And for a time the Court was closed. It was an extreme measure—a public scandal pregnant with evil—calculated to have the worst possible effect upon the native mind. But it did not intimidate Malcolm. It was a proceeding, indeed, for which he was prepared. It had been hinted at in an earlier stage of the conflict, and he knew that at any time it might be resorted to, as a last despairing effort on the part of the incensed Judge.

A measure of such public significance as this called for a counter-movement on the part of Government equally demonstrative and notorious. On the 7th of April,* therefore, Malcolm issued a proclamation, stating the regret of the Governor in Council that the Judge had thought it necessary to suspend the functions of the Court, and pledging the Government to use its utmost endeavours to protect the persons and property of the

* At the beginning of the month, Malcolm was at the Mahabuleshur Hills, when he wrote on the 4th to Lord William Bentinck: "I came to this fine climate to escape the hot season; and was enjoying a temperature never exceeding 75°, and requiring blankets at night, when called by my colleagues to Bombay on the strange occurrence of Sir John Grant's shutting the doors of his Majesty's Court—on what grounds your Lordship will see by the public papers, and by those documents which will be sent by our Secretary. . . . . This last measure of Sir J. Grant's is so far good, that it must compel the home authorities, however reluctantly, to come to some decision. . . . . But I will plague your Lordship no more about judges; and end with an assurance that, under all circumstances, I shall preserve my temper, and walk with an undeviating and firm step in the open, plain path of public duty."

inhabitants of Bombay. Sir John Grant declared that this was "a misrepresentation of the step taken by the Supreme Court in the painful circumstances wherein the conduct of the Governor and Council had placed it," in as much as that the Court had not suspended its functions, but had only adjourned.* The point is of little consequence. Both the Governor and the Judge had addressed the Supreme Government at Calcutta. But the decision of that authority was only of temporary importance, for an answer was shortly expected from England—an answer which the Supreme Government said would put an end "to such conflicts of authority, and to a state of things most discreditable to the character, and most injurious to the interests, of the British administration in India."†

And soon the expected answer arrived; first in a private form—in a letter from the President of the India Board, which gave Malcolm full assurance of the larger official support he was about to receive. Lord Ellenborough had by this time succeeded to the chief seat at the Board of Control. A man of quick decision and prompt action, he was not one to hesitate about the merits of the case, or to be slow in the expression of the opinions he had formed. It is a signal merit in a statesman to appreciate the effects of timely encouragement and support upon the inferior authorities and agencies over which he presides,

* Sir John Grant stated on the 1st of April, that the Court had "ceased on all its sides," which was very like a suspension of its functions.

† The Supreme Government, whilst declaring that there was little occasion, in the near prospect of a decision from home, for them to enter upon a detailed expression of their opinions, said: "We can have no difficulty, at the same time, in expressing our entire concurrence in the view you have taken of the great evils arising out of the unlimited jurisdiction, as assumed and exercised by the Supreme Court at Bombay. We believe, as advised by the experienced lawyers whom we have consulted, that this extension of their power by construction, as it is termed, has been recently introduced and is contrary to usage, and is evidently opposed to the intention of the Legislature."

and to give practical expression to this appreciation in a hearty, demonstrative manner. Caution, doubtless, is a good thing. But it is the curse of English statesmanship to be cautious in the wrong place and at the wrong time. A little more seasonable impulsiveness would not mar the efficiency of our administrative system. At all events, when Lord Ellenborough wrote the following letter to the Bombay Governor, with whom he had no personal acquaintance, he said precisely that which was best calculated to encourage and to strengthen a man of Malcolm's character and temperament.*

LORD ELLENBOROUGH TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

India Board, Feb. 21, 1829.

SIR,—I had not intended to write to you until I could communicate to you the opinion of the law officers of the Crown upon the difference which appears by your letters to have taken place between you and the Supreme Court of Bombay; but the Chairs have just informed me that they write to you by a vessel which sails to-day, and I am unwilling that you should not receive a letter from me at the same time.

I believe there is but one opinion in this country as to the conduct of the Supreme Court. Their law is considered bad law; but then, errors in matters of law are nothing in comparison with those they have committed in the tenor of their speeches from the bench.

* This is no mere speculation or conjecture. See what Malcolm himself said on the subject: "Independent of the substances of this communication, there was in those very expressions which have been most carped at, what conveyed to my mind the fullest reliance upon the firmness and decision of the Indian Minister. With Lord Ellenborough I was personally unacquainted. I received his letter, therefore, as far as the expression went, as a kind proof of the impressions he had formed of my private and public character. These impressions alone could have made him write in so familiar a tone of friendship; *and those only who have served their country in remote stations can judge the difference of feeling between what such a communication is calculated to inspire, and one of a more cold, guarded, and official character.* The latter may save a Minister from the effects of the indiscretion of others; but it will never animate public officers to that zealous and bold execution of their duty which is produced by cordial and unreserved communication with their superiors."

Had Sir Charles Chambers lived, I think he must have been displaced. Sir J. P. Grant seems to have confined himself more strictly to a legal argument. He may have been led by his coaxing chief. Still there is much to censure in his conduct, and although I think it will probably not be considered necessary to recall him, his case is by no means decided upon. I am to have some conversation upon it with the Chancellor in a few days.

We are so much occupied with the Roman Catholic Relief Bill at present, that we have little time for other matters, however important. To this circumstance must be attributed the delay which has occurred on the part of the law officers. There was none in sending the case to them.

In the mean time the King has, on my recommendation, made your Advocate-General, Mr. Dewar, Chief Justice. I advised this appointment because that gentleman appears to have shown ability and discretion during the late conflict with the Supreme Court, because he appears to take a right view of the law, and to be on terms of confidence with you. I thought that the putting him over Sir John Grant's head would do more to rectify public opinion than any other measure I could at once adopt; and you have him in "action" two months sooner than you would have any man sent from hence.

I hope this arrangement will be satisfactory to you.

The Puisne Judge appointed in the room of Sir Charles Chambers is Mr. William Seymour, of the Chancery Bar. The Lord Chancellor has a very good opinion of him, and generally, I think, he appeared to have higher claims to the situation than any other candidate. He is a gentleman in his manners, and a man of a cultivated mind. He seems to have right notions of his duty, and of the law which has been so strangely misinterpreted. He will rather support the Government, than use the authority of the Supreme Court as a means of raising an Opposition. At least, if he is not all *this*, I have been deceived in him. He will embark in less than two months. He will probably be knighted before he sails, and as it will not be right that the Chief Justice alone should not be knighted, we must consider in what manner that can be best effected. I believe it may be done by patent; but my present idea is to empower you as Governor to confer the honor of knighthood upon Mr. Dewar. This will evidently place the

Government above the Court; it will mark you out as the King's representative. You may make the ceremony as imposing as you please, the more so the better, and ask the Rajah of Sattarah to come and see it. I have written to the Heralds' Office to know if the thing could be so done according to precedent.

It is as yet undecided, the law officers not having yet given their opinions as to the law, whether a declaratory Act will be required. Perhaps the opinions of the law officers, and those which I may obtain of the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice, may be sufficient to induce Sir J. Grant to revise his notions of law—at any rate, no more mischief can happen, as he will be like a wild elephant led away between two tame ones. As we may not impossibly renew the Charter next year, we may take that opportunity of rectifying the expressions of the Act of Parliament, should they require it. Many persons think it would be inexpedient to open a discussion on Indian matters this year, if it could be avoided. But, as I told you, no decision is yet come to.

You will see that there is no intention of deserting you. You have acted with much firmness and prudence. I entirely agree in the view you have expressed of the dangerous consequences which would result from the extension beyond the limits of the Presidency of the powers claimed by the Supreme Court.

Orders have been given for expediting the patent of Chief Justice.

It is with deep regret that I have learned that the Company and the country are so soon to lose your services in India. I would not ask you to stay one hour to the danger of your valuable life; but I am confident you will stay till you have established the authority of the Government in the opinion of the natives. I trust, indeed, that the unbending firmness you have displayed will have prevented much of the evil which might have been expected to follow from the conduct of the Judges.

I feel satisfied that you will act with the same firmness under all circumstances, and, at the same time, with moderation and discretion. You may thus depend upon the support of the Board of Control while I have the honor of presiding over it.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your very obedient servant,

ELLENBOROUGH.

I am going to send you a very excellent new bishop whenever

Dr. James resigns—Mr. J. M. Turner. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and, indeed, all the bishops I have seen, are quite satisfied that Mr. Turner is as fit a man as could have been selected. He will be mild and firm. He is a very good and pious man, without worldly notions, and really devoted to his high calling.

This letter rejoiced Malcolm's heart. I have written to little purpose if I have not shown that he was a man of very small reserve—open always, free of speech, and above the littleness of official mystification. When, therefore, he received this memorable epistle, which if he had worded it himself could not have been more in consonance with his wishes, he, at his breakfast-table, proclaimed, with characteristic communicativeness, the triumph it announced. But he did not, as has been frequently stated, read the letter aloud. He, however, sent two copies of the document to Calcutta. He sent one to Lord William Bentinck; he sent another to Mr. Bax, who had been Chief Secretary at Bombay, and who was then on a special mission in Bengal. One of these copies—or a copy of one of these copies—was communicated to the *Bengal Hurkaru*, the leading journal of the Presidency, and published in the columns of that paper.

The publication of such a letter at such a time, we may be sure, created no small sensation at Calcutta. It was eagerly commented on by the Press, discussed by the European inhabitants of the settlement, and by the higher class of natives, who had regarded the struggle between the Government and the law officers of Bombay with a sort of wondering curiosity, which sought explanations of the real meaning of the letter. The lawyers, bitter before, assailed Malcolm with increased acerbity; whilst others, chuckling over the contents of the letter, and inwardly rejoicing in its publication, shook their

heads with outward gravity, and condemned the indiscretion of communicating such a letter to the Press. Some talked of breaches of confidence, and censured Malcolm himself for distributing copies of a private letter; and in the midst of all this discussion, Lord Ellenborough, of whom little before had been known in India, suddenly became famous.

In due course, intelligence of this untoward publication reached Malcolm, who was then residing at Dapooree. Wholly unexpected as it was, it sorely distressed him. He had never dreamt of any one divulging to the outside public, much less of printing in a newspaper, what had been confidentially communicated only to one or two private friends. It was altogether a grievous abatement from the satisfaction, which he had derived from the support of his proceedings by the authorities at home. What he felt on the subject—how anxious he was to explain his own conduct and motives—may be gathered from a long private letter which he wrote to Lord William Bentinck on the 2nd of July, from which the following passages are taken:

"To three causes—to the strong and united feelings and opinions of the Court of Directors; to the knowledge of India and the decision of the Duke of Wellington; and to the prompt, high-spirited, and able proceedings of the President of the Board of Control—is to be ascribed this important victory, which I have told Lord Ellenborough (and your Lordship will be satisfied I have told him truly) will, if followed up to completion, place his name above all his predecessors at the India Board. Amid the feelings of satisfaction with which I refer to this subject, I have suffered much personal annoyance from the publicity which has been given to Lord Ellenborough's private letter of the 21st of February. Though fully aware of the confidential nature of all correspondence between a Governor and the President of the India Board, I thought it a duty to send a copy of it and other

letters to your Lordship as Governor-General, and more so as a private friend, considering that you would rejoice with me in so happy a result; and that nothing could so fully convey the character of the proceedings that had been adopted as the manliness and frankness of Lord Ellenborough's letter. I did not, as perhaps I ought, make extracts from it, but sent it entire. I also transmitted it with other papers to Mr. Bax, who had been a confidential secretary throughout the struggle with the Supreme Court, and I could not deny him the pleasure of a full knowledge of the result; but I stated to him, as I did to your Lordship, that the papers were private and confidential, to be shown to Colonel Frederick,* but only in parts to others. Colonel Frederick had been long a member of my family, and with him I had no reserve; but as to others, though I wished that the substance of the decision in England should be known, because I thought it would do good, the thought never entered my mind that Lord Ellenborough's letter, transmitted as a private communication to your Lordship, and as private and confidential to Mr. Bax, could obtain such publicity as it has done. . . . . I do not regret this publicity on account of any sentiments the letter contains. They are such as the noble writer may be proud of. They are frank, wise, and decided. The only fault that can be found with the production is, that the expressions are perhaps free-er and of a more unreserved nature than Lord Ellenborough should have addressed to one of whose discretion he was not better assured. But personally unacquainted as I am with his Lordship, I shall solicit his pardon, stating the impressions made at the moment by his welcome intelligence, my eagerness to spread it to those who were deeply interested—adding, certainly, that I never did and never could anticipate that it would become, by dishonesty or breach of confidence, a document for publication or discussion in the Calcutta newspapers."

A copy of this letter to Lord William Bentinck, Malcolm furnished to Lord Ellenborough, saying:

"I can hardly hope the explanation offered in the enclosed will

* Colonel Frederick was then at Calcutta on a Special Committee, composed of officers from the different Presidencies.

entitle me to your pardon for my indiscretion in trusting to any one a copy of your letter; but I certainly thought, previous to this discussion, that it was impossible that a copy of it should pass from the hands into which it was committed by me into those through which it has reached a public newspaper. I am yet to learn how this has occurred; but from late letters from Calcutta, I consider the state of society in that city to be such, that I can believe any means to be resorted to by democratic factions and discontented men to serve their ends, or promote in the slightest manner their views of changing the whole system of Indian government. The government of no part of India, and least of all Bengal, will bear a lax rein. Lord William Bentinck has had many difficulties to meet; and I should hope, from a letter I have just received from him, that these are not to be conquered by any but the firmest and most decided measures."

To this apology Lord Ellenborough sent back the following manly letter:

LORD ELLENBOROUGH TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

India Board, Dec. 18, 1829.

SIR,—Pray do not allow yourself to feel the least annoyance at the circumstance of one of my private letters to you having been copied and made public by some dishonorable man. That there should exist such a man in a situation, which could entitle him to a confidential communication, is much to be regretted; but for myself I care nothing, being prepared to defend against all comers everything I have written to you.

Of the letter of the 21st of February I can find no copy; but no matter. I know I can have written nothing I cannot defend.

I do not regret the freedom with which I have on all occasions expressed myself in writing to you. A letter should be written conversation, and it is quite impossible that the public business should be well conducted if those who are associated as you and I are in its conduct, do not at once communicate with all the freedom of long-established friendship.

I know no higher title to public and private confidence than that which you exhibit in the tried service of many years.

I assure you that the circumstance of there having been found one base man in India will not diminish the freedom with which I shall at all times communicate with as honorable a man as ever illustrated the public service.

I remain, Sir, your faithful servant,

ELLENBOROUGH.

I do not know that there is any need to write further of this matter. Some, doubtless, will continue to think that there was a want of official caution on the part of Lord Ellenborough, and of official reticence on the part of Sir John Malcolm. Perhaps there was. They were neither of them men with the stamp of a very strongly-marked and clearly-defined officialism upon them. I doubt, however, whether the world will think any the worse of them for the part which they bore in the event, the details of which are here revived. But there is little to be said in defence of the person who communicated the letter to the Press—nothing, if that person was, as Malcolm believed, one who many years before had received signal favors from him, and gratefully acknowledged them. I hope, however, that in this, the Bombay Governor was mistaken.

Writing to the Duke of Wellington about this painful circumstance, Malcolm said that the Duke, who a quarter of a century before had personally known India, would wonder how any such letter could have appeared in an Indian newspaper. But he added, "times are changed;" and he expressed his belief that Lord William Bentinck had acted unwisely in not laying a restraining hand upon the stripling impulses of a half-emancipated Press. Lord William Bentinck knew better. He knew that in such a state of society—good or bad, as had then arisen in the Indian Presidencies—a free Press must have its uses. No man was ever more vilified by the Indian Press than

Lord William Bentinck. Yet no man was ever more indebted to it, or more freely acknowledged the debt.

Malcolm did all that he could do to prevent the dissemination in Bombay of the contents of Lord Ellenborough's letter; but this, it need not be said, was little. The annoyance at the time was great, but it passed over, and he turned aside from the contemplation of this accident to the more cheering results of the great struggle with the Supreme Court. The home authorities had appointed Mr. Dewar, who, acting as Advocate-General, had stood by Malcolm throughout the entire contest, to be Chief Justice of Bombay. This alone was a signal triumph. There was, however, some delay in forwarding the new Judge's patent; and in the mean while Sir John Grant showed little inclination to lower the pretensions of the Court.* But the conflict now was nearly at an end. The question had been referred to the Privy Council;† and their judgment was as decisive in its character as it was in its effect. It ran in the following words:

"That the writs of *habeas corpus* were improperly issued in the two cases referred to in the said petition.

* On the 18th of July, Malcolm wrote from Dapooree, saying: "Sir John Grant has issued a *habeas ad testificandum* addressed to Pandoorung Ramchunder to bring up his ward Moroo Ragonath as a witness in an approaching trial. We might, as our legal adviser informs us, evade this procedure; but that we have not done. No return will be made. To act otherwise, would be a course at once inconsistent and undignified for the Civil Government, after what has passed, to pursue. The natives of our provinces can make, as I have publicly stated, no distinction between a *habeas ad subjiciendum* and a *habeas ad testificandum*; and see in those recurring writs nothing but recurring efforts to bring Pandoorung Ramchunder and Moroo Ragonath under the jurisdiction of the Court, in direct opposition to the Government of the country."

† The Privy Councillors present were Lord Lyndhurst (Lord Chancellor), Lord Ellenborough, Lord Tenterden, Sir John Nichol, Sir John Beckett, Mr. Wynne, Chief Baron Alexander, Chief Justice Best, Sir Christopher Robinson, Mr. Courtnay, and Mr. Hobhouse.

"That the Supreme Court has no power or authority to issue a writ of *habeas corpus*, except when directed either to a person resident within those local limits wherein such court has a general jurisdiction, or to a person out of such local limits, who is personally subject to the civil and criminal jurisdiction of the Supreme Court.

"That the Supreme Court has no power or authority to issue a writ of *habeas corpus* to the gaoler or officer of a native court as such officer, the Supreme Court having no power to discharge persons imprisoned under the authority of a native court.

"That the Supreme Court is bound to notice the jurisdiction of the native court, without having the same specially set forth in the return to a writ of *habeas corpus*."

What remains of this story may be told with unmixed satisfaction. I believe that it was not in Malcolm's nature to cherish unkindly feelings towards any human being. When the first heats of the conflict were over, there was no stronger feeling within him than a lively hope that the battle might not result in any permanent injury to his antagonist. I do not doubt, indeed, that throughout the whole of the struggle he entertained a secret admiration for the resolute courage, which Sir John Grant evinced in every stage of the affray. And I know that he felt that there were great allowances to be made for the Judge. Right or wrong, the conduct of a man who stands up boldly for his order will evoke the sympathies of all generous minds. I have heard one of the first of living soldiers justify a measure of a very questionable character upon the grounds that he deemed it right "to stand up for his cloth." There are cloths of different color. And a lawyer may stand up for his as honestly as a soldier or a statesman. It would have been very much unlike Malcolm not to have sought to extenuate the intemperate conduct of the Judge by a reference to the position in which he was placed. I ex-

pected, therefore, to find among his papers such letters as the following, and there are others of the same type:

SIR JOHN MALCOLM TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Malcolm Peyt, June 7, 1829.

MY DEAR DUKE OF WELLINGTON,—I have just heard of your complete approbation of my conduct in our recent disputes with the Supreme Court. The hopes I entertained from your knowledge of the scene, your judgment and decision, have been more than fulfilled. The appointment of our Advocate-General to preside on the Bench was a masterstroke. It is a proclamation to white and black of your sentiments; and the comparative youth and short standing at the Bar of the man you have thus elevated, adds to the salutary impression which this act must make on all ranks and classes in India. Mr. Dewar, I pledge myself, will do honor to those who placed him in this high situation. The late struggle has shown he is a good lawyer. I know him to be a perfect gentleman, possessed of excellent temper and sound judgment.

I must on this occasion repeat my hope that none of his acts (not even shutting up the Court) should lead to the recall of Sir John Grant. Though I am sorry for this gentleman—and more so that his violence should have hazarded distress to him and his fine family—I state what I now do from no maudlin feeling of pity. The cause must be injured by visiting the defects of the system upon individuals. Sir John Grant came new to the scene. He assumed the tone and temper of his associates on the bench; and when they died, the very feeling that he had to support their opinions, to maintain the dignity of the Court on his own shoulders, was calculated to make him act in extreme. This I take to be the position in which he has been hitherto placed. If, instead of confessing conscientious error, he places himself in opposition to the first law authorities in England, he will evidently be an impracticable man; and the harmony between the Court in which he is a judge and the Government will demand his being removed.

I leave this fine climate in a few days for Bombay. I return to the Deccan, where I have some work; after which I shall traverse during the cold weather the countries of Cutch, Kattywar,

and Baroda, when I return to Bombay, and prepare for my departure to England at the end of 1830. This is my present plan, which will not be altered unless my health fails, or you express a wish for my return, to give aid in the approaching discussions about India; or unless, after you have vanquished the Brunswick clubs, you quarrel with *your fine-waisted friend Nicholas*, and want me to raise and lead *my friends* the barbarians of Persia against the half-civilised friends of the North!

I have written to Lord Ellenborough about a successor: he will show you what I have said. It is with me a very anxious subject: for though I expect to do much, this Presidency will, for some years, require an able and experienced ruler. Mr. Jenkins, who will, probably, be among the candidates, tells me he has hopes you mean to make him a baronet. He has been very ill used, and, though as much distinguished as any of us, he is the only *unrewarded man* for deeds done in 1817 and 1818!

Though I refer to the events of that period with pleasure, I am satisfied that the victory I have now (through your prompt and noble support) obtained, though not so brilliant, is in its result more important than twenty successful battles! And believe me, you have done more on this occasion to elevate your fame, as associated with the permanent prosperity of this country, than you did (great as they were) by your military achievements in the glorious years of 1803 and 1804.

You will judge, from knowing my sentiments, with what feelings I anticipate your success in giving peace to the country of your birth. What a consummation to your labors, if you add, as I have no doubt you will, the settlement of this wondrous empire! You should cease from all other toil, except shooting pheasants; and in that, at least, I hope to join you.

Believe me, your Grace's most sincerely,

JOHN MALCOLM.

The contest, at this time, was not at an end. It has been said that there was some delay in forwarding Sir James Dewar's patent, and that Sir John Grant availed himself of the interval of independence to uphold with undiminished energy the pretensions of the Bench. I need not dwell upon the closing scenes of this painful struggle.

It is more pleasant to relate that, before the end of the year, the two Scotch knights had ceased to stand aloof from each other. Mutual friends stepped in and encouraged explanations which were satisfactory to both. Sir John Grant acknowledged, with a manly frankness which did him honor, that his most intimate friends in England thought that the letter he had written to Sir John Malcolm was couched in more intemperate language than the circumstances of the case called for or warranted.* And Malcolm, on his part, declared, what indeed he had said from the beginning, that so far from the letter of the Government to Sir C. Chambers and Sir J. Grant being intended to convey personal offence, it was the anxious desire of the Governor and his colleagues "to render it as respectful as possible, consistently with the plain expression of the information regarding the resolutions which they deemed it their public duty to convey to his Majesty's judges, and that the most remote idea of giving offence to them in their public or private capacity was never entertained." The wounds were, therefore, healed; but it must be added that the scars remained for evermore.

I gladly turn to other matters. This contest with the Supreme Court has necessarily formed a conspicuous feature in the narrative of Malcolm's government of Bombay; but, after all, it was but an episode, and even when in the very thickest of the conflict it did not occupy

* My letter to Sir John Malcolm," he wrote to Colonel Smith, "and his answer, I have communicated to four of my private and most intimate friends in England, desiring their opinion of my letter. My son has communicated it to me. They wish I had not written it, but had subdued my private feelings, and treated the matter as entirely public. This is just; their opinion is sufficient to convince me that I might have done so, and if I could have consulted them at the time, I *should* have done so. My son writes me also that he thinks my letter had too much of irritation in the style of it. Now, of these matters others are better judges than I. I did not mean to say anything in my letter that should give offence; my intention was to express offence —private offence, as I thought, justly taken."

his mind to the exclusion of other subjects connected with his administration. He was continually, indeed, moving from point to point, visiting the outskirts of the Presidency and the Native States of Western India, and busying himself with affairs both of domestic and foreign policy. Towards the end of the year (1829) he embarked on board the *Enterprise* steamer for Guzerat, anxious to visit the Court of the Guickowar, and to investigate for himself the troubled politics of Baroda. From Baroda he proceeded to Kattywar, and thence to Cutch, the head-quarters of the Jarijah Rajpoots and the hotbed of infanticide. There he assembled all the ministers and chiefs of the Principality, and eagerly adjured them to abandon this horrid custom, and to free themselves from a reproach which cut them off from the sympathy of all civilised states. "From the first of our connexion with Cutch," he said, "its abolition has been a subject of most anxious solicitude. The hope of effecting it was recognised as a motive for the alliance, and engagements have been entered into by Jarijah chiefs, which I fear have been little respected. I know the difficulty of persuading men to abandon this practice, however abhorrent to nature; but, believe me, you will hazard by the continuance of infanticide the protection of the British Government; for the crime is held in such detestation in England that the nation will not be long reconciled to intimate friendship with a race of men by whom it continues to be perpetrated in direct breach of their promises and engagements."*

This tour to the westward Malcolm greatly enjoyed. He was in excellent health; active as in the best days of his youth; as fond of sport, and as successful in the field as ever. "We have had fine sport," he wrote from

* Malcolm's "Government of India" (1833), for which see also an account of the politics of Baroda.

Kattywar, on the 7th of March. "Thirty-one hogs slain in the last two days by the spears of our party; and I have had an opportunity of showing the boys that his honor's dart is as sure and as deadly as the best of them." "I am just returned from Cutch," he wrote to Mr. Clive, at the beginning of April, "in high health, having, besides the inspection of our western frontier and the revision of establishments, had glorious hunting and shooting — wild hogs, elks, deer, foxes, hares, black partridges, and quails, almost to a surfeit. It has been a great treat. I know not how I shall reconcile myself to your tame proceedings."

On the 2nd of April, Malcolm was again at Bombay. "I have finished," he wrote, "a most interesting tour of inspection of our western frontiers from our most eastern station of Hursoolee to Bhooj."* "My tour," he said, in another letter, "has been one of minute personal inspection into every department, and the result will be, I trust, reforms that must produce considerable diminution of expenditure. I could have effected little without personally visiting every station. It is by these visits alone that I have been enabled to direct economy to proper objects." "The six or seven months I have yet

* Malcolm was very strongly of opinion that these tours were of primal importance to the State: "A Governor of Bombay," he wrote, "cannot, in my opinion, perform his duty without frequently visiting the provinces. These visits have been attended with considerable expense; but no cost that can be incurred will bear any comparison to the benefit produced by such circuits. They give life and animation to all classes; they are a check upon bad conduct, and an encouragement to good. The natives of India refer everything to persons. They are slow to understand the abstract excellence of our system of government. They see in the Governor, when he visits the provinces, the head of the Government. The timid acquire confidence, and the turbulent are checked by his presence. . . . He sees and remedies abuses on the spot, and judges in person of the value of proposed improvements. It is by such visits, also, that he can best determine on measures of economy, and prevent useless expenditure in every department. The extraordinary advances made in almost every branch of the Government by my predecessor, Mr. Elphinstone, are much to be imputed to his having passed so much of his time in the provinces."—[*Minute of November 30, 1830.*]

to stay," he wrote to the Duke of Wellington, "will be devoted to the winding up of my government, and I shall leave this in a steam-vessel about the end of the year, and see you, I hope, in February, in as good, if not better, health than when I left you." "I remain here four days," he wrote from Bombay, on the 20th of April, "to give my grand *fête* on the King's birthday, and then to the hills, which I shall reach in little more than twenty-five hours, and change the thermometer twenty-five degrees. My labor continues incessant, and will to the last day of my stay."*

In the fine cool climate of the Mahabuleshwur hills Malcolm prosecuted his work in high health, and in good spirits engendered by the thought of his approaching return to England.† The new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Sydney Beckwith; the Chief Secretary; and nearly the whole of the Staff, were there also; so both in his public and his private relations he was well supported by his friends. In the natural charms of the place itself there was sufficient to exhilarate a man of Malcolm's impressible nature. "I must," he wrote to Sir Walter Scott, on the 15th of May, "if not born an enthusiast, be rendered one by my present position. I write by the light of a window through which, from an elevation of

* In this letter, to his banker, Sir John Lubbock, Malcolm says: "If I paid one per cent. of the attention to my private concerns that I have to the public, what a rich fellow I should have been!"

† How eagerly he looked forward to his approaching emancipation, may be gathered from the following passage in a letter written a few months before: "You will be overwhelmed with accounts from the muddy shores of the Hooghly. Good God! what would I not have given for two years of open, direct, and uncompromising rule in that quarter. But you have denied me even the open compliment of a provisional appointment. I should, however, thank you, for it has extinguished every ember of ambition to remain in public employ; and I look to nothing but the enjoyment, for a few remaining years, of my family and my country. I literally count every day that passes of my short period of stay in India; and yet my anxiety to place this Government upon a proper footing makes every day a fight with one person or another; for men cannot bear the reform of rooted usages, even when they are indispensable."—[*November* 12, 1829.]

4700 feet, I have a fine view of the sea—looking over what those, 3000 feet below, call high mountains. The air in this hottest of our months is such as to give a spring to both body and soul, and were it not for my occupation and absence from those I love, I could be content to dwell amid such scenes as those by which I am surrounded, for the remainder of my existence. But I am toiling from dawn to sunset to bring to a good finish the labors of my public life."

These labours were multiform—but it was, as I have said, an age of financial economy, and the necessity of continuing the work of retrenchment perpetually obtruded itself upon him. "I am proceeding," he wrote to Lord Ellenborough, "fast to a close of the revision and reduction of this establishment, and I pledge myself they will in the aggregate reach an amount that could not have been expected, and that they will be found of a character that will impair neither zeal nor efficiency in any material degree." But his administrative efforts, far from being limited to these economical operations, had been directed towards a great variety of subjects. He thought much of the development of the resources of the country, and of the necessity of improving its lines of communication. He was eager to give, by every means in his power, an impulse to cotton and silk cultivation; and he did not, like his brother administrators in Bengal, conceive it to be a wise economy to stop the scientific explorations or experiments which were likely either to reveal the hidden treasures of the earth, or to furnish the means of turning them to account. He wisely discriminated between productive and unproductive expenditure, and his system of economy was limited to the retrenchment of the latter. The construction of new, and the improvement of old roads, he held to be one of his primary duties; and he saw clearly that the immense ad-

vantages of telegraphic communication fully warranted, even in the worst times, the trifling expenditure which it involved. To the encouragement of Steam-communication with England he gave himself hopefully and zealously, and he did much in his day to remove the difficulties which seemed to obstruct the establishment of regular intercourse between the two countries.

All these things now appear to be mere matters of course in the career of an Indian Governor; but they were not so a quarter of a century ago, when Economy —or a phantom that simulated it—was sweeping over all the material improvements of the country, blighting and mildewing wherever it went; and even wise men doubted for a time whether public works of all kinds were not mere extravagant inutilities which it was the duty of Government wholly to abandon in a time of financial pressure. It is something even in these days to open such a road as that of the Bhore Ghaut. In 1830, it was really a great event, and Malcolm may not unreasonably have been proud of the achievement. It was with no small delight that, early in November, 1830, after returning from his last provincial tour, he inaugurated the great work whose progress he had watched with so much interest. "On the 10th of November," he wrote, in his Farewell Minute, "I opened the Bhore Ghaut, which, though not quite completed, was sufficiently advanced to enable me to drive down with a party of gentlemen in several carriages. It is impossible for me to give a correct idea of this splendid work, which may be said to break down the wall between the Concan and the Deccan. It will give facility to commerce, be the greatest of conveniences to troops and travellers, and lessen the expense of European and other articles to all who reside in the Deccan. This road will positively prove a creation of revenue."

It need scarcely be said that, during this period of his career, Sir John Malcolm wrote many elaborate minutes, and that his correspondence both with England and all parts of India was incessant. I can only afford to quote sparingly from these public and private papers; and there is less occasion that I should do more, since there has been placed before the world a complete account of Malcolm's administration of Bombay, in a volume written by himself, and largely illustrated with extracts from these documents. A few passages, however, from his correspondence may be given in this place, if only to illustrate the earnestness with which he flung himself into his work:

REDUCTION OF EXPENDITURE.—[*April* 12, 1828.]— . . . . "Let me be condemned to what punishment you like if I am found wanting in adopting every measure of true economy—if my labors are not incessant, and I trust effectual, in reducing every necessary expense, and in improving every fair resource. But in pursuit of these objects I will neither arrest the progress of improvement, injure the interests of my country, or seek reputation for myself at the expense of that of my successors. This is my creed. I want no urging to make me observe it; and none will make me depart from it. . . . . I notice from the extracts sent me from Leadenhall-street, that my predecessor is loaded with the odium of much of your embarrassment. I shall give myself early to this subject, and he shall have justice done him as far as rests with me. There has been great expenditure, but it has not been fruitless; and I will not derive the benefit without acknowledging the hand from which it came. Poor Bombay will, I think, be proved to have been visited more harshly than she merited. My chief concern, however, is with the future; and it shall not be for want of the most minute information, if we are hereafter condemned, on a fair comparison with our neighbours both of Bengal and Madras."

[*September* 10, 1829.]—"I have within the last month got rid of useless establishments, which make a reduction of nearly 20 per

cent. I am now going through all our establishments, civil and military, myself. I either have visited, or shall visit during my remaining stay, every station; and it is from information on the spot alone that efficient measures can be taken, or measures suggested which will excite the zealous, and compel the indolent to aid us in efforts of real economy."

[*October* 29, 1829.]—"My line within my narrow circle has been taken very decidedly. You will, I have no doubt, hear of my being deemed in many cases very arbitrary, and the revisions and reforms I am determined to effect will be considered innovations, and I shall be called a disturber of established systems. Many individuals will complain, for there are many reductions. But, on the whole, I shall get through tolerably well; for as I never hesitate for a moment to bring all to their bearings who put up their horns against authority, I seek at the same time opportunities of giving men praise."

NUZZURANA.—[*Ahmednuggur*, *July* 30, 1828.]—"I wrote you about my Nuzzurana minute. Do hasten its return. Many anxious questions are lying over until we can act upon it. I shall not easily forgive you if you limit my efforts to introduce a measure which I am positive, if *well introduced*, will give revenue and strength to the Government. Mr. Nesbitt, who rules over all the Southern Mahratta country, writes me that throughout his lands it will be hailed as a blessing. Men will feel a confidence they have not at present in the continuance of their families, and for this they will pay with pleasure. Mr. Dunlop is now sanguine of its success, and the opinions of many who were against it in 1823 are now completely changed. Listen not to general reasoners, or what we term here *Sircarees*. The former are always right on paper, and always wrong in act. The latter hate all rights but that of collecting all that every poor devil can pay, and are startled at the thought of any man being out of the reach of their crop-brooms. But we do not want your approbation; we only want your permission, and should not have embarrassed you or created delay by a reference, had not a change been proposed in the actual condition of the Jagheerdars from that directed by you several years ago." . . . . .

[*November* 14, 1829.]—"I am at issue with the Supreme Government on a subject of much importance which has been re-

ferred to England.* The immediate question is *Nuzzurana*, or a fine on succession (like our copyhold), and by my plan this decreases or increases, in conformity with Indian usage, like our legacy duty, according to the proximity or remoteness of the heir to the deceased. Adoptions, which are universally recognised as legal among Hindoos, are not a strict right (any more than direct heirs) where grants of land are for service, as to your friends the Puttuwardars, Appa Dessye, &c.; but we have received the submission of the Jagheerdars, confirmed their estates, honored them, and have continued to do so by treating them as princes. But while a few have been permitted to adopt, others are denied the privilege; and while we declare their direct heirs are entitled to succeed, we lie in wait (I can call it nothing else) to seize their fine estates on failure of heirs, throwing them and their adherents and the country into a state of doubt and distraction. These families should either never have been placed in possession of these countries, or never been removed from them. If expediency and troubled times dictated the first measure, the good of the country and policy required us to abandon the second. The Bengal Government, influenced by, if not composed of, men bred in Calcutta, take a mere fiscal view of the subject, and believe, I imagine, our chiefs and Jagheerdars to be like the Baboos and Bengal Zemindars; but the local part of the question is trifling in comparison with its importance as one of state policy, connected as it is with our recently established privileged orders of the Deccan; it gives the fairest hope I have ever seen of forming a native aristocracy worthy of the name, reconciled, if not attached, to our government."

ABOLITION OF THE MILITARY BOARD.—[*Bombay, October* 13, 1829.]—"I wrote you before my opinion regarding the Military Board. It was quite impossible for me to carry my reforms to the extent necessary, and which economy and efficiency alike required, without suspending the functions of this torpid and unwieldy means of check and control. . . . . I met with no obstacles; if I had, I was quite prepared to enter most fully upon the subject, and to show what delays, what absurdities, what increase of vouchers with diminution of real checks has resulted from this

* The decision of the Court of Directors was unfavorable to the scheme.

dull routine machine, which was so constructed, that the casual efforts of a zealous and able individual member were likely from many causes to do as much harm as good. . . . . I will further prove, if late proceedings have not satisfied you, that it was as much, from its constitution, a screen as a check to abuses—but give me fair play, and judge by the results. I must be conscientious in these reforms, for I abolish the best appointments in the service, and, God knows, I have enough of expecting and disappointed friends. But this is no time for child's play. Your finances require relief, which is not to be given by any half-measures."

STEAM NAVIGATION.—[*April* 10, 1830.]—"I do hope this steam navigation will be pushed through. It will make a revolution in many matters to great advantage. Though I cannot understand that a scheme upon the scale Mr. T—— proposes will answer at present, one of a more moderate nature could not fail; and I must think that individual enterprise will do more in such a case than Government ever can. But should the jealousy of your Post-office in England regarding the Mediterranean, or the desire to keep the Red Sea navigation under our own control, lay a cold hand upon the projects of individuals, let us be supported in our efforts to maintain this intercourse in an efficient manner."

As the cold weather of 1830 approached, the period which Malcolm had fixed for his departure from India drew near, and he began to busy himself with the necessary preparations. Lord Clare had been appointed his successor, and happy indeed was the retiring Governor in the thought that he would soon hand over the reins of government, and with them all its cares and vexations, to another. His last official labor was the composition of a gigantic Farewell Minute, in which he reviewed all the measures of his administration. It has been laid before the public in more than one printed shape, and need not be reproduced here.* It was not in the circumstances of the times that Malcolm's administration of

* See Appendix to Report of Committee of House of Commons (Political), 1832; and Appendix to Sir John Malcolm's Government of India.

Bombay should be a brilliant administration. It was permitted only that it should be an useful one. And that it was so he had an assured conviction. He had labored, though at the age of threescore, with the same unabating activity that had distinguished his early efforts in the public service; the same energy, the same courage, the same integrity, the same steady persistence in right through evil report and good report, characterised all his proceedings; but no man knew better than Malcolm himself how small a place in history is made for the best acts of the peaceful administrator, in proportion to that which is reserved for the achievements of the diplomatist and the soldier.

If Malcolm's government of Bombay had been what is generally understood as a "popular" one, it would have been little less than a marvel. A "popular" governor is a governor who pleases the European community of the settlement—a community mainly composed of the members of the public service. It is little to say that with the public services Lord William Bentinck was not "popular"—he was absolutely detested by them. The same odious work of retrenchment which, in the discharge of his delegated duty, he had carried out in defiance of popular clamor in Bengal, Malcolm had superintended in Bombay. It is true that neither Bentinck nor Malcolm was more than the instrument of a necessary economy decreed by the Home Government; but a man who suddenly finds himself poorer by a few hundreds a year, or sees the road to lucrative promotion blocked up before him, is not in the best possible frame of mind to draw nice distinctions between the authority that directs, and the agency which inflicts, the penalty. The odium, in such cases, is too likely to descend upon the Governor who gives effect to the instructions which he receives from the higher powers at home; and it requires no

common tact to escape the vicarious punishment. If any man could escape, it was Sir John Malcolm, and I believe the kindness of heart which moved him by personal explanations to soften the pain and annoyance which he was compelled ministerially to inflict, carried him through the perilous ordeal without making for himself any enemies.

There were some who, considering all the circumstances of the case, doubted the possibility of this. And when Malcolm's friends proposed to raise a subscription for the purpose of erecting a statue in his honor, Sir Lionel Smith, who, doubtless, had Malcolm's interest and good fame at heart, besought him to arrest what he thought so injudicious a movement. The old soldier alleged that the Governor, who at such a time persevered in the course of duty without favor or affection, must have made many enemies, who would rejoice in the failure of such a scheme, and that it was not in the nature of things that there should be any other result than failure. But there were friends of Sir John Malcolm who believed that there was sufficient good sense and good feeling in the Presidency to secure a worthy response to the proposal to do honor to such a man at the close of so illustrious a career of public service; and the noble marble statue by Chantrey which now adorns the Town Hall of Bombay, is a monument of the soundness of their judgment.

Nor was this the only parting honor that was rendered to Sir John Malcolm. Addresses were presented to him by all classes of the community: by the natives, of whom he had ever been the large-minded and catholic-spirited friend; by the Eurasians, or people of mixed race, whose condition he had striven to elevate and improve; by the English residents, who could appreciate his many fine qualities and estimate at its proper worth his half-century of distinguished service;

by the Asiatic Society, the members of which were eager to express their sense of his high "literary qualifications, his constant and sedulous devotion to the cultivation of literature, and to the promotion of true knowledge, and the removing of error;" and by the Christian Missionaries, who bore public testimony to the "facilities which he had granted for the preaching of the Gospel in all parts of the Bombay territories, his honorable exertions in the abolition of Suttees, and to the kind manner in which he had countenanced Christian education." He did not lay down the reins of office without the utterance by all classes of expressions of sincere regret at his departure, and many earnest prayers for his continued happiness and prosperity.

He had now done his work in India; and he might well be content with such a career. But he had not achieved all that he had desired: he had aimed at the Governor-Generalship, and he had fallen short of the mark. It was a noble ambition; and nobly was it prosecuted.

> We get so near—so very, very near.
> 'Tis an old tale—Jove strikes the Titans down,
> Not when they set about their mountain-piling,
> But when another rock would crown their work.

Great as is this truth, the lesson to be derived from the contemplation of such a career as Sir John Malcolm's is not that which the poet would inculcate. We are to be instructed by the Much accomplished, not by the Little unattained. He had gone out to India as a cadet of infantry at the age of thirteen, with no better prospect of promotion than lies before any other scantily-educated boy who leaves his paternal homestead to make his way as best he can for himself amidst thousands of competitors on a vast theatre of action; and he left the country of his adoption, having attained, if not its highest place, the highest ever attained by one who set out

from the same starting-point. Only one cadet of the Company's army had ever before earned for himself so prominent a position. But every youth who now swears at the India House to be faithful to the Company, will see, in this story of Malcolm's life, what he may live to accomplish.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE END.

[1831—1833.]

DEPARTURE FROM INDIA—JOURNEY THROUGH EGYPT—MEETING WITH LORD CLARE—MEHEMET ALI—ENGLAND—PARLIAMENT—THE REFORM BILL—CANVASS FOR DUMFRIES-SHIRE—MEETING WITH COBBETT—THE INDIA CHARTER—THE LAST DAYS OF SIR JOHN MALCOLM—DEATH.

On the 5th of December, 1830, Sir John Malcolm turned his back upon India for the last time. He was accompanied by Major Burrows, Captain Graham, Dr. Murray, and his son, George Malcolm—all members of his Staff. Embarking on board the Company's steamer *Hugh Lindsay*, they made for Cosseir, as Malcolm had done nearly ten years before. The first part of the homeward voyage presented few incidents worthy of notice. They touched at Maculla and at Judda, and reached Cosseir on the 27th of December—"making twenty-two days and some hours from Bombay, of which they had spent nearly six at Maculla and Judda—an average of seven miles an hour from Bombay." "A pleasanter voyage," said Malcolm, "never was made."

At early morning on the 28th they quitted Cosseir, and soon met Lord Clare and his party, who had been detained for some weeks in Egypt, owing to the non-

arrival of the steamer which was to convey them to Bombay. The new Governor was in no very complacent state of mind. He had expected to find the *Hugh Lindsay* at Cosseir on the 1st of December—"taking it for granted," wrote Malcolm in his journal, "that steam-vessels between Bombay and Cosseir were as easily to be had, if an order were given, as between Dover and Calais." He was greatly disturbed and irritated by the detention, and in no frame of mind to make allowances for unavoidable delay, or to bear his disappointment with becoming philosophy. He met Malcolm, therefore, with a cold and stately reserve almost bordering upon insolence. He had previously written letters both to the captain of the steamer and to Sir John, couched in language which, as the latter said, "wholly divested him of all right to those explanations which might have satisfied him that the delay had been unavoidable."

But Malcolm's good temper and good sense bore him safely through the unexpected difficulty. He would fain have met his successor with a cordial grasp of the hand, a word of cheerful congratulation, and an expression of regret at the thought of the disappointment which the new Governor had sustained. But as all such private demonstrations were rendered impossible by the conduct of the Governor elect, Malcolm presented himself to Lord Clare only in his public capacity, and limited his communications to public affairs. So far the interview between the old and the new Governor was satisfactory. It lasted for five hours, in the course of which Malcolm entered fully into all the details of local administration regarding which it was desirable that Lord Clare should be amply informed, not hesitating to make the most confidential communications to his Lordship, and leaving in his hands every document that was likely to be of use

to him. I pass over thus lightly the circumstances of a collision which might have had other results. "We were neither at the time public men," wrote Malcolm in his journal, "and had his Irish blood risen a little higher, we might have fought in the desert without reference to what was due to a station which I had resigned, and which he cannot occupy until he reaches Bombay."

Malcolm was not sorry, we may be sure, to push on across the desert, homeward-bound, and to leave his successor to make his way to Bombay. There was honor in store for Sir John at Cairo, where Mehemet Ali again received him as a distinguished guest, and was eager to converse with him, as he had been nine years before. The Pacha sent one of his generals with a state-boat to meet him, and, on landing at Cairo, his Highness's interpreter conducted him to the "magnificent new palace of the Dufterdar Pacha, the son-in-law of Mehemet Ali." "The Pacha's Turkish servants," wrote Malcolm, "were in attendance, and a complete set of Maltese and Alexandrian servants, with a French cook, were hired to entertain us in the European manner. The plate and china were alike elegant. Every rarity the country produced, or that could be purchased, was in abundance. The wines—Sherry, Claret, Madeira, and Burgundy—were of the best. We were also served with abundance of Tokay, lately received in a present from the Emperor of Austria, and Johannisberg from Metternich. Eight of the Pacha's riding-horses, richly caparisoned, were always in attendance, and his favorite grey Arabian was allotted for my riding. A band of music, about fifty in number, richly clothed in scarlet embroidered with gold, were in constant attendance."

Here Malcolm received visits from all the principal officers of the Egyptian Government. The Minister of War, attended by the general officers and the staff of

the army, waited upon him at his palace. The Pacha received him, at a public audience, standing, with the highest ceremonial marks of respect; and afterwards invited him to a private conference. There the prospects of the Ottoman Empire, the general state of Europe, and the policy of the different governments, especially as affecting the integrity of the Turkish Empire, were again discussed between them. But the conversation soon took a less general shape. The wily Pacha had objects of his own to further, and he was anxious to ascertain from Malcolm how far he might indulge hopes of obtaining his ends. It was necessary to tread cautiously in such a case; but it was not the less apparent that the thought uppermost in Mehemet Ali's mind was the possibility of England recognising Egypt as a substantive state. He dwelt upon the vast importance to England of having a friendly power between Europe and India; he spoke of the improvement of Egypt, of the reforms which had been introduced, all of which rendered more secure the communication with India; he hinted at the certainty of the fall of the Turkish Empire in Europe, and the expediency of England securing herself against any evil consequences that might arise, in that part of the world, from the extended dominion of Russia. He professed not to desire to cast off his allegiance to the Sultan, but it was very plain that he was feeling his way towards some assurance that England would be willing to recognise a larger independence than that which he then enjoyed. Malcolm had no power or authority to offer any such assurance, and he was not a man to raise hopes of uncertain realisation. All, therefore, he could say was, that so long as Mehemet Ali continued friendly to Great Britain, there was very little chance of our ever taking part against him.

Having received, as a mark of the Pacha's friendship,

a handsome diamond snuff-box from his Highness, and made certain rich presents in return, Malcolm and his companions took boat for Alexandria, where, on the 22nd of January, 1831, they embarked on board his Majesty's frigate the *Blonde*, then commanded by Captain (now Lord) Lyons. "We arrived," wrote Malcolm in his journal, "at Malta on the 2nd of February, after a rather stormy passage, in this fine ship, where all was good order and good temper, owing chiefly to her excellent commander, Captain Lyons, in whose society we passed our time as agreeably as is possible at sea." At Malta they found the *Meteor* steamer on the point of sailing for England; and, in spite of certain difficulties, partly on the score of deficient accommodation and partly on the score of quarantine, they obtained a passage on board of her, and were consoled for all personal inconveniences by the thought of a speedy arrival at home. At Gibraltar, where they arrived on the 12th of February, they were unexpectedly put into quarantine; but out of this they emerged, after some correspondence with the Governor, Sir G. Don, and then commenced the last stage homeward.

Before the end of February, Malcolm was again in England — again in the dear society of his wife and daughters. His reception by men in authority and by society at large was all that he could have desired. His old friends hastened to greet him, and many eminent men, before unknown to him, sought his acquaintance. There were visitors always at his door, and cards of invitation always on his table. Perhaps this rekindled his ambition. For though now at the age of sixty-two, he could not persuade himself that the time had come for a total withdrawal from public life. He believed that he might yet be useful to his country on a new scene of action, so he began at once to brace himself up for a parliamentary career.

Those were the last days of the unreformed House of Commons. There was no need to canvass a large constituency, and to enter into the turmoil of a popular election, if you happened to have an influential friend with a close borough in his gift. Sir John Malcolm had such a friend in the Duke of Northumberland, and arrangements were speedily made to return him for the borough of Launceston, in Cornwall.

Malcolm had all his life been a Tory. I do not mean by this that he had very closely watched the struggle of parties in England, or taken any very great interest in its vicissitudes, but that he had in very early youth imbibed a horror of what were then called the "principles of the French Revolution," but which would more correctly have been described as its practice; and that he had ever associated the idea of constitutional changes with the anarchy and confusion of that tumultuous era. Many accidental circumstances tended to foster the growth of these Conservative opinions—not the least of which was his lifelong admiration of the Duke of Wellington, in whom he recognised a leader to be followed as safely in politics as in war. Loyal to the heart's core in defence of the Crown and the Constitution, he believed that both were threatened by the attempts then being made to render the House of Commons a mere popular assembly. He believed that the excitement in the public mind, engendered by vague ideas of impossible advantages to be conferred upon the many by the limitation of the power of the few, was fast hurrying the people into revolution—and that the reform of the House of Commons would be only the prelude to great organic changes which would end in the ruin of the constitution. Many great and wise men conscientiously believed this. The excitement was, doubtless, very great; and there were mob-leaders eager to increase it by inflammatory

appeals to uneducated and ignorant men. But the stronghold of these orators was in the opposition of the Tories; and Malcolm and his friends did not perceive that if the people were hurrying into revolution, it was mainly because they were treated as revolutionists when they sought only reasonable reform.

But although upon this subject of Reform Sir John Malcolm entertained very strong opinions, and as the excitement attending the discussion of the great question increased, flung himself into the contest with characteristic earnestness, it was not with any primary wish of taking an active part in the strife of English politics that he coveted a seat in Parliament. When Malcolm returned to England, the charter of the East India Company was approaching the close of its legalised term of existence. The remaining privileges of the Company were threatened. There was the certainty of a vehement effort being made to destroy the last remnant of the monopoly which the merchants of Leadenhall-street had enjoyed—perhaps even to transfer the government of India to the Crown. At such a time it was of the highest importance that there should be some men of Indian antecedents, experience, and knowledge, in the House of Commons; and it was mainly with the intention of taking an active part in the discussions which were about to arise on the affairs of the East India Company, that, under the auspices of his ducal friend, he now took his seat in the House. Small chance, however, was there, in that year 1831, of the affairs of our Indian Empire meeting with much consideration from a Parliament bent on reforming itself. Malcolm's first prominent appearance was, therefore, in the character of an opponent of Reform. This was altogether a misfortune. A man who has spent the greater part of his life in India may make for himself, at the close of his career, a

respectable position in the House of Commons, but only by confining his discourses almost entirely to Indian affairs. There is no assembly in the world, in which a special practical knowledge of any important subject is more respected than in the British Parliament—none in which a man who speaks, because he has a special vocation to speak on a certain theme, is more secure of being listened to with attention. But as soon as the member so qualified travels out of his speciality, and without parliamentary training and experience takes part in debates relating to affairs on which he has no particular vocation to speak, he loses the influence which he would otherwise acquire, and, perhaps, is not listened to even when he has a right to be heard. Sir John Malcolm would have been listened to, with the greatest possible attention, and his words would have influenced the opinions of his auditors, on any question of Indian government; but it was his misfortune to commence his Parliamentary career not only as an opponent of the Reform Bill, but as a representative of one of those very boroughs which it was proposed to disfranchise. His first efforts as a public speaker were, unfortunately, made in defence of close boroughs in general, and the borough of Launceston in particular. The very best use, to which such boroughs could be put, was the introduction to Parliament of men like Malcolm, whose antecedents prevented them from acquiring local interest through the ordinary means of property and residence in a certain place, and association with a certain people. It was, doubtless, desirable, especially in that juncture, that such men should sit in Parliament, and it was better that a seat should be obtained through the influence of one than by the corruption of many. Malcolm believed that the Reform Bill would be injurious to India, because, whilst it did not propose to

give the privilege of representation to the colonies and dependencies of Great Britain, it closed against those who aspired to represent their interests the door of easiest access to the Indian or colonial stranger. Upon this ground his opposition to the Bill would have been only in harmony with his position as the representative of Indian interests in the House of Commons; but as a frequent speaker and writer on the general question of Parliamentary Reform, and as the representative of the doomed borough of Launceston, battling for the preservation of its franchise, I cannot but think that he was out of place; and that when he consented, on his return to England, to become the nominee of the Duke of Northumberland, he committed the greatest mistake of his life.

Hearty, thorough, and in a large way, as was everything he did, was Malcolm's opposition to Reform. He seems, in the spring and summer of 1831, to have thought of little else but the one great topic of public discourse. His letters are full of it. A few extracts will suffice to show the earnestness with which he flung himself into the contest:

April 15, 1831.—"I have just come into Parliament for the borough of Launceston, in Cornwall. It is a corporation which the present sweeping Bill would, if it passed, disfranchise;* but I trust in God it will not. For this Goddess Reform, in the shape her votaries have given her, is twin-sister to the Goddess of Reason, who troubled Europe forty years ago, and has reappeared to vex the world with changes. I have taken a delightful house for my family on Wimbledon Common, seven miles from town, where my duties in Parliament will not prevent my being continually with them all. It is rather small, but that is its only fault."

April 25, 1831.—"I am no enemy, as you may suppose, to

* The Reform Bill, however, only deprived Launceston of one of its members. It still returns one to Parliament. Sir Henry Hardinge represented the borough for many years.

Reform; but that, to be safe, should be very moderate and very gradual. Time, we are told, is an innovator. This is true; but he is an old and a slow man. If we march with him, we are safe; but if we outstrip him, we rush upon danger if not upon ruin. If not satisfied with the proud and glorious position in which our country stands—if discontented because there is partial distress, though less, comparatively, than any nation ever knew—if, in the vanity of our knowledge, we cast away all the benefits and blessings which have descended from our forefathers—if that reverence for established order, that regard to vested rights, that reluctance to lay a rude and unhallowed hand upon the venerable fabric of our constitution prevails, all those conservative principles which have hitherto bound us together will be abandoned, and new ties and a new order of things must be established,—I deprecate such sweeping demolition. I expect nothing from such destruction, except that it will be long remembered as an awful instance of the truth of that sacred text which says, 'God maketh the wisdom of men folly.' . . . . . The consequences my experience leads me to anticipate may not be immediate, but they are, in my mind, certain; and the option appears to be between our fighting the battle or leaving a sad inheritance of a deteriorated and broken constitution to our children. My practical education makes me an unbeliever in these new political lights. I cannot think that the mantle of Francis Bacon has descended upon Jeremy Bentham. I would not consult men in a fever on their own case." . . . .

April 28, 1831.—"I send you copies of my speech as taken from the *Mirror of Parliament*. . . . . It was well received and cheered by the House. I shall, however, speak seldom, reserving myself for Indian affairs. But these, like everything else, if Reform, in its present shape, continue, will be carried by petitions from men who want something but they know not what—by mobs of meetings. By the blessing of God, however, a stout stand will be made for the rich inheritance of the constitution which our fathers have transmitted to us, and which, with all its defects, is the best in the known world. I shall never forget our revered father when this rage for change was abroad thirty-six years ago. 'I was well,' he said, quoting an old Greek proverb—'I desired to be better; I took physic—and I died.' I have his warm blood in my veins, and I will do my best to stem the torrent."

August 6, 1831.—"I am fighting the revolutionary battle. All Europe is about to fight, and he must be a sage indeed who can foresee the result of the next four years. The evil in this country lies deep. The whole of the lower and numbers of the middle classes have been sedulously taught to regard their superiors not only with envy but hostility, as men that sleep and fatten on their labor and hard earnings. Knowledge without religion or principle has been universally disseminated, and the desire to better their condition through chance of spoliation excited. The designing, who seek change, and the ignorant, who are deceived by them, are active and loud, whilst those who desire the tranquillity of the country are hitherto silent and inert. But the period has come when they must be roused, or England will change her character as well as her constitution."

He wrote this to his brother, Sir Charles Malcolm, who was then Superintendent of Marine at Bombay. The season was far advanced, but Parliament was still sitting —there was still much work to be done, and Malcolm was not a man to spare himself at such a time. Lady Malcolm had then gone to France to join her daughter, Lady Campbell, who was in bad health; and he had few, if any, of those fortunate domestic distractions, which do so much to keep a man of Malcolm's temperament from over-exerting himself, to moderate his labors:

. . . . . "I am alone," he added, "working sometimes fifteen hours a day, and always eight or ten. I hope it will soon be over. India and its services are threatened by prejudice, ignorance, and the attacks of bodies of men deeply interested in change. The Directors are in a divided state, and the Board of Control new and inefficient. These circumstances keep me at a post which I should otherwise desert; and I have no credit, I believe, with the great proportion of Indians in England, for they are either indifferent, or discontented in a degree that makes them half Radicals. There are exceptions, but I have described the majority. As to your affairs at Bombay, your judges, your petitions from natives, your slave questions, nobody cares one farthing. There is not the

smallest borough in England that has been disfranchised or enfranchised that does not excite more interest, and occupy more of the public mind, than our whole empire of India. You will naturally ask what makes me continue at the oar under such circumstances —have I objects of ambition at home or abroad? I answer, *No.* I desire to retire and to complete much useful work, and to take care of my health; but having begun by filling a certain place in public estimation, and believing that one year more will decide the fate of India, I have hitherto refused to listen to the entreaties of my good lady and others, and mean, unless I break down, to go through with the work in which I have perhaps imprudently engaged."

It was about this time that Malcolm wrote and published a small pamphlet, in the shape of a Letter to a Friend in India, on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. Most men are guilty of pamphleteering at some time or other of their lives. Malcolm's pamphlet, written with all the earnestness of his nature, showed how little capable he was of managing successfully anything like a trick. The machinery of the affair failed altogether, for want of sufficient artifice to regulate it. Full of the subject itself, he had blundered over the accessories. This the Duke of Wellington, to whom he had sent a copy, pointed out to him in the following characteristic letter:

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

Walmer Castle, June 5, 1832.

MY DEAR MALCOLM,—I don't return your pamphlet, as I conclude that you have other copies of it. I have perused it, and think it contains a very just and able view of the question of Reform, and one of which the publication, at the period of the meeting of Parliament, might be useful; if people will read anything. You are accustomed to publishing your writings, otherwise I should exclaim, "O that mine enemy would but write a book!"

But I have one observation to make, to which you must attend. Your letter is to a friend in India, whose letter to you, of course from India, you quote, and who writes as if he not only knew that

we were become Reform mad in the last six or eight months, but as if he had seen *the Bill.* The first we heard of Reform was on the 26th of October, 1830, and that was very little. On the 20th of November, 1830, the Minister, Lord Grey, pledged himself to moderate Reform.

You could scarcely, on the 26th of May, have received your friend's observations on the discussions of October and November. *The Bill* was not brought into Parliament and printed till the 3rd of March. Your friend in India and you must have corresponded by balloon if he could have written to you after the publication of the Bill, and you could have received and answered his letter by the 26th of May. This is criticism upon an accessory only; but the point requires attention.

In respect to the observations which the pamphlet contains about me, the truth is, that my declaration was not uttered, and was not published at the time, as it is *now* stated; nor did it produce the effect which the Reformers now think proper to attribute to it. After saying what I thought of the working of the British constitution, I said that "I had never heard of any plan of Parliamentary Reform, that was practicable or that would not prove ruinous to the best interests of the country, that would give satisfaction," and that, "as long as I was in office, I could not support, but should consider it my duty to oppose, any plan of Reform."

It is very convenient to say that this declaration broke down my Government. That is not true. My Government was broken down by the Roman Catholic question. The Tories separated from me, and it is useless here to recite the circumstances which prevented their reunion. The Whigs, and Radicals, and Canningites would not support us, and combined with the Tories against us in order to break us down. They succeeded upon a question affecting the Civil List, which had nothing to say to Reform. The proof that I am right upon this point is, that in the list of the division upon the second reading of the Reform Bill, there are no less than forty-six members against the Bill, who voted in the majority against my Government on the 14th of November. If the question had referred to Reform, I should have had these with me, and I should have had a majority of fifty upon the Civil List. . . . .

I don't wish you to alter your paragraph upon this part of the subject; but I have thought it as well, as I was writing upon it, to let you know the real truth.

Believe me, yours ever truly,

WELLINGTON.

On the 19th of September, Sir John Malcolm spoke, in the House of Commons, at considerable length, on the third reading of the Reform Bill. This was unquestionably the best of his speeches. After an exordium on the general subject of Parliamentary Reform, and some explanations of the course he had taken in opposing the Bill, he spoke of its probable effects on the destinies of India, and suggested the expediency of giving that great country the benefit of representation in the Parliament of Great Britain:

"The Noble Lord," he said, "the member for Yorkshire (Lord Morpeth), has said that this Bill has one remarkable feature—that it provides well for the representation of all the large and leading interests of the country. Now, I deny that fact. There is not a larger or a more leading interest connected with this country, than that of the great empire of India, and yet this Bill does not provide for its representation by one single individual competent to the task. However, I do not now wish to press the subject of Indian representation in such a manner as to assume the appearance of an attack upon this Bill. My only object, in coming forward on this occasion, is to discharge the duty which I feel I owe, not only to the large body of people with whom I have been so long connected in our Eastern dominions, but of my country; for in advocating the interests of India, I advocate many of the largest and most substantial interests of England. In order to obtain aid in the protection of these interests, I must say, that if this Bill should pass into a law, a measure must hereafter be proposed for the purpose of giving to this House some members who are competent to give it information, opinions, and aid, on all subjects connected with India. I am, Sir, one of those anti-reform members who have been alluded to as supporting the proposition

of the Honourable Member for Middlesex (Mr. Hume), for giving representatives to the colonies; but although I concurred with him in the principle of his motion, I differed entirely from him (so far as our Eastern possessions were concerned) with respect to its details. India cannot be classified with the colonies,—it has not one feature in common with them,—it is a subject empire,—it stands alone; and its unequalled extent, wealth, and population, demand for it the most serious, and the most careful consideration, on its own distinct grounds. Viewing the character and condition of this empire as I do, I consider it impossible that a constituent body can, in any shape whatever, be formed,—at least within any probable period of time,—to return members to this House; and principally for this reason,—that its population have not freedom, nor are they yet in a state, moral or political, to understand or enjoy its benefits."

He recommended that a constituency should be formed of the male portion of the Proprietors of India Stock, and that they should have the power of returning four members to Parliament. Twelve years' residence in India was to be the necessary qualification for a seat, and seven years' absence from that country was to disqualify. On the advantages of having in the House of Commons a certain number of men of Indian knowledge and experience he discoursed with much emphatic truth, and concluded with the following remarks, which have the additional merits of prescience:

"The more rapid and easier intercourse between this country and her possessions in India, will, in many respects, be beneficial: but I regret to say, we may, through the same means, expect more frequent misrepresentation of men and measures from that part of the empire than we have hitherto had; and it is, in my view, absolutely necessary that persons of knowledge and character, connected with that country, should have an honorable pass to this House, in order that we may have one essential means, beyond what we at present possess, to defend the rights and interests of either the governments or the inhabitants of India, should one or

other of them be assailed. . . . . The moment that the Reform Bill passes, a stimulant will be given to that passion for rash interference with the details of the administration of India, which, from the petitions that have been laid on the table of this House, from the evidence which has been adduced before its committees, from all that I have seen and known, for the last twenty-five years of my life, it is obvious is growing up in this country, and which will, when allied to a growing spirit in the Presidencies, be found most difficult to check or control. Schemes of change of system, and innovations on actual establishments, will be brought forward; and while honorable and able men through this Bill will be denied an open and plain path, another road more crooked, but leading to the same object, will be within the reach of those who from real conviction or personal views delude cities and towns with crude statements, and deceive them, being perhaps deceived themselves, with promises and hopes of golden harvests in the rich field of India beyond what can ever be realised. This party will of necessity, from the nature of its objects, carry on a party war with the existing Government. I have not the least doubt but that Ministers will be perfectly disposed, perfectly willing, not only now, but hereafter, to defend India as a portion of the empire; but I do doubt, and I must continue to doubt, their power to do so, unless they avail themselves of every aid, and among others I know none more essential than the having in this House a few persons of high and established character, who are acquainted with the history, the government, and the general interests of India, and can speak with the confidence of personal knowledge and observation upon all subjects connected with it. I shall conclude, therefore, with stating, that if this Bill should pass into a law, I do hope this defect will be remedied: if not, I shall deem it a duty to continue to press upon his Majesty's Ministers the necessity of a measure, which, while it will constitute a salutary check on abuses, may, in its consequences, produce that essential ingredient of publicity, without which there can be no good government, and least of all such a government as British India. It will force men who exercise power and influence in Indian affairs to make more frequent statements, and give more explanations than they now do to this House and the public; and this result will entirely remedy that neglect and almost looked-

for indifference with which every question relating to our Eastern Empire is now treated; but above all, it will call into action the energy, the intelligence, information, and talent of gentlemen returning from that empire. If these no longer bring gold, as formerly, from that far-famed land, they bring a practised virtue and ability that will prove more beneficial to their country. Open the field to their ambition, and you will have a rich harvest; close it, and, under the operation of this Bill, you have added to the dangers with which we are threatened at home,—a very serious one to the future prosperity of British India."

After a three nights' debate, the third reading of the Bill was carried by a majority of 109.

A few days afterwards, Sir John Malcolm paid a brief visit to Paris, where he joined Lady Malcolm and his eldest daughter, and after spending a few days with them in the French capital, made arrangements for their wintering in Italy—a measure demanded by the state of Lady Campbell's health—whilst he returned to his Parliamentary duties. A fortnight's sojourn in France raised the fervor of his political opinions to a state of white heat. Coloring everything he saw there with the hues of his own mind, he returned with a strong impression that France was on the verge of ruin, and that England was following her down the precipice of destruction. The only safeguard of the latter country was, he thought, the determined opposition of the House of Lords to the Reform Bill; and in this belief he wrote to the Duke of Wellington:

SIR JOHN MALCOLM TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

12, Abingdon-street, Oct. 14, 1831.

MY DEAR DUKE,—I came from Paris on Monday, having found Lady Malcolm very well, and my daughter, Lady Campbell, greatly better. I sent them to Italy for the winter, and I start, when we are prorogued, for Scotland. I called in hopes of seeing you, but found you too busy to intrude, and I had no communi-

cations to make that were not of minor importance to one engaged as you have been, and, thank God, continue to be, in the most arduous fight you have ever fought for the preservation of your country. What I have seen and heard in France, makes me tremble at our advance to the condition of that baseless Government, which subsists from day to day by vain sacrifices of the little power it has left, to what fools and rogues designate public opinion and the voice of the people. For such opinion and such voice, when in accordance with the maintenance of good rule and the general order and happiness of society, no man has a higher respect; but when these are first fabricated and then used for the disruption of those links and ties by which all communities in a civilised state have been hitherto bound, it becomes the duty of every honest, of every loyal man, and above all, of every patriot, to oppose himself to their destructive progress. This cannot now take place in France. Sooner or later, the sword must govern that country. Nothing can avert that consequence. The march towards the same unhappy end has been arrested, if not stopped altogether, by the noble stand made by the Peers of England, who have, for a time at least, saved the interests and the liberties of their countrymen.* The plunge made by Ministers and their supporters has been too desperate, and has already been attended with effects that foiled a hope of our regaining the position we before occupied—but time, through the spirit of wisdom of your House, is given for reflection, and we shall yet, I hope, find a secure resting-place, and not be hurried down that precipice, to the very brink of which we have been driven by ignorance, violence, inexperience, and ambition.

I am busy from morning till night preparing for the fight on India, but that and everything else depends on the extent of the reform. If the Bill passes in its former shape, no Ministers will have power to maintain the interests of the Indian Empire. If they are to—as they must—bend their knees and their heads when clamor and numbers demand such flexions, I shall lose every hope, and retire from the scene.

If you should want to see me before I leave town (which will probably be in a week), let me know, but I have no business. I should (to go from bipeds to quadrupeds) like to have shown

* The Lords had thrown out the Bill on the morning of October 7.

you my noble horse Osman before he goes to Warfield; but I shall, when there, not be a distant neighbour, and gallop him over some fine morning.

I am, yours sincerely,
JOHN MALCOLM.

On the 20th of October, Parliament was prorogued for a brief interval, and Malcolm, taking advantage of the recess, started soon afterwards for Scotland. After a short sojourn there, he visited the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at Alnwick, which he quitted with no little regret on the 21st of November,* and returned again to "foggy London" and the laboring oar. But, after a day or two in the metropolis, he started for Berkshire. He had bought a family-seat at Warfield, and was superintending the improvement of the place. Still harping on Reform, he wrote, on the 29th of November, to the Duchess of Northumberland: "I am now going to Warfield, where my genius must be employed in reforming an old English fabric, which I trust to do in a manner that would lesson Ministers if they had leisure to

* Malcolm wrote an account of his journey to London for the perusal of the Duchess, from which I may extract one passage: "Left Darlington at ten o'clock—very fine day, went outside. It was Martinmas, and servants were leaving their places, and hurrying to their homes. Young women, and some with their mothers, who had come to join them, tried to mollify the coachman into taking them for a reduced fare. Seeing him rather hard-hearted, I bade him accommodate as many as he could; and between Darlington and York no less than eight got a ride—some five and six miles, and some twelve. The whole of my disbursement was fifteen shillings, and I am sure I never did so much good, or was repaid with more gratitude, at such small cost. I gained more information, than I could retail in volumes, as to terms of service, God's pennies, wages, and nature of employment. One worn-out girl, who was not above fifteen, told me she had been hired six months for three pounds to attend children, but that she was the only female servant on the farm. 'And I had,' she said, with a woful face, 'five children, one a cripple, to attend —four men's victuals to prepare— twenty-two pigs to feed, and seven cows to milk — and my mistress, to make matters worse, was so cross!' . . . . . I told her she was a lucky girl; for, having begun service in such a place, all others would appear easy" —a grave truth, for many a girl is ruined, as a servant, by an easy place at starting.

observe, and sense to copy, my proceedings! Nothing is subverted, though much is amended, and looking to the good shelter from the storm this house has afforded for more than a century to its inmates, I care little for its shape not being accordant with modern rules."*

On the 6th of December, Parliament met for a short, but important session, before Christmas. On the 12th, Lord John Russell re-introduced the Reform Bill, which in October had been thrown out by the Lords; and early in the morning of Sunday, the 18th, the great measure was carried by a large majority. A day or two afterwards the House adjourned for the holidays; and Malcolm, happy in the thought of a few days' relaxation, left London on a visit to the Clive family in Shropshire. Making a *détour* to the westward, he spent a day at Warfield, to direct the improvements which were being made in the house and grounds which he had purchased there;† posted thence to Henley, "the last six miles along the banks of the Thames, as picturesque as can be imagined;" took the Worcester coach for Moreton-on-the-Marsh, and paid a visit at Todenham to his brother Gilbert, who was busy in preparations for a Christmas dinner to his parishioners. On the following evening, he

* In another letter Malcolm says: "I have bought a delightful home, with 235 acres, in Berks, and am told by all — even land-agents — that there never was so cheap a purchase. I shall not get into it till summer. I have been over almost all England and Scotland, and you will be glad to know that I stand, publicly and privately in my own country, as well as you or any of my kind friends could wish. Chantrey has done the head of the statue. He is delighted with his own success —having made me look, as he wished, very saucy."

† "Remained the day (December 21) at Warfield House," wrote Malcolm in his journal, "directing a few buildings of brick and mortar; and building at less cost various castles in the air associated with the future enjoyment of this beautiful residence. God grant it may be early tenanted by those whom my busy imagination portrayed as sitting in its chambers or wandering in its walks, while all, according to my fond anticipations, agreed in praising the taste and labor that had prepared for them so delightful a home."

proceeded on his journey through Worcester to Ludlow, where Mr. Robert Clive was waiting to receive him. Lord Powis had insisted on the whole party spending their Christmas with him; so they went on at once to Walcot,* where Malcolm was most hospitably received by the venerable nobleman, then at the age of seventy-seven, under whose Government, more than thirty years before, he had received his first diplomatic appointment.

There was much that pleased Malcolm in this visit to Shropshire. Vehement as he was in his opposition to Reform, and fearful of the ascendancy of the lower orders, no man looked upon his poorer neighbours with a kindlier eye, sympathised more with their joys and sorrows, or was more eager to improve their condition. The Christmas dinner given by the Clives to the school-children of the neighbourhood was a more pleasing sight to him than the sumptuous banquet at Walcot; and when afterwards he attended two balls at Ludlow—the one being a public ball, open to all classes, and the other a subscription ball, attended only by the *élite* of the county—he declared that the former was infinitely the pleasanter affair.† No man, indeed, was ever, per-

* "I could not," wrote Malcolm, "see this well-known place without recollections which brought to my mind many and mingled sensations; but of these I shall not speak. Its lord continues amid all its changes to possess the same energy and never-ceasing activity of mind and body as of old—continually engaged in plans of improvement, in horticulture, agriculture, plantations, orchards, breeding horses, cattle, &c., he finds health and amusement in these pursuits to a degree that might enable him to realise the description of the Persian poet Sadi," &c.

† Here is a characteristic passage from Malcolm's account of the former: "We joined the party at nine o'clock, and a happy one it was. All ranks and classes were well mingled in true English fashion. There were fine pumps and thick shoes—neat crops and bushy wigs—diamonds and beads—pale faces and green ribands—and cherry cheeks with yellow ribands. One lady, called the Princess Royal, for she was acknowledged heiress of the Crown (Inn), made tea and negus one moment for the entertainment of the company, and danced next for her own. . . . The acquaintances I made on this joyous night were very numerous. I was invited to crack a bottle with several, but I put it off on the plea of being engaged to dance." . . . .

sonally, less of an aristocrat—no man had less exclusiveness about him.

After a few days thus pleasantly spent at Mr. Robert Clive's, and another brief visit to Walcot, where he "found some more papers to elucidate the Life of the celebrated Lord Clive," which he then said he expected to complete in the spring, he proceeded to Shrewsbury, and thence to a model farm belonging to Lord Powis at no great distance from that place. Malcolm had an eye to future farming operations of his own; and he made in his journal some observations on the benefit of such pursuits. "They bring," he wrote, "the highest and the lowest into constant personal intercourse, and create much good feeling. In our visits to Lord Powis's estates, the farmer sat down to dinner with the Lord-Lieutenant, whilst a kind welcome was given to the old gamekeeper, now turned gardener, whose father was severely wounded when firing a small piece of cannon at the first Lord Clive's, at Claremont, to salute George the Third as he passed the mansion."

Accompanying Lord Powis, Malcolm went on to Wynnstaye and thence to Apsley—the seat of the Charltons—after which last visit he took leave of his noble friend, and proceeded by coach to Birmingham. One of his fellow-passengers was a "puffy, pock-marked ironmaster," clamorous for Reform. Malcolm was soon in hot conflict with him. He seems to have been a sensible, far-seeing man, though in those days (just a quarter of a century ago) his language was deemed violent and extravagant. He said that he did not look for Reform so much as for the consequences of Reform. Malcolm said that the measure would be final; upon which the ironmaster replied:

"'Can Lord Althorp and Lord John Russell believe me, and

others like me, to be fools? They are fools themselves if they do. What is the six hundredth part of the choice of a member of Parliament to us in value, Sir? Nothing, Sir. We want cheap labor, and cheap labor cannot be had without cheap bread, and that requires the repeal of the Corn Laws. . . . . Any reform without this is mockery and nonsense. That the Ministers know as well as I do; and they are not men to disappoint the hopes of millions of free Englishmen.' 'Sir,' he continued, when Malcolm assured him that his expectations would not be fulfilled, 'it must be, and I say it shall—Birmingham ordains it; Manchester ordains it; Leeds ordains it; and all great manufacturing towns will join, and under the Reform Bill our members will combine to effect it. What are your scattered agriculturists to our mass of population?'"

"This," wrote Malcolm in his journal, "is by far the most violent fellow-passenger I ever met." And so "the whirligig of time brings in its revenges," and the violence and extravagance of one quarter of a century are the established wisdom of the next.*

After a visit to his brother Gilbert at Todenham, where he was inexpressibly charmed and tranquillised by the associations of a well-ordered rural ministry,† and

* One other passage from Malcolm's account of this battle with the iron-master may be given in a note. "'Sir,' said he, 'do you know anything of the East India Company?' 'A little,' I replied. 'Do you know any good of them?' 'A little,' was my answer. 'They are monopolists, Sir; they obstruct commerce.' 'I had heard,' I said, 'that they labored to promote it.' 'Quite the contrary,' was his quick reply; 'but for the Company we should export much more from Birmingham, whence we could supply the world.' 'Why,' I said, 'I heard the other day from one of your first and wealthiest men, that what with your steam-engines, their produce and effects, you had supplied one world, and wanted another to take your goods.' 'He was not far wrong,' said my fellow-passenger. 'But this India Company are jealous of us. They talk of their subjects—talk of millions of fellow-creatures, whom it is their duty to protect, encourage, and instruct in arts, sciences, and their fruit, which is manufactures; but this is humbug, and if it is not, what good will it do to Birmingham, Manchester, Preston, Sheffield, and Leeds? The duty of Englishmen, Sir, is to look to England first, and after its interests are taken care of, then attend to your Indians and Chinese, and all the blacks and copper-colored you like.'" This is still the creed of Manchester and Birmingham; but they stick a feather in their hats, and call it "India Reform."

† "I never visit Todenham," wrote Malcolm in his journal, "without feeling a calm state of mind I know nowhere else. I never leave it without feeling myself a better man."

another to his old friend Lady Johnston, of Westerhall, then residing at Woodeaton, Malcolm made his way to the neighbourhood of Warfield,* and after a little time spent in the examination and furtherance of his improvements, returned to London on the 12th of January.

On the 17th of January, Parliament reassembled; and, three days afterwards, the House of Commons went into committee on the Reform Bill.† Sir John Malcolm's visit to Shropshire had in no degree diminished his apprehensions of the evil consequences that, in his estimation, were likely to result from the proposed measure becoming the law of the land; and he was among the last, as he was among the most vehement, of its opponents. On the 19th of March, when the third reading

* He slept at an inn in the adjacent parish of Binfield, where he made the acquaintance of some of his new neighbours; his journal contains the following characteristic entry: "I went through the kitchen, which was full of the more respectable class of customers, as the landlady informed me—others frequenting the tap. I saluted the party, who were farmers and traders of all kinds. Every one I saw had a pot of beer and some pipes. 'I am come,' I said, 'to settle among you, and I hope we shall be good neighbours.' 'No doubt—no doubt,' said a tall farmer, a little in years. 'Old soldiers like you, Sir John, always make good neighbours. I was myself a soldier for fifteen years. Take a little of this ale.' And he handed me a pot, from which I took a little. An immense man, upwards of twenty stone, rose up, saying, 'That's a proper gentleman. I likes to see a man familiar like, but himself too. We have been talking you over, Sir John. I think, as I told them here, you will be a trump. But we shall see. I kill capital meat; I hope you will take it.' 'Why,' said I, 'my honest fellow, I belong to Warfield, and there may be a parish butcher, or a man who has long supplied the house.' 'I know all that,' he said, 'but now and then; and depend upon it I beat Berks for the fat and lean well mixed.' 'You look like your meat,' I said, 'yourself.' 'That's not bad,' said the butcher; 'try a little more ale.' And he held out his pot. I excused myself, and left my friends seemingly well pleased with my visit to the kitchen."

† Soon after his return to London, Sir John Malcolm was requested to preside at a dinner given at the Freemasons' Tavern in commemoration of his and Scotland's favorite poet. The Burns Festival of 1832 is still remembered with pleasure by many distinguished literary men who responded to the toasts which Malcolm proposed with an overflowing geniality worthy of the occasion. There was no want of conviviality—none of "mirth," growing, perhaps, "fast and furious" as the evening advanced; and it rejoiced Malcolm's heart to witness the honor that was done to the bard who had so often been a delight and a solace to him in strange places, and in strange conjunctions, when he had no one else with whom he could converse in the language of his native country.

of the bill was moved, he seconded the amendment proposed by Lord Mahon.* This was the last hopeless effort of that sturdy band of anti-reformers, who "fought upon their stumps" with resolute courage, after their legs were smitten off in the affray.

All through the spring and summer of 1832, Malcolm applied himself with unabated energy and activity to his parliamentary duties. The Indian committees had been appointed, and his aid had been largely in requisition both as a committee-man and a witness. "I am on the general Indian committee," he wrote in April, "and a member of the sub-committee on the military branch. I am, besides, running the gauntlet of examination before all the sub-committees." He was at this time residing in Abingdon-street, making only occasional brief visits to Berkshire, to superintend the improvements which he was pushing forward at Warfield. "Having got a few holidays," he wrote, in the letter just quoted—a letter to his old friend General Macaulay—"I am going into Berks, having bought a house at Warfield, with 235 acres of land, a beautiful place, where I hope to lodge all my family by the end of August; and trust, in good time, to walk through my groves in a very leisurely manner, weighing the force of your arguments (enforced by the action of your forefinger) regarding the moral and political state of England, and probable future destinies of the Empire of India. The latter you will find, when you come to read the evidence, is now a question of speculation for every crude innovator or wild theorist."

* It is truly observed by Miss Martineau, in her *History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace*, that "it may surprise men now, and it will surprise men more hereafter, to remark the tone of awe-struck expectation in which men of sober mind, of cheerful temper, and even of historical learning (that powerful antidote of historical alarm), spoke and wrote of the winter of 1831-32."

It would have been well if, at this time, Malcolm had suffered these objects of domestic interest to divert his mind from the cares of public life, and induced him more frequently to seek change of air and change of scene in the country. He could have had no better relaxation than this pleasing task of superintending the improvement of his estate, which he believed would be the home of his old age and of his children after him—"a home," he said, "the first I have ever had."

"Here I am," he wrote, on the 20th of April, to the Duchess of Northumberland, "in all the delight of seeing order come out of chaos through the labors of honest workmen—having left workmen in London, I will not say honest, some of whom have labored to produce chaos out of order in the moral and political world." On these occasions, he took up his quarters in a small cottage on the estate; but even when absent from London for only a few days, he did not permit himself to be wholly idle. "I am just returned from spending a happy ten days," he wrote, on the 5th of May,* "in retirement, at a small cottage on my little estate at Warfield, where I labored undisturbed at my 'Life of Lord Clive.'" He was so habituated to hard work, that what would have been labor to other men was relaxation to him.

Nor was the "Life of Lord Clive" the only literary work to which he devoted himself at this time. He had commenced the preparation of a book on the Government of India, which he believed would supply much information, greatly needed at a period when the whole question was before the public, and there was a clamor for the aboli-

* Parliament had adjourned till the 7th of May, for the Easter recess. On the 4th of the month—the anniversary of the fall of Seringapatam—Malcolm dined with the King.

tion of the Company's commercial privileges, which he confidently believed must be the precursor of the abolition of the Company itself. Malcolm never spared himself so long as there was a chance of his labors being useful to his country; but, at the age of sixty-three, after half a century of public service, it was not possible that he should toil thus unremittingly, often, after a day of unbroken labor, sitting some hours beyond midnight in the House of Commons, without serious detriment to his constitution. He erred greatly in not bearing in mind that a man may often serve his country better by husbanding his energies than by exhausting them in incessant action. Had he treated himself as well and as wisely as he treated his horses, there might have been twenty years of good service still remaining for him. But he never put himself out to grass, and was therefore, at this time, wearing himself rapidly into the grave.

It was unfortunate in every way for Sir John Malcolm that a seat in Parliament had been so readily provided for him on his return from India. As the days, however, of the Launceston franchise were then numbered, the evil might appear to have been one of limited duration. But not only was it in full force at the time when Malcolm most needed rest, but it was of a nature not to be bounded by such adventitious circumstances. Few men who have sate in the House of Commons—who have enjoyed the privileges of what, apart from everything else, is the most distinguished and the most attractive club in the world—look forward with any complacency to the day of their exclusion from it. There is a pleasant excitement in this kind of life which men will not willingly forego. Sir John Malcolm often spoke at this period of the content with which he could, at any time, retire to the groves of Warfield, and end his days in tranquil retirement; but, like most men who have spent

their lives in strenuous action, he only deceived himself. Much as he hated and dreaded Reform, he was not unwilling to sit in the Reformed Parliament. But he resolutely determined not to resort to any unworthy means of attaining the desired end. He would not bribe a constituency either with money or with pledges. On the 7th of June, after a fruitless opposition in the House of Lords, which well-nigh threw the country into convulsions, the Reform Bill became law. On the 26th, Malcolm was turning over in his mind his prospects of being returned to Parliament after the disfranchisement of Launceston:

"I could be returned (he wrote) if I would bribe to the extent of from 3000*l.* to 5000*l.*, or if I would give three or four sound pledges—immediate abolition of Slavery, no Monopoly, no Corn-laws, &c. I have rejected all such propositions, and retire the day that Parliament is prorogued to my country place in Berkshire."

"....Having followed a straight, conscientious line, accordant with my opinions, being tied to no party, and having determined, and already put into practice my determination, neither to give sovereigns nor pledges as the price of a seat, I have a pretty fair prospect of making a salaam to the old walls of St. Stephen's, and of repeating, amid the avenues of Warfield, Goldsmith's lines:

> Happy the man who crowns in shades like these,
> A life of labour with an age of ease.

Your ladyship shall come and see whether I am happy or not."

A day or two afterwards, Malcolm learned that, at the approaching election, there was a fair field open for a Conservative candidate, with local influence, presenting himself for the Dumfries boroughs. This was a temptation which, under any circumstances, it was not easy to resist. In no man were there stronger local instincts and attachments than in Malcolm; and to represent the boroughs of his native county was at once an honorable and an amiable ambition. He determined, therefore, to

canvass the constituencies. General Sharp had already started, so to him Malcolm first communicated his intention. Writing on the 28th of June to that gentleman, he said:

"I have just learnt that Mr. K. Douglas does not mean to stand at the next election for the Dumfries boroughs—and I have taken the field. I observe that you are a candidate. I could wish that we were not opponents; but as our fate has so decreed, it cannot be avoided. We have both the same honorable desire to represent our countrymen. Considering my ties to Dumfries-shire, I am of course most anxious for success, and shall use all straightforward, honest, and open means to accomplish it. You are among the very first to whom I deem it proper to communicate my intentions."

On the same day, writing to the Duke of Northumberland, he said:

"A proposal has been made to me to canvass the boroughs of my native county, Dumfries-shire, which, on serious consideration, I have thought proper to accept. As I was determined to give neither purse nor pledge, I had made up my mind to relinquish Parliament—but as it appears that Mr. Keith Douglas has made up his mind to withdraw from the Dumfries district of boroughs, and as it is thought by the Duke of Buccleuch and others that among those who belong to the county and 'hold Conservative principles' I have the best chance of success, I deem it proper to make an attempt to stem, as far as I have the power, the tide of Radicalism now flowing unhappily with little less violence through our sequestered valleys than through the streets of Birmingham. I stand upon my own ground. I belong to a popular family; but I have the mark of an anti-Reformer upon my brow, and neither mean to brook pledge nor to disburse cash; and with such resolutions it is impossible to be sanguine."

Still he was hopeful at this time that his canvass would be crowned with success. Writing to Sir John Lubbock, on the 26th of July, he said:

"My parliamentary concern is going on better than I could have expected. I give neither purse nor pledge, am concise and open in my communications with the good bodies; and no man's reception was ever more flattering from all ranks. How far I shall be able to surmount the obstacles which I have to encounter, time will show; but I carry my head up, and all are agreed that great good has been done by the mode of proceeding I have adopted."

To Allan Cunningham he wrote, about the same time, from Burnfoot:

"Make my salaam to Mr. Chantrey, and tell him he must finish my head while some traces remain of the delight I have had in this visit to my native hills. I send you my parting address to your friends. I have seen all. I go openly and straightforwardly to work. I give neither purse nor pledge, and if I fail (which, in spite of serious obstacles, I do not expect), I shall have the satisfaction of reflecting that no proceedings of mine have either soiled myself or any with whom I have communicated."*

There was one circumstance of a peculiarly interesting character connected with this visit to Scotland. Whilst at Burnfoot, Sir John Malcolm received from the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, some sixty in number, principally residents in Eskdale and Ewesdale, an invitation to a public dinner at Langholm. The honor was not tendered to him alone. His two brothers, Sir James and Sir Pulteny, were included in the invitation. The

* Sir John Malcolm had a very high opinion of Allan Cunningham—a high opinion shared by all who knew him, of his many fine qualities both as an artist, and, in the largest sense of the word, as a man. He had an especial feeling, too, for the poet as a Dumfries-shire man; and greatly rejoiced in his fame. In a letter to Colonel Wood, of the Bengal Engineers, introducing to that officer young Joseph Cunningham (the author in later days of the *History of the Sikhs*), who was going out to join that corps, Malcolm speaks affectionately of his "friend Allan Cunningham, a man who has, by his talent, industry, and steady, sturdy walk through life, done honor to his native hills, and brought his character into high consideration even with the Southerners."

neighbourhood might well be proud of the "three knights of Eskdale." On the last day of July, 1832, the quiet little country town was thrown into an unwonted state of excitement. All classes were eager to do honor to the Malcolms of Burnfoot, than whom few families were more respected in the county. The festivities were not confined to the "Crown," at which the three knights were entertained. At other houses of entertainment in the town, parties of tradesmen and manufacturers were assembled, as eager to render honor to their distinguished countrymen as those who met them face to face. Hundreds, indeed—men, women, and children—in their own homes, abroad in the streets, or on the neighbouring hill-sides, were with the Malcolms in spirit on that night. Bells were pealing, bonfires were blazing, the fire-arms of the townsmen and the smithy anvils sent up their salutes. There was music and shouting, and joy and laughter everywhere—a demonstration of the most genuine character, full of pride, gratitude, and joy.

At the "Crown," it must have been a pleasant thing to see those three veteran knights, who had left their home on the banks of the Esk as mere children, and were now, after more than half a century of good service in different quarters of the globe, airing their honors on their native hill-sides, and with as keen a love of the old homestead as in the freshest days of their early boyhood. It must have been pleasant to hear the hearty, genial manner in which Sir John Malcolm, responding for his brothers and himself, acknowledged the toast of the evening—"Our own three knights of Eskdale,"*—and

* A cotemporary writer says that it "was a speech full of strong feeling and impressive eloquence." "The deep and anxious silence of the company," it is added, "most of whom were moved to tears whilst he spoke, was not less striking than the burst of enthusiastic applause which succeeded. The speech was like a torch to kindle the sympathetic feelings of all present, and a kind of triumphant delight, regulated by perfect decorum, reigned over the company during the remainder of the evening."

how the absent members of the family, Gilbert, Sir Charles, and the ladies at Burnfoot, were toasted each in turn with a "largeness of an overflow" of genuine feeling seldom present at such public demonstrations. It was an evening memorable in the annals of Langholm, the good people of which crowned the occasion by taking the horses from Sir Pulteny's carriage, in which the "three knights" had seated themselves on their return to Burnfoot, and dragging them beyond the precincts of the town.

And this was no political demonstration. Sir John Malcolm at this time was canvassing the Dumfries boroughs, but the promoters of the entertainment to the three knights had no thought of contributing to the success of the canvass, nor did they who participated in it ever dream of advancing the interests of a party. It was purely a token of respect for the men themselves; of attachment to the family to which they belonged; and of genuine pride in the reputation of the three heroes who had done so much to make Eskdale famous.

A day or two after this banquet at Langholm, Sir John Malcolm returned to London. With what feelings he contemplated the picture of affairs in his native county, and his prospect or no prospect of being returned in the new Parliament for the Dumfries boroughs, may be gathered from the following passages, extracted from letters written at this time to his friends and supporters:

"*August* 4.—*I* shall persevere in my object, but I mean to pursue it by no crooked ways. I have no large landed possessions, and I seek no place, profit, or enjoyment from being a member of the House of Commons. I have no party feelings to gratify, and no spirit of rivalry with individuals that can make success or failure the cause either of happiness or discomfort. Parliament will bring to me annoyance and trouble. It will, in all proba-

bility, be injurious to my health; and I come forward in the performance, I assure you, of what I deem a duty at a crisis like the present; but this view of the subject you will not be surprised when I state that I am not prepared to make, and will not make those sacrifices which I do not condemn others who have different motives and different objects for making. Nevertheless, as I have entered into the contest, I will persevere, and present at least to my countrymen the spectacle of a man against whom the veriest Radical can assert nothing but that he honestly differed from him on a question of the most complicated state policy."

"If there are a number of voters who reject me because I exercise an honest judgment and desire a moderate reform, instead of that brought on by the Ministers, and set aside all my pretensions to their favor on the ground of this difference of opinion, I am content not to be their representative. But I will not believe that such can be the case after my countrymen have had time for reflection. They are generally men who think for themselves, and they will end in approving the conduct of one who is unreserved and independent in his sentiments. They will, when they calmly consider the whole subject, deem such a person, if he possesses character and influence, a representative more likely to benefit them than a person who feeds them with promises in order to gain his object. At least, this is my present impression of the voters, and with it I shall go to the poll. From present appearances, I fully anticipate success; but should it prove otherwise, I shall not have to reproach myself with word or deed that I can desire to retract or disavow."

"*August* 7.—As I desire employment neither at home nor abroad—as I have no sons or relations to provide for—as the enjoyment of that repose which my health and age require promises a much more pleasant, useful, and, I may add, profitable occupation, than I can ever have as a member of the House of Commons, it may be asked by you, as it has been by those of my family to whom I owe most attention, what can induce me to persevere in an up-hill canvass to gain what ought to have on personal grounds so little value? I answer, in the first place, that it is an object of fair and honorable ambition to obtain a distinction in my native county, which I must prize not only on my own account, but that of a family settled for nearly a century and a half amongst you;

secondly, that my information on Indian affairs will afford me (if in the House of Commons at a period when its future government is under discussion) an opportunity of aiding the settlement of that government; and lastly, that I deem the present a period when every man who possesses a share, however small, of public esteem, should come forward to meet, as far as he has the power, the dangers to which the country is exposed from the unsettled state of the minds of all classes, and particularly from the angry feelings which have been excited against the higher ranks of society. . . . . My brother Sir James, Borthwick, and Murray talk of going on a visit to Annan, and perhaps Dumfries, in a few weeks, not for any express purpose of canvass, but to keep feeling alive. I can be with you in September or October if required, or sooner, if absolutely necessary. I cannot conclude without stating that, unless some very favorable turn take place, and one of which I can from present appearances have no anticipation, I shall certainly stand to the last. Time is assuredly in my favor; and the opinion is at present that the House cannot be dissolved before the beginning of the year."

On the 16th of August, Parliament was prorogued. A few days afterwards, Malcolm again started for the North.* He had recently sustained a heavy domestic calamity in the death of his sister Mina; and now it was his first care to visit the afflicted family circle at Burnfoot. This done, he proceeded to Dumfries, that he might judge for himself on the spot what were his chances of success. What he saw and heard there did not strengthen the hopes which he had once encouraged of carrying with him a majority of the electors. "I labor under every disadvantage in my canvass," he wrote, on the 28th of August, "from my opponents having been in the field sixteen days before me; from their promising everything, and giving pledges faster than they are asked, and, above

* He left London on the 23rd, and passed the night at the house, near Watford, of his old friend, Mr. Halyburton, from whom he derived some anecdotes of Clive to be inserted in his biography.

all, in my having voted against the Reform Bill. But still, all down to the lowest and most violent are personally kind to me. 'We hope, Sir,' they say, '*that it* will be a short Parliament, and then we will certainly return you.' With these feelings, I do not quite despair."

The autumn of this year, 1832, was spent by Sir John Malcolm principally in London, where he had a modest apartment in Abingdon-street.* His most serious occupation at this time was the preparation of his work on the Government of India, which he was desirous of publishing in the early part of the ensuing year. Among others to whom he communicated the scope and tendency of his work was the Duke of Wellington, who sent him in reply the following characteristic, but not very encouraging, letter:

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

Strathfieldsaye, Nov. 20, 1832.

MY DEAR MALCOLM,—I have received your note of the 19th. I heard from your brother, the Admiral, whom I saw at Walmer Castle, that you were about to publish something upon India. I don't doubt but that what you will publish will be very creditable to you; but I confess that I don't expect that your writings, or those of an angel from heaven, if they contained truth and reasoning founded upon experience and common sense, would have any effect upon the conduct of the Government and the Legislature in these times.

A great effort is making here and everywhere to give the Reform Bill a fair chance of working not injuriously to the country.

* Lady Malcolm was at this time in very delicate health, and Sir John, who was in a painful state of anxiety regarding her, had procured her a residence at Hastings. "I am pushing on Warfield," he wrote on Michaelmas-day, to one of his sisters, "that we may all be settled. Really this life is very worrying and distracting. I shall not be able to go to Hastings for a fortnight. In this state of my family, I shall, I think, rejoice in the failure of my parliamentary concern; but, nevertheless, I shall not relax in my efforts."

I think that we are all right to make the effort to have the best returns that we can have under the new system. But I am quite of opinion with you, Croker, and others, who think it is all in vain. There is no authority—there can be no authority—in this country capable of governing it, and of securing those institutions and interests which are the pillars of its prosperity and strength.

We have an Executive and two Chambers, according to the Constitution of the year '3 (I believe), as the French, the Cisalpine, the Lygurian, the Mexican, the Colombian, the [ ] Republic had, and as France, the Netherlands, and others, had and have. But is there any government anywhere but the sword? There existed in this country peculiarly a secret in Constitution and Legislation not unlike the golden egg laid daily by the goose. We have wisely destroyed the goose. We have made a reform which satisfies nobody. The parties in the country are just as violent as ever. The Tories, now called Conservatives, wish to keep things as they now are. The Radicals and Whigs to do something more. In the mean time I defy an angel from heaven to settle Ireland, the West Indies, Mauritius, the Question of the Company's Charter, the Bank Question, the Tithe Question in Ireland and in England—I say nothing of foreign politics. We are, in every sense, "*Toto divisos ab orbe Britannos.*" I hope it may continue so. We have it not in our power, under existing circumstances, to do anything but mischief. I am sick at heart! I declare that I could at times gnaw the flesh from my bones with vexation and despair!

Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

At this time Malcolm was at Warfield, pushing forward his improvements. From the cottage which he occupied there I find him corresponding with Mr. Lockhart, who had written to him regarding two newly-published works—Morier's romance of "Zohrab, the Hostage," and Theodore Hook's biography of Sir David Baird—which had been sent to him as candidates for notice in the "Quarterly Review." Of the former work,

writing on the 20th of November,* Malcolm spoke in language of high praise, reserving the latter for another and more elaborate communication. On the following day he sate down, placed the book before him, and, as his memory travelled over the last forty years of his eventful life, wrote a long letter to Mr. Lockhart, containing an admirable sketch of the character of Sir David Baird, and many illustrative anecdotes. The length of the communication forbids its insertion at this stage of my narrative.

The time was now close at hand when the question would be solved—whether Sir John Malcolm was any longer to be a member of the House of Representatives. His prospects of success at the general election had very much diminished, and with them also had declined the eagerness with which he sought to attain an object of such questionable advantage. He had begun, indeed, to think that his family were right in endeavouring to dissuade him from the effort; but his letters written at this time show that he still remained firm in the conviction that it was his duty not to shrink from the contest:

"*December* 1.—I am well satisfied of the fact, that if I chose to make a pecuniary sacrifice, I might gain, even under present circumstances, the election. But I have determined to give neither purse nor pledge. It may be worth such sacrifices to others. It is not to me. I am of a certain age. I have no cash to throw away. I have no desire to become a party man, and neither expectation nor wish for office. I am, in the truest sense,

* At the end of this letter Malcolm says: "I beg you to excuse the hasty manner in which it is written. I am very busy with minutes of evidence before the House of Commons, letters to the India Board, &c., being desirous of finishing a volume on the Administration of India before I go to Scotland, where it is not improbable the voters of the Dumfries boroughs, in their fondness for reform and their trust in promises and pledges, may give me an excuse, of which I shall not be sorry, for quitting a bustling and unsatisfactory scene of public life, and passing the remainder of my days in retirement."

a Conservative; and fearing, as I do, much evil from the feelings and passions which have been excited by late measures, and from the spirit of change and speculation that is abroad, I should not hesitate to forego that repose to which past labors have entitled me, if I could serve the cause to which I belong on the terms which I deem essential to maintain any influence which I may have, from character and experience of public affairs. With these sentiments, and having no views of establishing an hereditary family interest in the Dumfries boroughs, I entered upon my present canvass, with a hope, even if I failed, of doing good in my native county, by walking the ground erect—neither soiling nor being soiled."

"*December* 2.—I shall be at Dumfries on Monday or Tuesday. You will see that I am determined to keep the boat's head to the wind. In thus prosecuting the object of your representation, I am acting against the wishes of almost all my family, and the advice of many of my friends. But these are not times in which any man who possesses influence, however slight, or good private or public character, is justified in being quiet. I am, therefore, determined to go through with the concern. . . . . No man is excusable for shrinking from his duty at such a moment. I recognise this motive as a Scotchman; I recognise it as a country gentleman, which I now am; and no wish for that repose which I desire can make me desist from the most active efforts of which I am capable to give my aid, however small, to arrest the evils which are in progress to blast the peace and prosperity of my country."

On the 3rd of December, Parliament was dissolved. A day or two afterwards, Malcolm started upon his journey to Scotland. The country was on the eve of a great political contest. The strife of a general election —the first under the provisions of the Reform Bill—was about to commence. From one end of Great Britain to the other there was bustle and excitement. It was a moment full of interest even to men who lived remote from scenes of political contention. To one who, like Malcolm, had taken an active part in the great struggle, and who was profoundly impressed with a conviction of

the immense importance of the issue, it was a period of extraordinary solemnity. He believed that, in such a crisis, it was the duty of every man, entertaining similar opinions to his own, to make any honorable sacrifice which would aid him in the great work of resisting the heady tide of revolution which he apprehended was about to inundate the country. He felt that there was little prospect, at this time, of his being returned for the Dumfries boroughs; but he did not doubt that some good would result from his appearance on the scene as the champion of Conservative principles.

The early stages of this journey to the North evolved no incidents upon which it is necessary to dwell. But at Birmingham he fell in with William Cobbett, who was then on his way to Manchester to contest that newly enfranchised town; and the meeting between them was one which made a deep impression on Malcolm's mind. He wrote a detailed account of it; and there is much in the record which, whilst it illustrates his own character and opinions, exhibits the extraordinary pretensions of his opponent in an aspect humiliating in the extreme, when the promises of the flatulent demagogue are contrasted with his performances.*

At the hotel in Birmingham from which the Manchester coach was about to start, Malcolm, hearing a violent altercation in an adjoining room, asked who the noisy gentleman was, and was answered that he was Mr. Cobbett. "The famous Cobbett?" asked Malcolm. "I don't know what he is famous for," said the waiter, "but for abusing people." Malcolm's next question was

* What a perfect illustration is seen in this case of the truth enunciated by Mr. Roebuck in the September of this year (1856) at Sheffield: "The only way to test any man is to send him to the House of Commons. I have seen men blustering on the hustings very violently, who told the people what they *were going to do*, who, when they came to that House, were like sucking doves."

whether the boisterous gentleman was going in the coach with him to Manchester; and being answered in the affirmative, he made up his mind for some diversion. As soon as they were seated in the coach, Malcolm opened the conversation with some allusion to the recent conflict with the landlady, and having received a reply, flavored with a few emphatic oaths, he said to his companion: "I inquired your name, and found it was William Cobbett; mine is John Malcolm. Now, as we belong to the very antipodes of politics, we had better start with knowledge of each other, that we may battle in good fellowship along the whole extent of our journey." "Agreed—agreed!" cried Cobbett; and from that moment, until, as Malcolm said, he "handed him over to his unwashed friends at Manchester," their discussions and disputations were incessant. He soon found that Cobbett so interlarded his discourse with oaths, and was so lavish in his use of such complimentary terms as "rogue," "rascal," and "scoundrel," that he told him that he should not be offended if such words were applied to himself. "You may call me a red ruffian of a soldier," said Malcolm, "and I, in turn, will call you a demagogue, without any offence."

And so they talked on; and, with the exception of a few episodes on Farming, Horticulture, Cottage Economy, and the Management of Dairies, held high argument on the political state of England, France, and America; the condition of different classes of society; the "villanies of the Aristocracy;" the distress and discontent of the Poor; the Church; the Currency; Taxes; the Press; the Corn Laws; Slavery; the East India Charter; "and, above all, and mixed with all," said Malcolm, "William Cobbett's past deeds and writings, and his future views and intentions, extended as these would be by his certain return

to Parliament; for of Oldham he told me he was secure, and he thought he had a good chance of Manchester."

In Parliament, Cobbett, as he assured his companion, was to do immense things—to bring down the bloated aristocracy, and to level all social distinctions:

"'The aristocrats,' said he, 'will all be lowered—and they want it. And then, as to your fundholders—have you any money in the Funds?' 'None.' 'Have any of your brothers?' 'One, with a very limited income, has it all in the Funds.' 'Will you see him soon?' 'The day after to-morrow.' 'Well, tell him that William Cobbett advises him to sell out; for be assured, if my head is on my shoulders this day two years, the Three per Cents. will be at 30.' I laughed. 'You may be merry,' he said, 'but all this, and more, will happen. Your Whigs and Tories may—and, if they have any sense, will—unite; but it will not save them. I have done much, but I will do more yet. Matters ripen fast. I shall soon commence when in Parliament.' 'With what shall you begin?' I asked. 'The *Mummers*,' he replied. 'Who are they?' I asked. 'Why, the fellows with the bag-wigs and uniforms, who move and second the address to the King. That nonsense I shall upset.' 'I do not think it,' said I. 'I hope and trust that this and other usages of our Parliament will be defended against you and other Radicals, who would destroy every usage, as well as every institution, of the country.' 'Then all soldiers should be done away—all pay and pensions should be struck off.' 'Those that have served their country?' said I. 'Why, here am I, travelling with William Cobbett; having served my country forty-seven years, I should not be able to pay my fare.' 'No, no,' said he; 'I would have consideration for those who had done real work; but fat, lazy fellows I hate.'"

Then he spoke of what he had done, and what he had suffered in the cause of Reform—referring to his trial for seditious libel in 1831, and giving an exaggerated account of the discomfiture of his opponents:

"'You remember,' he said, 'when I was tried about the chopsticks—the Mandarins as you call them. . . . We summoned all

the Ministers as evidences. There they were in a row. I wish you had been there to see how I handled them—you are just the fellow to have enjoyed it. The first I took in hand was my Lord Chancellor Brougham. He is the man for writing little books and spreading knowledge. What has he written on Chancery law? I made my Lord Chancellor tell two lies in five minutes. That was enough for him. The next on my list was Lord Grey—head in the air—rather a fine head—he looked round and smiled. I chuckled at the thought of bringing his head down, which I did by regular degrees, till it fell from the perpendicular to his chest. I had little trouble with the others, but let them go on with their boasted proofs, keeping myself up, till I had fairly entangled them in their own web, and then I brought them to proper shame. They were a poor set.'"

Having heartily abused the Ministers, he began to lavish his scurrility upon the Tories—upon "that old ruffian Wellington"—upon the *Times* and "Jack Walters," declaring that the newspaper stamp would be taken off early in the session, and that then the leading journal would not be worth sixpence. From John Walters he turned to James Silk Buckingham, asking Malcolm if he knew him. "Not personally," said Sir John. "You do not agree in his opinions about India?" said Cobbett. "No; I entirely differ from him," returned Malcolm. "I am glad of that," rejoined Cobbett. "He is a great charlatan: I despise him. I do not yet well understand the Indian question. I shall study it. My impression is that the country is very well governed by the Company—I am sure they will not govern it better. And as for Buckingham, he is a sorry fellow—a complete humbug."

Much more was said in the same blustering and abusive strain. But even stage-coach journeys in those days had an end, and Manchester was reached at last. How Malcolm then took leave of his opponent may be told in his own words:

"When we arrived at Manchester, a set of fellows called out: 'Is William Cobbett in the coach?' 'Here he is, my good fellows,' I said; and I got out to make way for their friend. 'Well,' said I to him, 'the journey has been made short by our discussions—shall we meet again?' He held out his hand to shake. 'You are very bad,' he said, 'but you may conceive what a rascally set you belong to, when I declare you are one of the best of them that I have ever met. I desire two things at parting —one, that you may fail in every attempt you make to get into Parliament; the other, that you may have moral courage enough to brave the opinions of your friends, and let William Cobbett come and see you at Warfield, and while he gives you the best advice about planting apple-trees and gardening, you will answer him some plain questions about India, or tell him where he can get correct information.' 'As to Parliament,' I said, 'your wish will certainly be gratified, for there are circumstances which make me without hope of being returned; but I go to fight, as well as I can, Radicals and Radical doctrines. With regard to Warfield, if you come I shall be glad to see you, and benefit by your experience and knowledge as an horticulturist, which I know to be considerable. As to answering your questions, or directing you to correct information about India, I never can have any hesitation in doing so to any man; and if you are in Parliament, which you say is certain, I shall be pleased to find you take a correct view of that question.' And here we parted."

With little hope of attaining his object, Malcolm continued his journey to Scotland; and in the course of a few days all his doubts and misgivings were realised. Forty-eight hours spent at Dumfries convinced him that he had not the remotest prospect of success. He found the Conservatives broken and dispirited; the Radicals firm and united. It would have been mere folly to go to the poll; so he put forth a manly, plain-spoken address to the electors, and retired from the contest.*

* On the 14th of December, Malcolm wrote from Burnfoot to Lord Selkirk: "I was only at Dumfries two days—I had no chance of success; but even under that conviction, if the gentlemen and many respectable trades-

But although the dream of representing the boroughs of his native county had thus faded away, all hope of sitting in the new Parliament had not disappeared with it. A new and unexpected prospect opened out before him in the very moment of failure. Dumfries had rejected him; but Carlisle invited him to come to her succour. He received a communication from the latter town which stimulated him to cross the border. He arrived there a few hours after he received the invitation, and was, as he said, "literally taken out of a coach, and asked to head an attack against that revolutionary emblem, the tricolored flag."

He found a Whig and a Radical in the field. His chief hope of success lay in a coalition with the former. But the Whig coalesced with the Radical, and from that time Malcolm's hope of success was gone.* The corporation

men who quite concurred with my sentiments had chosen to unite (I care not in how small a number) and make head against the stream of Radicalism, they should have had my utmost efforts to the last, and good might have been done by forming a rallying point; but, in and about Dumfries, which town must return the member, there is no disposition to show front." In another letter, addressed to the Duke of Wellington, he wrote, about the same time: "I would have fought to the last, if I could have brought ten respectable gentlemen and an equal number of tradesmen together, with the resolution of openly proclaiming their support to those Conservative principles which privately and separately they professed; but this was impossible. They are disunited and dispirited—thrown into a new position without local leading men. Though they see and lament the danger, they have as yet formed no combination to avert or defeat it."

* The following is Malcolm's account of the coalition, as given in a letter to the Duke of Wellington: "The principal gentlemen, the magistrates, the corporation, and the old freemen, amounting to between two hundred and three hundred, I found prompt to face the mob, on whom Mr. James (the Radical) has relied hitherto, and continues to rely, for success. Mr. Howard, junior, of Corby Castle, had some of the freemen, and a considerable majority of newly-enfranchised statesmen, &c. It remained with him whether myself or James should succeed. My friends thought the insults Howard had received from James, following his professed hatred of Radicalism, and the high feelings of his family, would prevent a coalition. They were mistaken. It took place, and from that time my success was impossible. All I could do was to insist on the two members confessing this coalition, as the only condition on which I would withdraw. They did so. The ground of failure was established, and the Whig influence lowered, by the alliance."

and some of the local gentry and higher class of tradesmen were with him; but among the townsmen generally there was a high-pressure Liberalism which flaunted the tricolor as its symbol. Malcolm said that "a worse or more desperate set did not exist in England;" but this was only the language of the Toryism of the day, and meant little more than that the Radicals were triumphant. He was, of course, called upon for pledges; but he refused to give any, whilst he freely declared his sentiments, mixed good-humoredly with people of all ranks, and attained some personal popularity even among those who were resolute to vote against him. If they could not concur in his opinions, they could at all events appreciate his manliness of character, and laugh at his jokes.

So Malcolm returned to Burnfoot—not at all crestfallen, scarcely even disappointed—to spend there a few quiet days, and then again to immerse himself in business from which, whether in Parliament or out of Parliament, nothing could ever induce him to detach himself so long as he believed that his work would be serviceable to his country. He spent his Christmas—the last he was ever to spend—with Lady Malcolm, at Hastings. But early in the new year he was again in London—again with the oar in his hand. "I am working day and night," he wrote to his brother Charles, from the Oriental Club, on the 25th of January, "to bring out my volume on the Indian Administration. . . . . And then Warfield and 'Lord Clive.' I am half ruined with completing my house, and putting the estate in order; but it is my residence for life, and the concern, I take care, shall neither hurt any person living, nor those who come after me." He was dwelling at this time in "a small lodging" in Prince's-street, Hanover-square; but he had become, as he wrote to his brother, "quite reconciled to personal privations." He was living in the future—dreaming of

the happy home at Warfield, where he was to end his days, an unambitious country gentleman,* surrounded by his family and his books, in the peaceful enjoyment of lettered retirement and domestic love. Alas, for the vanity of human hopes and human wishes!

I am drawing to the end of my story. Throughout the months of February and March, Sir John Malcolm was assiduously employed in the completion of his work on the Administration of India, and in the collection and arrangement of information which might otherwise contribute to the elucidation of the great question which was then before the Government, and would soon be before the Parliament of the country. The future constitution of the East India Company was to be determined —the extent of its powers and privileges to be defined. Commercial monopolies had become odious to the people, and the exclusive trade with China—the last remnant of the Company's mercantile privileges—was now about to be sacrificed to the Genius of Reform. Such a sacrifice was the inevitable result of the social progress of the last twenty years. No writing—no speaking; not all the books and pamphlets, all the public lectures and popular addresses; all the efforts of hired or volunteer scribes and orators could save the doomed monopoly. But not the less gallant on that account was the stand that was made for its preservation. And Sir John Malcolm, who looked upon the attempt to overthrow the East India Company, in its capacity of a mercantile corporation, as a part of the general scheme of destructiveness which had been mapped out by the rampant Radicalism of a deluded

* "My mansion being on the point of completion," he wrote to the Duke of Northumberland, on the 8th of February, "I leave town in April, and in an effort to perform well, during the remainder of my life, the duties of a country gentleman, I do believe that I shall be of as much, if not more, use than in any other position in such times."

people, was prepared in this conjuncture to place himself at the head of the Conservative army.

But a greater leveller—a more destructive agent than this Genius of Reform—was now abroad in the land. The spring of 1833 is still remembered sorrowfully by thousands of English families. The Cholera—then a strange and mysterious visitor—had appeared amongst us in the preceding year. But early in 1833, an epidemic of the true English type committed greater ravages, especially in the metropolis, than the pestilence which had swept over us from the East. The Influenza was filling our houses with mourning, and robing our people in black. It attacked Sir John Malcolm. "I am confined to the house with a bad cold," he wrote, on the 22nd of February. "By the 15th of March, I shall publish my volume on the Administration of India, and then go to Berkshire and bother myself as little as possible with either Indian or other politics, beyond the active performance of my duties as a country gentleman, which ere long may, as the supporter of loyalty, order, and religion, be one of the most important stations of the country. I hear the plans for India have been propounded. I know not what they are—but conclude the Company will be driven to the wall. If they do not make a good battle, I shall desert them."

A few days after the specified date, the volume on the Government of India was published; but its publication brought little or no relief to Sir John Malcolm. He did not then think that his work was done. In the conflict which had commenced between the Crown Government and the East India Company he was willing to take an active part. The Company were glad, indeed, to secure the services of such an ally; and Malcolm, knowing that much was expected from his coadjutancy, gave himself again to this new toil in his old unstinting way; and with

a willing spirit, in spite of the weakness of the flesh, prepared to place himself in the van to resist the contemplated usurpations of the Government.* He was in constant communication with the chief functionaries of the India House, especially with Mr. Melvill†—assiduous in the collection and arrangement of facts, the production of which might be serviceable at such a time.‡ In the latter part of March, the intentions of the Government with respect to the East India Company and their privileges were divulged. The commercial privileges of the Company were to cease, but the territorial government of India was still to remain in its hands. It was necessary that with as little delay as possible the Ministerial proposals should be brought before the Proprietary body. The Court of Directors, after much consideration and much discussion, had determined on their acceptance, and recommended this course to the Proprietors. A Special General Court was convened for the discussion of the question on the 15th of April. It was concerted at the

* Writing on the 30th of March to Mr. Melvill, Malcolm said: "The more I look into the subject, the more I take alarm at the arbitrary course of the Board of Control. Mr. Grant means to ride over you, mounted upon his war-horse Excitement — dam by Jealousy, own brother to Ignorance and to Violence. The former horse is still in high repute. The latter known to be very steady, but apt to bolt." In another letter, Malcolm wrote: "My house will be furnished about the 1st of May for my family. I go in on the 6th of April. Thank God, we shall be all together at last. But the concern has half ruined me. I shall show gentlemen I can live quiet; and I have a right to do so. I am quite aware I abandon all influence; but having made my last effort to stem innovation and rashness in Indian concerns, I shall quit with a clear conscience."

† Now Sir James Cosmo Melvill, K.C.B.

‡ "It would be of great use," he wrote to Mr. Melvill, "if, besides the general and important points on which I shall look to you for aid, you could get some one of your mates to prepare a dissection of the actual branches of business in the departments—the numbers employed at home and abroad, from governors to porters; the annual vacancies; the duties of the Directors in detail; the allotment of your spacious buildings; the convenience of your present position for your actual duties; the mixed business in offices, &c., &c. If the said mate made out this in a concise form, it would afford excellent data for some words upon the details of their measure, and the probable mode of their operation in the constitution of the Court."

India House that at this Court a series of Resolutions should be brought forward, expressive of the opinion of the Proprietors, that if Parliament should consider it expedient that the administration of India should be kept in the hands of the Company divested of their commercial character, the Company should not shrink from the undertaking, "provided that powers be reserved to enable the Company efficiently to administer the Government, and that their pecuniary rights and claims be adjusted upon the principle of fair and liberal compromise."

It was expedient that these resolutions should be moved by a proprietor of high position and large influence—a man whose very name would be sufficient guarantee that the proposals of Government might be accepted with honor to the Company and with advantage to the people of India. It was conceived that Sir John Malcolm was the one of all others, the prestige of whose career, and the reputation of whose character, would most surely secure for the Resolutions the favorable consideration of the Proprietary body; and he was invited, therefore, to move them. He was not one to shrink from the task, and his consent was easily obtained. But he was in a very unfit state to make any such exertion; and as the day approached, it became more and more apparent that the sick-room, and not the crowded Court, was the place to which Sir John Malcolm ought to betake himself in the then enfeebled state of his health. But it was represented to him that the loss of his expected aid would be severely felt in such an emergency; and his friends at the India House besought him to go down to Leadenhall-street on the appointed day, if only to move the Resolutions, without taking part in the debate.

It was imprudent to go—but he went. He rose from his sick-bed and went down to Leadenhall-street, girding

himself up for a great effort, when he ought to have been quietly nursing himself at home. The meeting of Proprietors was unusually large and unusually excited. Men little accustomed to swell by their presence that ordinarily lethargic assembly, now entered the Court-room with grave and earnest faces, expressive of a deep sense of the importance of the occasion. All felt that their very existence, as a corporate body, was threatened; that a great and perhaps destructive change was impending; and some believed that they had now to contend for the preservation of their property, no less than for their future privileges and powers.

After the usual routine-work had been gone through, a long, elaborate, and very able minute, by that great bulwark of the Company, Mr. Tucker, was read in Court; and then Sir John Malcolm rose to move the Resolutions which had been placed in his hands. After alluding, in terms of high commendation, to Mr. Tucker's dissent, and speaking of the importance of the question before the Court, he briefly referred to his own personal experiences. "I speak not," he said, "as a mere theorist, but as one who is guided by experience, for I have been in the Company's service from a boy. I have served nearly fifty years; and having seen much of India, I can safely declare that the records of the Company afford but a faint picture of the difficulties which attend the proper government of that empire." He spoke then of these difficulties—of the manner in which they had been overcome; of our proud position in India; of the benefits which England derived from her Indian Empire, and of the dangers which threatened to undermine our power. Then he dwelt upon the necessity of caution in treating so large a question—of considering it in all its lesser as well as its greater bearings. "We must keep in mind," he said, "the wise observation of Edmund Burke. 'I

have lost all opinion,' said that great orator, 'of your *swaggering majors*, having ever found the truth lurk in the little minors of circumstances.' "

He then adverted to the negotiations which had taken place between his Majesty's Ministers and the Court of Directors, and to the papers which had been published on the subject. "If the negotiation takes the turn which I hope it will," he continued, "I am of opinion that the Court of Directors will still continue to be a strong, independent, intermediate body between his Majesty's Ministers and India. If that point is admitted, it will be easy to settle and arrange all the rest." He then entered into the details of the question—the points at issue between the Company and the Government; foremost among which was the matter of the trade with China. Of this he spoke as of something which it was desirable, but which, in the existing temper of the times, it was barely possible, to retain, and added:

"I will not enter into all the probable consequences of the opening of this trade—I will not now discuss whether the merchants engaged in it will reap profit or loss—I only state a few leading facts, which tend to make me regret that the proposed change is to take place at all; because I think, in the first place, that it is nearly impossible for the Company to conduct the political government of India without the assistance derived from the trade; and secondly, because it furnishes a sure and certain remittance to this country, out of which the dividends of the proprietors and the annual stipends and pensions of the officers and servants of the Company are paid."

Then he dwelt upon that great and most imperative fact—the necessity of some barrier between India and the influences of Party at home, saying:

"Again I repeat, that India requires a strong Government,

conducted by men who will face calumny, and whose only fear is the disapprobation of their own conscience. These persons, however, require efficient protection in England; and it is on this as well as on other grounds that I have formed my decided opinion, confirmed by long experience, that India cannot be preserved in prosperity unless there exists a strong intermediate body between that empire and the throne."

Upon this necessity he dwelt earnestly and emphatically, pointing out the evils that resulted from the absence of anything like an Indian public in England, and dwelling upon the advantages that would arise from the existence of an Indian constituency in England, with power to return members to Parliament:

"Public opinion," he said, "I affirm, in all its shapes—from the clamor of a multitude to its most calm and rational expression—is now all potent in England, and unless there is a body of men connected by common interests, common feelings, and common ties, who derive respect from their condition and character, if not from number, arrayed to defend India, I shall feel slight hopes as to the long continuance of that empire in health and prosperity. I shall here state my sentiments on this subject, to which I have given the greatest attention. I have been long satisfied that it is indispensable there should be an Indian public in England—I mean a body who take a deep interest in Indian affairs, and whose duties and privileges connect them by higher motives than the ties of pecuniary concerns with our Eastern Empire. I see no better mode in which such a body can be formed than by adding India bondholders, who have the same interest in the prosperity of India, to the stockholders, and forming them into a constituency, who, besides electing Directors, may return some members to Parliament, chosen from persons with specified qualifications, who will not only represent the interests of India, but give strength to an intermediate Government. I will not dwel on this subject: I have expressed my opinion upon it in the House of Commons; I have published them in a recent work on the Government of India; I will only assert that, at this moment, there is not a borough with two thousand inhabitants and three

hundred ten-pound houses which has escaped Schedule A, that has not its local interests, its petty corporation, and its constables, better defended against attack or calumny than the vast population of India, and the thousands of public servants and British residents in that distant quarter of the globe."

It was not, he said, on the comparatively narrow grounds of commerce or of wealth that he pleaded the cause of India to representation and protection; it was to enable England to discharge the awful obligation of governing a hundred millions of human beings. That was the one great subject of consideration; that alone had actuated the Directors of the East India Company in their negotiations with his Majesty's Ministers. "And," he added, "I should despise myself if any lesser considerations weighed for a moment against what has been my object, as an humble individual, through life—the promotion of the happiness and prosperity of the people of India."

And with that he moved the Resolutions, and then sate down, or rather sunk down, in his place. He had spoken for two hours; and though the deep interest which he took in the subject, and the conviction that he was listened to with favor by a large proportion of his hearers, had sustained him throughout what in his enfeebled state of health was a great effort and a sore trial to him, it was obvious, as he proceeded with his address, that the little factitious strength which he had forced into his service was failing him, and that it was only by a resolute exercise of the will that he was enabled to deliver the closing passages of his speech. But the exertion was very painful, and when he sate down he fainted away.

He returned home—weary, exhausted; but with the proud satisfaction of having done his best in a good cause. The debate was resumed on the following day, and Malcolm, though but little recovered from his fatigue,

and in a most uncertain state of health, was still to be seen in the Court of Proprietors. He took little part in the discussion; probably, indeed, would have said nothing, if his old antagonist, Sir Harford Jones, had not asked him whether he had moved the Resolutions of the previous day in consequence of any communication with the Crown Ministers—a question which he emphatically answered in the negative. On the 18th, the 19th, and the 22nd, the Court reassembled; and on the last of these days, Malcolm spoke briefly in defence of the Resolutions. On the 23rd, the Court met again; and on the 25th the debate was concluded, but it does not appear that on either of those days Malcolm was in Leadenhall-street. The excitement, the fatigue, and the exposure to the inclement spring weather, had brought on a return of his complaint. "I regret to say," he wrote to Sir Roderick (then Mr.) Murchison, "that I am quite unable to attend the committee* to-day, having had a relapse, from going out, of this vile influenza; but I shall, if alive, be with you on the 27th instant." But he was not able to fulfil his intention. His constitution was more shattered than he believed.

It was sorely against the wishes of his family that Sir John Malcolm, throughout all the sickly spring of 1833, had continued to lead a laborious life in London, instead of seeking, as he was repeatedly urged to do, temporary relaxation and change of air at a mild watering-place. Lady Malcolm had been compelled, by the state of her health, to spend the winter and spring at Hastings, and there she continually besought Sir John to join her. He had never ceased to wish that he could obey, without self-reproach, the affectionate summons, but a strong sense of public duty had kept him a prisoner in the metropolis;

* Of the Geographical Society.

and even when the India-House debates were at an end, he was unwilling to leave the scene until the issue of the contest was declared,* or so long as there was the least chance of doing any good by his presence. But this renewed attack of illness, whilst it rendered more earnest the remonstrances of his friends, awakened him to a sense of the improvidence of thus wasting his strength, perhaps his life; and he consented to leave London. He had before disguised from his wife the real state of his health, making light of his ailments, and alleging that he was quite equal to his work. But now he felt that it would be folly and unkindness any longer to conceal that, if not seriously ill, he at least required nursing; so he made his arrangements to spend a few quiet weeks at Hastings.

On the morning of the 28th, he left Prince's-street, in good spirits at the thought of so soon again seeing his wife and daughters. But he had scarcely reached Charing-cross, when *that tremendous visitation which strikes down so many in the full exercise of their powers*, and turns the vigor of manhood into the helplessness of the child, descended upon Sir John Malcolm. He had directed that his carriage should stop at the coach-office in order that some inquiries might be made about the places which he had taken in the stage.† The servant opened the door, and was about to ask for his orders, when he saw that his master had sunk down from the seat, and was lying insensible at the bottom of the carriage. Dismayed by the fearful sight, he gave orders for an immediate return, at the utmost possible speed, to Prince's-street. Medical advice was summoned. It was

* A ballot had been called for at the end of the debate, and this had been fixed for the 3rd of May. The fate of Sir John Malcolm's Resolutions were therefore undecided until that date.

† He had taken places in the stage-coach to Hastings; but intended to proceed as far as Bromley or Seven Oaks in his own carriage.

at once pronounced that Sir John Malcolm had been stricken by paralysis.

Expresses were sent to Lady Malcolm at Hastings, and to Sir Alexander Campbell (Malcolm's son-in-law) at Teddington. George Malcolm, his only son, was then with his regiment in Ireland. With all the rapidity possible, in times when the railway was in its infancy and the electric telegraph was not, they whom Malcolm most loved hastened to his bedside. It was a sad sight to see him; he was incapable of articulation, incapable of intelligible gesture; and yet it was plain that his mind was unclouded, that he was eager to communicate with them; but all means of communication were denied. Most distressing was this to the sufferer; most distressing to the loving hearts by which he was surrounded. Day after day passed, and still no improvement. His wife and son kept watch by him night and day; his brother Gilbert, who had come up from his country parsonage on receiving intelligence of Sir John's seizure, was frequent in his visits to the bedside, frequent in his Christian ministrations, earnest in his prayers. From the reception of the Sacrament and from the Holy Scriptures which were read to him, the sick man seemed to derive a blessed consolation; and he joined in voiceless prayer with his brother.

He remained in this state for about ten days, utterly helpless, unable to articulate, unable to make himself understood by signs or gestures. This was an especial source of trouble to all around him, for it was evident that there was some one thing regarding which he most earnestly desired to be informed—something that was pressing heavily on his mind. The 3rd of May, on which Malcolm's Resolutions were to be put to the ballot at the India House, had come and passed, and he was eager to know the result. His active mind, still unclouded, still

dwelling as ever on public affairs, ceased not even in that sad hour, when it seemed as though the voice which had so recently risen loud and earnest in debate was now still for ever, to take the deepest interest in the issue of the contest. To be so cut off at such a time from all communication with the outer world, was indeed a sore trial. He exhibited from first to last uncommon sweetness of temper, but there evidently was some hidden source of distress. What it was no one knew, until suddenly it occurred to Lady Malcolm to mention the result of the ballot* at the India House, and then there was an immediate change in his manner. He subsided at once into a state of visible content; the smile of victory was on his face.

When he had remained in this state for some ten or twelve days, he began, contrary to the expectation of all around him, to rally, and he in some measure recovered his speech. From that time his improvement was great and rapid, and hope again entered the beating hearts of the watchers by his bedside. So striking, indeed, was the change, and such encouraging symptoms were apparent in the third week of May, that the family sent out cards expressive of thanks to the numerous inquirers who had flocked during his illness to Sir John Malcolm's door. Troops of friends had come every day with anxious faces to learn for themselves the bulletin of the sick-room. Among these were many of the magnates of the land. The Duke of Wellington never failed in his daily visit of inquiry, and was deeply disappointed that the inexorable mandate of the physician forbade him to appear at the bedside of his friend.

But all these favorable symptoms which manifested themselves in the early part of the month, disappeared

* The votes were—In favor of Sir John Malcolm's Resolutions, 477; against them, 52.

towards the end of it. On the 25th of May—up to which period the patient's improvement was so striking that he had once or twice been taken out for a little carriage exercise, and preparations were being made, in a hopeful spirit, to remove him to Warfield—the fond expectations of his family were dissipated. It is supposed that, having been taken out on that day, although an extremely ungenial one, by the special direction of his chief medical attendant, the keen air smote him, and that the shock was greater than his shattered constitution could sustain. All the worst symptoms of his malady reappeared; and from that time he never rallied.

He suffered greatly, but he was brave and gentle in his suffering; and the love and gratitude which he could not speak, were written upon his dying face. The continual presence of his beloved wife, who in that hour of trial was strong beyond her wonted strength, and who forgot her own sufferings whilst she ministered to his, was an unfailing solace to the last. When his hand was clasped in hers he was content. But human love could only cheer the few hours that were left to him; no skill of man or tenderness of woman could arrest the great change that was approaching.

On the 30th of May, there came tidings to Prince's-street that the mansion at Warfield was at last completed; that it was ready for the reception of the family. How earnestly had Malcolm looked forward to this hour—how strenuously had he exerted himself to hasten it—how fondly had he hoped beneath that roof to close his eyes upon the world for ever! But it was not to be. There was another mansion—one of many prepared for him—and on that very day, soon after the news came from Warfield, Sir John Malcolm, it is permitted to us to hope, passed into his Father's house, and was at rest.

He was buried very privately; only the members of his immediate family followed him to the grave, which had been prepared for him in the vaults of St. James's Church, Piccadilly. But many were anxious to mark, in the most enduring manner, their sense of his high deserts. While the body of Sir John Malcolm yet lay in the humble lodging wherein he died, some of the most distinguished of his friends met together, and took counsel regarding the best means of doing honor to his memory; and the noble statue by Chantrey, in Westminster Abbey, remains to declare the result.*

Nor was this the only monument which marks enduringly the respect and admiration of his countrymen. More than two years after Sir John Malcolm's death, the hill which overlooks the town of Langholm was covered with a moving multitude of people. Thousands of all classes—the Border gentry, the tradesmen and manufacturers of the town, the plaided shepherds of Teviot—were toiling on a September morning up that steep mountain-side, to see laid the first stone of a lofty obelisk, which the inhabitants of his own native county were about to erect to the memory of one of whose reputation they were so justly proud. Sir James Graham had come

* This monument, which was erected by subscriptions raised in England without any public notification, bears the following inscription:

In memory of MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN MALCOLM, G.C.B., &c., born at Burnfoot of Esk, Dumfries-shire, 1769, died in London, 1833, employed confidentially in those important wars and negotiations which established British supremacy in India. By the indefatigable and well-directed exertions of those extraordinary mental and physical powers with which Providence had endowed him, he became alike distinguished as a statesman, a warrior, and a man of letters; disinterested, liberal, and hospitable; warm in his affections, and frank in his manners; the admirer and patron of merit. No less zealous during the whole of his arduous and eventful career, for the welfare of the natives of the East, than for the services of his own country, his memory is cherished by grateful millions; his fame lives in the history of nations. This statue has been erected by the friends whom he had acquired by his splendid talents, eminent public services, and private virtues."

from Netherby to lay the foundation of the monument, and the ceremony was performed with masonic honors. For many a distant mile the pillar may now be seen, "grand against the sky." Symbolising Malcolm's career, it rises from the heather, and looks across the Border far into the grey distance.*

But Sir John Malcolm has made for himself a monument more enduring than that carved from the freestone of his native hills. He needed neither statue nor column to perpetuate his memory. History will do that for him. In the annals of our Indian Empire, no name more frequently occurs, or is more honorably mentioned, than that of Sir John Malcolm.

What he did, I have endeavoured to show; what he was may, I trust, be fairly gathered from this story of his life. To sum up his character at the close of it, is to

* The monument on Langholm Hill bears the following inscription:

"The first stone of this Obelisk was laid on the 16th day of September, 1835, by the Right Hon. Sir James Graham, Baronet, of Netherby, Grand Master of the Cumberland Lodge of Freemasons, accompanied, in procession, by the Brethren of several Masonic Lodges, and by some thousands of spectators, from both sides of the neighbouring Border.

"The work was executed, according to the designs of Robert Howe, Esq., by a company of Masons of Langholm, who finished it in less than a year.

"In honour of MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN MALCOLM, born at Burnfoot in 1769, Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Military Order of the Bath, Knight of the Persian Order of the Lion and Sun, F.R.S., &c., &c., erected by his countrymen the men of Eskdale, with the aid of other friends, whom he acquired, in the course of an active and eventful life, by his private virtues, his splendid talents, and his eminent public services.

"Confidentially employed in the East, from his youth, in the highest political and military affairs, by the indefatigable exertion of those extraordinary mental and physical powers with which Providence had endowed him, he became alike distinguished in the arts of war and of government, in letters and in arms, and, at the same time, no man was more liberal in appreciating and bringing forward merit in others, whilst in the intercourse of private life he was the ornament and delight of every society.

"During the whole of his arduous and honorable career in the service of his own country, having exerted himself with no less zeal to improve the condition and promote the happiness of the natives of India, whilst his fame lives in the history of nations, his memory is cherished in the hearts of grateful millions."

repeat much that has been already written. I have labored to little purpose if the reader has not learnt that John Malcolm was eminently a man, manly; a man upon a large scale. Nature made him for a hero. Of all the celebrated men who have contributed to build up the great edifice of our Indian Empire, he was the one most lavishly endowed with natural gifts. His physical advantages were, indeed, pre-eminent. In any age, and in any country, they would have excited the admiration of his fellows. He was formed in an athletic mould. Of a stature far above the common race of men, with a well-developed frame, a fine face, and a frank, open countenance, he seemed made for vigorous action. A robust constitution and an unfailing flow of animal spirits enabled him to turn these physical advantages to the best account; and it seldom happened that he was prevented, either by bodily languor or depression of mind, from giving free scope to his intellectual activity.

Although I believe that Malcolm owed much of his success in life to this pre-eminent possession of the *mens sana in corpore sano*, there is nothing in this, rightly considered, to lower our estimate of his intellectual and moral qualities. But we can never truly estimate either what a man does, or what a man is, without taking largely into consideration this matter of physical organisation. Malcolm was, as I have said, made for action; and he was active almost beyond example. Movement was a law of his nature. The healthy mind would have been far less serviceable to mankind than it was, without the healthy body; but the healthy body could have done little or nothing without the healthy mind. It was the rare combination of the two which made him almost a man *sui generis*. Indeed, I do not know an example out of the regions of romance in which so many remarkable quali-

ties, generally supposed to be antagonistic, were combined in the same person. It is no small thing to cope with a tiger in the jungle; it is no small thing to draw up an elaborate state paper; it is no small thing to write the history of a nation; it is no small thing to conduct to a successful issue a difficult negotiation at a foreign court; it is no small thing to lead an army to victory: and I think it may with truth be said, that he who could do all these things with such brilliant success as Sir John Malcolm, was a very remarkable man in a very remarkable age.

It may be doubted as a general rule whether the union in the same person of many remarkable qualities is conducive either to the extent or the permanence of his reputation. The numerous and varied successes of such a man as Sir John Malcolm jostle and dwarf each other, and have a distracting effect upon the public mind. It is commonly said of a man so gifted that he would have been held in repute as an eminent author, if he had not been a great soldier; or that he would have been esteemed as a great soldier, if he had not been a great diplomatist and a great administrator. And it is really so common to turn the very largeness and overflow of a man's gifts to his disadvantage, that I believe he often contracts his reputation in the world's eye by that which, if there were no envy and no jealousy, no bitterness and no malice among us, would immeasurably extend it. The mathematician's *reductio ad absurdum* —"a part greater than the whole, which is impossible"— is practically held in high esteem by the world, when it sits in judgment upon the merits of such a man as Sir John Malcolm. But no one who does not take into account all that he did in the closet, in the council-chamber and in the field, and comprehend in one view

the aggregate of his achievements, can say how really great he was.

But although it was in this remarkable union of many qualities that he differed chiefly from his cotemporaries, he had other undeniable claims to take a foremost place among them. He had talents for active life rarely excelled. His executive powers were of the highest order; for his energies never failed, his sagacity was seldom clouded, and he had in a rare degree the faculty of conciliating and enlisting men into his service, and rendering even stubborn circumstances obedient to his will. His honesty of purpose and his goodness of heart invited the general confidence which contributed so largely to his success. Men of all classes and all characters—from the king upon his throne to the poor ryut in his mud hut, or the savage Bheel in the jungle—felt that he was one to be trusted, and that they were safe in his hands. No man was ever more beloved by the natives of India, or more successful in his dealings with them. A quarter of a century has passed away since he shook the dust of India off his feet for ever, but his name is still a household word in the mouths of the people.

If I were asked in what he chiefly excelled, I should say in the art of governing men in a rude state of society. It was to his simplicity and manliness of character that he principally owed his extraordinary dominion over the minds of the natives of India. His unpremeditated sallies were more effective than the artifices and contrivances of other men. It was not Malcolm's system, but Malcolm himself that achieved so much. Other English gentlemen have made for themselves great names in India; but no one, perhaps, ever impressed his individuality so strongly on the minds of the people as John Malcolm-Sahib. They spoke—and there are old

men who still speak—of what he said, and what he did, and how he looked, and love to recall his familiar image. Time was when any member of his family might have passed safely, under the escort of a single man, through places where others would have required the protection of a company of soldiers.

That he made for himself so enduring a place in the hearts of the people is to be attributed, for the most part, to his accessibility. His doors were always open, and to high and low he was equally affable—nay, genial in his manner. He was altogether above the littleness of official exclusiveness and reserve. He gave himself no airs. He was not the slave of forms and precedents. If a timely joke would answer his purpose better than a Government regulation, he made the joke and left the code on the shelf. In a word, he gave full scope to the honest impulses of a noble nature; and if he was not, in some respects, the model of an official man, I, for one, think the better of him.

For no man was more devoted to the public service, no man worked with a larger zeal, with more unwearying energy, or with a more absolute disregard of self. In his duty prompt at every call, he passed from one province, or from one country to another, thinking as little of his personal ease as of his personal interest, and giving himself up unstintingly and unwearyingly to the work in hand, until he had brought it to a successful issue. Whatsoever he undertook to do, he did with a full heart and a full brain. He identified himself with his public duties, and gave full measure overflowing of service to the State; and he could never have done what he did if he had been in any wise a formalist, or had shrunk from personal responsibility. The duties upon which he was employed were mostly of an exceptional character, and

he performed them in his own way, making rather examples for others than following existing official patterns. And every Governor-General under whom he served knew well the worth of such service.

And it was not only because he was sure to do his work promptly and effectually that he was so trusted by statesmen of different views and different characters, but because the honor of his country was always safe in his keeping. He never jeopardised the good faith of the nation. He made himself and his Government respected at every foreign Court to which he was commissioned. It was known that he was firm and resolute; that he was one not to be overreached; that subterfuges and evasions would avail nothing with him; but it was known also that he was a man thoroughly to be trusted, that Malcolm's word once given the promise would never be retracted or the pledge evaded; and there was not a native prince or a native statesman in India who would not rather, when their own or their country's interests were at stake, negotiate with him than with men of a more yielding character. He was wholly incapable of any kind of trickery; and they could appreciate his honesty and truth, although they could not imitate his example.

In all that he did, whether for his country or for himself, this pure sense of honor was conspicuous. He rose to high official station, without the commission of a single act, or the utterance of a single word, that he could desire to be unrecorded. It is true that he made his own way in the world; that he did not forget what was due to himself, and unreservedly asserted his claims when he thought that they were disregarded. But this is only to say that he took to himself the motto of the most chivalrous of men, and inscribed upon his good sword the words, *Aut viam inveniam aut faciam.* He did

carve his way to fortune, but openly and honestly, and before the world. He fairly asserted his own rights, but he resorted to no covert intrigues to secure them. It is no small proof, indeed, of the purity of his intentions, the honesty of his endeavours, and the worthiness of the means he employed, that at every step of his career he desired that an ample record should be kept of the circumstances attending his advancements. Copies of all his letters relating to his preferment were carefully preserved; and he greatly desired that his friends should be unreservedly acquainted with their contents.

Such were some of the more prominent traits of the public character of Sir John Malcolm. His private virtues have been largely illustrated in the preceding pages; but only those who knew him well, and were continually in his society, can duly measure their extent. He was, in the largest sense of the words, the most generous and charitable of men. I do not speak of mere giving. It is easy to give. But he gave and forgave with equal liberality. He was not capable of an unkind thought, or a harsh judgment. He readily found excuses for all who injured him; and no conflict of opinion or antagonism of interests ever wrung from him a bitter word. His heart, indeed, overflowed with loving kindness towards all men; and nothing could make him suspicious of his fellows. He might be deceived, or he might be wronged; but still his faith in human nature was unshaken, and he looked out upon the world with undiminished hopefulness and cheerfulness, imparting to everything around him the hues of his own sunny mind. His social qualities were of a very high order. He made many friends, and never lost one whom he had made. By the old and young he was equally beloved. For the latter he had always great kindness and consideration; and

although he was often free and unreserved in their company, he kept parental watch over them, and led them, by precept and example, in the right way. "Among all the persons whom I have conversed with," wrote one who knew him well, and who had both heart and head to appreciate Malcolm's character,* "he had the keenest practical insight into human nature, and best knew the art of controlling and governing men, and winning them over to their good." He was not a precisian about small things, and, therefore, his advice and exhortation were ever effective in great. He formed the characters and made the fortunes of more good officers than any man who ever served in India. He has been accused of clanship; but this was only so far true, that when a relative or a neighbour came recommended to him by high intrinsic qualities, Malcolm did his best to serve him. It would be easy to name men, owing everything to his patronage, of whom he knew nothing until they made themselves known to him by their deserts. Of one—the most eminent and the most worthy, perhaps, of all his disciples—he was wont to say, jestingly, whenever this matter of clanship was alluded to in his presence, "Clanship, indeed! Why, look at our friend ——; I picked him out of the Bazaar."

But although Sir John Malcolm was, in so large a sense, a public man, and although the social circle in which he moved was one of uncommon extent, he cultivated, as few have ever cultivated, the domestic charities, and was, in all the family relations, a model of purity and devotion. He was the most reverential of sons; the most affectionate of brothers; the most loving and most faithful of husbands; the most tender and judicious of parents; the

* The late Archdeacon Hare.

kindest and the most faithful of friends. The records of the dead, and the testimonies of the living, abundantly declare how deserving he was of the love, gratitude, and respect which were so abundantly lavished upon him. "He was always so kind," said the attached friend whose words I have cited above, "always so generous, always so indulgent to the weaknesses of others, while he was always endeavouring to make them better than they were; unwearied in acts of benevolence; ever aiming at the greatest, but never thinking the least below his notice, he could descend, without feeling that he sunk, from the command of armies and the government of an empire, to become a peace-maker in a village brawl. In him dignity was so gentle and wisdom so playful; and his laurelled head was girt with a chaplet of all the domestic affections."

There is little need that the biographer should dwell any longer, in this place, upon what it has been his privilege to illustrate in almost every chapter of his work. But there is one point on which I fear scant justice has been done to him in the foregoing pages. He had derived in early youth, from religious parents, lessons of Christian doctrine and principles of Christian conduct, which, although it was not his wont to make parade of these things, he held in solemn remembrance throughout the whole of his career. He had ever the highest respect for the truths of the Christian Church; and he lived in a state of incessant gratitude and thanksgiving to the benign Creator, whose good gifts had descended so copiously upon him. The sentiment of reverence was, indeed, as strong within him as that of love. He lived in charity with all men; and he walked humbly with his God.

APPENDIX.

(Page 52.)—DEATH OF CAPTAIN CHRISTIE.

DR. CORMICK TO GENERAL MALCOLM.

(*Private.*)

Tabreez, Nov. 23, 1812.

MY DEAR SIR,—My last letter to you was written, I fancy, from the Prince's camp at Ak Tuppah, when Sir Gore was about to march from thence to Teheran. The Prince kept me by force for the winter. I resisted all I could, but in vain, as Sir Gore ordered me to stay. Would to Heaven I had succeeded, as I should not then have been a witness to all the misfortunes and calamities which have marked H.R.H.'s short campaign. His army is totally annihilated, his guns lost, and, what is infinitely worse than all, the amiable, brave, and gallant Christie is no more. If it be any consolation to be generally regretted, he is deeply so by all Persia. His amiable manners, his equanimity, and his cool, steady, and invincible gallantry, endeared him to all ranks of people, particularly to the Prince and to the soldiers: the former I saw twice in tears for the man who so nobly sacrificed his life for him. But I have not attended to my intention of giving you an account of our misfortunes in regular order, and will, therefore, try to be more connected.

Sir Gore came to the Prince's camp as mediator between him and the Russian Commissioner-in-Chief in Georgia, who had come by appointment to the banks of the Aras, at a place called Uslandooz. The Prince kept about thirty-five miles at his own

side of the river, the Russian refused to come to him, and no meeting took place between them. A Russian General was sent to the Prince's camp to propose the appointment of deputies on all sides, to meet on the banks of the Aras, the Russian Commissioner-in-Chief having retired as far on his side as the Prince was on this from Uslandooz. This arrangement took place; the deputies met for some days, but all ended in nothing. The Russians would not cede anything, as they at first promised, and the Persians would not be satisfied with any arrangement with the *status quo præsentium* for its basis, so that no arrangement or accommodation could be agreed upon.

Before Sir Gore left Tabreez to come to the camp, a report reached us that a peace had taken place between England and Russia; and this was in some degree confirmed by a letter to the same purport from an officer belonging to the Russian ships in the Caspian to Major D'Arcey and the English officers who were opposed to them in that quarter. Sir Gore immediately wrote to Major D'Arcey not to allow the English to be opposed in any manner to the Russians, and they all, in consequence, returned to the Prince's camp, which they had reached before the Embassy arrived. As there was a good deal of misunderstanding, enmity, and *bedamaghee* between Mirza Buzoorg and Sir Gore, the latter was very anxious for an opportunity of withdrawing the English officers from the field. In all his letters to the Russian, and particularly to the General who came to our camp, he boasted of having withdrawn the assistance of the English officers from the Prince upon the mere unconfirmed report of a peace in Europe; he abused Mirza Buzoorg and all Persians heartily to them, and assured them no Englishman should in future assist Persia in the field. In this temper of mind the negotiations were commenced; and when Sir Gore found that the Russian would not think of ceding, as he at first promised (having said he was ready and authorised to cede), he became irritated and angry with everything Russian, and, of course, agreed that the Persians were moderate and right in all they demanded. The English officers were now ordered out of camp. Major D'Arcey, Major Stone, the two Lieutenants Willocks, and Major Douville (a Frenchman whom we have here) returned to Tabreez, but the Prince and his Minister prevailed on Sir Gore to allow our dear friend Christie and

Lindsay, with thirteen drill sergeants, to remain. Being kept in camp without any specific orders how to conduct themselves, and knowing the Prince intended them to fight, although Sir Gore, perhaps, did not, Christie came to breakfast with Sir Gore the last day he was in camp, and asked him openly whether they were to fight or not. His answer was, "I am deaf and blind, and if gentlemen think proper to knock their own heads against a wall, I cannot help it;" or words very nearly to this effect. The consequences of this indefinite answer it was not difficult to foresee. I asked Christie, the moment we came out, if he intended to fight against the Russians; he answered, "Yes; I was in doubt before, but now I cannot be off."

We now marched towards the Aras, and Sir Gore towards Teheran. Four or five marches brought us on the banks of the river, where we encamped with our front towards it. Here it ran from west to east, so that we faced due north, with a small river running into the Aras on our right. We had been here for ten days, in undisturbed quietness, and blind, incautious security, when, on the 31st of October, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we were most completely and effectually surprised by the Russians. Nobody in camp had any idea of their approach till they had advanced through a clear and open plain to within a few hundred yards of us, and were in possession of a little hill in our rear, which commanded every part of the camp, before our men could fall in. At this time Lindsay was on the other side of the Aras with all his Topechees, waiting for the Prince, to accompany him hunting. When the order for this had been given, the day before, Lindsay remonstrated three times; but in vain. The report of the approach of the Russians reached him beyond the river, and he returned (a fursukh at least) full gallop, and just reached his guns when the Russians gained the little hill. Had they advanced right into the camp they must have reached the guns on our left long before Lindsay. With the greatest difficulty he mounted them, and got them off, with only about ten or twelve rounds for all his thirteen guns. Christie had during this time drawn up his men, as well as hurry and confusion would admit of, between the camp and the hill the enemy had gained possession of, being determined here to oppose their entrance into camp. They opened from above a gun upon him, with a smart

fire of musketry, and immediately about three hundred men descended the little hill, opening and extending their files, and advanced upon him. While preparing his men to charge them, an order from the Prince arrived to retreat across the little river on our right. Christie sent a sergeant to represent to him the impropriety of retiring, and the necessity of charging and annihilating the small body of the enemy that was in front of him. The Prince got into a passion, abused Englishmen and all that was English, galloped up himself to the Sirbaz, seized their colors, and delivered them to a Gholam, telling the rascals to run away; which of course they did, except two companies, who, from personal attachment, still stuck to Christie, and behaved gallantly. With these he followed the troops the Prince had made retreat, carrying away with him some wounded officers and men that were left on the ground. Lindsay, after having fired away the few rounds he had (3lb. shot out of six-pounders), and perceiving the danger he was in, retreated with his guns across the little river after the other troops had led the way. Here the Prince, not knowing that he had no ammunition, commenced the most extravagant abuse of him for not continuing to fire even *without* ammunition. Lindsay returned his sword, and gave over charge of the guns to the Subadar, saying he would not fight again for the Shah-Zadeh. In a few minutes the Prince came to him, begged and entreated him to forget what he had said, and not to leave him in his distress. Lindsay agreed.

We were now driven out of our camp, which the enemy got quiet possession of, having lost everything we possessed in the world except the clothes we wore and the horses we rode. Abbas Mirza collected his scattered troops, and took a position within shot of the enemy, and divided from him by the little river we had crossed, and about six hundred yards of ground filled with jungle. As Lindsay had no ammunition, he proposed to the Prince to head twenty of his own men and thirty or forty Gholams, and to make a dash into our own camp, and carry off some rounds in the best way they could. This was agreed to. They mounted and set off, but not a Gholam (except one single man) stuck to him. With his own twenty and this man, they succeeded in carrying off six rounds of ammunition each man, and returned.

In this new position our right was under a little hill, or *tuppah*, which the Persians intended to strengthen, and had already commenced, as there was a half-dug ditch and several holes around it. Our front faced our own camp, out of which we were driven by the Russians, who now possessed it; and our left extended along the banks of the river I have so often mentioned. The Prince ordered Christie to take two companies and skirmish with the enemy in the jungle that divided us; and as we had now got a little ammunition, Lindsay took two guns to oppose two or three of theirs, which were on the opposite bank, and firing upon us. They both succeeded famously, as, after a few rounds, the Russians pulled back one of their guns into a hollow, and there it remained silent. With another gun they fired occasionally, but did us no harm. Christie's two companies conducted themselves admirably, and drove the Russians back out of the jungle, and returned when their ammunition was exhausted.

It was now becoming dark, the ammunition of the Sirbaz was nearly exhausted—we had about six or eight rounds only for each gun—we had only lost twenty or thirty men killed and wounded, we had not the means of continuing the fight even if we had daylight, when the Prince, instead of retreating, took the fatal resolution of remaining there for the night. When dark, he sent for Christie and Lindsay (the former having had his leg and his horse wounded during the day), and asked their opinion as to the line of conduct he ought to pursue. They recommended him strongly to quit his present situation and fall back among some hills in his rear, so as not to be within reach of the enemy during the night; but in vain. He ordered Lindsay to bring his guns close under the little fort, or tuppah. Lindsay represented to him that he had much more to apprehend from the ditch and holes that were there during the night, than from the enemy. Abool Futteh Khan repeated this to him, but in different words, and he gave over for the present. Christie requested permission to draw off his infantry to the left, and there await the approach of the Russians, who, if they attacked us at night (a thing most certain), must come that way; but he was refused.

The Prince spent the night in consulting with every one about him. He listened to the advice of all, he followed that of none; and he himself, his Minister, his Mirzas, and Mostofees all gave

orders, while no one knew what he did or what he said. In this state of confusion did we pass the night, Sirbaz, Topechees, Gholams, horses, mules, and camels, all about this little hill fort, which, if complete, had only room for two hundred men within it, and was unfortunately almost full of thatched roofs of very combustible matter. The Prince, to complete the demonstration to the world of his own and his minister's incapacity, ordered two guns to be taken up to the top of it, although it was impossible to fire them down to any advantage. We were pretty confident that pickets would have been placed so as to give us intimation of the advance of the enemy; but we were mistaken. About half-past four a man came from the Prince to tell Christie that he had permission to take his men where he wished, and ordering Lindsay peremptorily to bring down his guns immediately to the base of the hill fort. They both obeyed. Christie had only advanced about ten paces when he was brought up in the dark by a line of Russians. He challenged them, not suspecting who they were, and their answer was a huzza, a volley of musketry, and a charge of the bayonet. His men instantly dispersed, and ran in confusion around the little tuppah. At this time, eleven out of thirteen guns had (as Lindsay had represented in the beginning of the night) fallen into the ditch and holes, so that they easily fell into the hands of the Russians. All now became confusion and slaughter, those above firing on their fellow-soldiers below, and the enemy bayoneting them like sheep, for no resistance was made. At this time the roofs on the top of the little hill took fire, and burned to death about three hundred men, with horses and mules and a camel that were crowded in there. Every one now escaped as well as he could.

We were still more completely surprised at night than we were in the day. When the volley was first fired, one part of the line of Russians was about twenty-five yards from the Persians, and in the intermediate space I was on horseback, slowly advancing to them. Their powder showed me the ground over which to gallop, and the extent of their line, so that I soon got round their right into the rear of their line, and having escaped this danger, I incurred no other. In the course of the morning I was happy to see Lindsay safe, but no one could give any account of Christie.

This affair took place on the morning of the 1st of November, and at noon on the 2nd, finding all the Europeans safe except Christie, of whom I could hear nothing, I got the Prince's permission to return to the scene of our misfortunes (12 fursukhs), and enter the Russian camp, with the hope that I might be of use to him if he was wounded, and to ascertain his fate. The enemy had re-crossed the river before I reached it; but I soon found the body of our dear and gallant friend Christie, shockingly mangled by the barbarians. They had taken off all his clothes, and I buried him in the field of battle, amidst the slain and the groans of the wounded, who were still languishing on every side. From prisoners of ours who made their escape I found that he had received a ball through his neck in the dark, and being faint with loss of blood, remained sitting on the ground. After daylight it was reported to the Russian villain who commanded that an English officer was wounded at a little distance. He looked at him with a glass, and immediately ordered two men to go and put him to death. It is unnecessary to enumerate his wounds, of which he had five dreadful ones, four of them with the sabre. He insisted on taking the sword you gave me at Maragha on that day, so that I have lost this with everything else.

From this general account of affairs you will be able to draw your own conclusions. The Russians were assured by Sir Gore that no Englishman would fight against them, and therefore, on finding them engaged, looked upon them as entitled to no quarter; while, in truth, no men of honor, left as they were, could have avoided fighting. All has been lost from the incapacity of the Prince and his criminal minister, and for want of a man of sense to command us. Lindsay has been reading this letter, and insists on my telling you that only nine guns out of the thirteen were under his command, and that the two that were saved belonged to these, so that he only lost seven altogether. The others were under Persians. As it is impossible to write or even to read this over again, I hope you will have the goodness to send it to Captain Pasley for perusal, and perhaps to Jukes, as they are interested in Persian affairs. On the 6th of this month died, at Ardebile, Major Stone, of his Majesty's Royal Artillery; and about the same time an European servant of Sir Gore's, and a sergeant-major of artillery, at Erivan, were carried off by fever.

Accounts reached us a few days ago of the death of poor Mr. Sheridan, at Shiraz. Mr. Morier has had a dangerous attack of bilious fever, and Sir Gore himself has been twice laid up with ague on his way to Teheran; so that you perceive the autumn has not been a healthy one to Europeans in Persia.

When I left the Embassy, Sir Gore was determined in his resolution to go home in 1814, but late occurrences and misfortunes will, I think, make him quit the country next year. I know that he has applied for his recall, in order to be able to go if necessary, and think it not improbable that he will quit us in 1813. May I indulge the hope of seeing you come out his successor? Our last accounts from Europe consist of Lord Wellington's defeat of Marmont. About the Russians and French we have nothing particular, but reports are strong here that the Russians have been several times defeated, and that Petersburg had been burned.

Give my best respects to Mrs. Malcolm, who is, I hope, happy in England. With best wishes for the health of the little ones,

Believe me, dear Sir, ever sincerely yours,

J. CORMICK.

(Page 278.)

SUNG AT AN ANNIVERSARY DINNER IN CELEBRATION OF THE BATTLE OF ASSYE, 1818.

THE WORDS BY SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

As Britannia, elate, was triumphantly viewing
The deeds of her sons in the bright page of Fame,
And Memory's magic each joy was renewing,
As she paus'd on the glories of Wellington's name,—

To far distant scenes her proud fancy had stray'd,
Where her hero so often victorious had been,
When sudden a Maid, in splendor array'd,
Like a vision of rapture illumined the scene:

'Twas the Genius of Asia—fair land of the Sun—
"To me," she exclaim'd, "you your Wellington owe;
'Neath my fostering clime his proud race he begun,
And matur'd was his fame by its cherishing glow:

"In the morn of his life all resplendent he rose,
Like the sun which illumines my region's clear sky;
Dispers'd are his foes, and victory throws
Unperishing rays o'er the field of Assye.

"But think not, Britannia! thy children alone
Have my kingdoms subdued, and my subjects laid low;
By my own turban'd sons the proud deed has been done—
I myself," said the Maid, "have inflicted the blow.

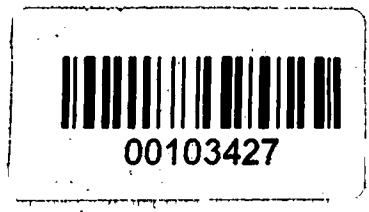
"To anarchy's horrors my realms were a prey
When first on my shores thou thy banners unfurl'd;
I welcom'd thy sway—'twas the morn of a day
Bringing freedom and knowledge to light a dark world.

"Oh, Britannia!" she said, as all radiant she shone,
Her countenance beaming with beauty divine,
"O'er the hearts of my people establish thy throne;
In one wreath let the laurel and lotus entwine.

"Once the Star of the East shed its lustre afar,
And again o'er the earth shall its glories be spread,
While my sons round thy car, the foremost in war,
Rise to fame by such heroes as Wellington led."

THE END.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.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